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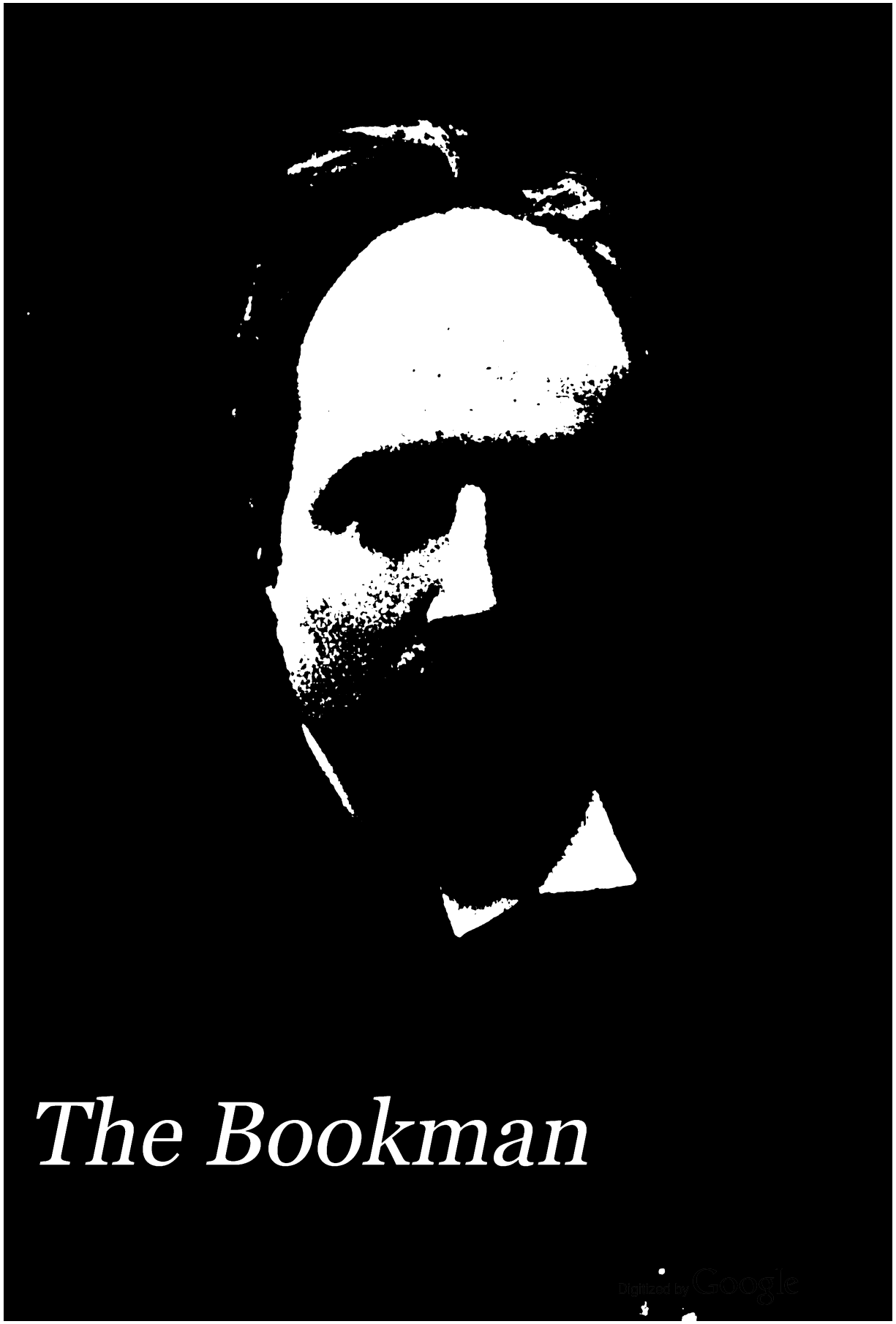
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FEBRUARY, 1895–JULY, 1895

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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NEWS NOTES.

With our first number we give an illustrated Stevenson supplement containing a poem by J. M. Barrie, and tributes from S. R. Crockett and Ian Maclaren, author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. These articles appeared in the English BOOKMAN for January, and are reprinted in order to present our readers with a fitting memorial of this universally beloved and lamented author.

❀

Miss Annie Payson Call, the well-known author of *Power Through Repose* and the companion volume, *A Matter of Course*, spent last summer in England, giving lessons in her special system of relaxation. She says that she was much surprised to find English women in the large centres suffering as severely from nervous tension as the American, and as eager for her teaching.

❀

Miss Sarah H. Adams, the sister of Mrs. James T. Fields, and the translator of Grimm's *Literature*, which appeared in 1886, has returned to Boston after a residence of eighteen years in Germany. Miss Adams was well known in German literary society.

❀

Copeland and Day have in their possession twenty-one proofs of William Blake's famous *Inventions of Job*, which were discovered in an old country house in England not long ago. There are already on permanent exhibition twenty-four original water-colours of Blake in the Boston Art Museum, nine illustrating *Paradise Lost*, seven scriptural scenes, and eight from the *Masque of Comus*. Boston counts among its citizens a number of Blake lovers and private owners of his water-colours, notably the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

❀

Miss Beatrice Harraden has been reading *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and says that there are certain parts of the book with which she is delighted, and where one is so carried along by its beautiful humanity that one does not feel the dialect. "I think 'A Scholar's Funeral' is simply a gem; and I do not remember reading anything more pathetic than 'His Mother's Sermon,' or, indeed, 'His Bitter Shame.' Throughout the book the touches of humour are irresistible."

❀

Miss Harraden is rather amused at a dramatised version of *Ships* which is perambulating the Western boards. On the eve of writing, the play was to appear in San Diego. "I cannot imagine what they have found to dramatise," she writes, "and so go to learn."

❀

The next novel by the Hon. Emily Lawless, author of *Grania* and *Maelcho*, will appear in the *Illustrated London News*.

❀

Nathan Haskell Dole, who writes the Boston Letter for *Book News*, and who is best known as the translator of Tolstoï's works in this country, has done two or three German novels and a collection of Italian stories into English, which are in publishers' hands. He is at present occupied in translating still another German romance which he considers one of the finest he has yet found in modern German fiction. It is not generally known that Mr. Dole is a large contributor to Russian magazines; indeed, his poetry is better known in Russian literary circles than that of his contemporaries.

❀

Mr. Dole's connection with Russian language and literature is likely to place him in the seat of honour which Harvard men contemplate establishing at their College. A Russian prince who

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lectured before the students last year has been spoken of as a probable candidate for the professorship; but Mr. Dole, who is a graduate of Harvard ('74), finds more favour in their eyes.

❀

We notice that Professor Bryce's *American Commonwealth* has fallen under the censor's ban in Russia, where its sale is prohibited.

❀

Lucas Malet's new novel will not be published until late in the year—probably not before the spring of 1896. After putting the manuscript in the publishers' hands, Mrs. Harrison left England to pass the winter in India, where she and her sister are now resident at Bombay. During a two weeks' visit to Ceylon recently they received great attention, owing to the kindness of the governor.

❀

"Lucas Malet" is the wife of the Rev. William Harrison, of Clovelly, North Devon, and is the second daughter of Charles Kingsley. When *The Wages of Sin* appeared about five years ago it created a strong impression, which naturally aroused expectation, but after writing this powerful story Mrs. Harrison fell ill, and has only recently recovered.

❀

Roberts Brothers announce for immediate publication two new volumes of Miss Wormeley's translations from Molière; Professor Harnack's *History of Dogma;* and Volumes IV. and V. of Renan's *History of the People of Israel.* Also a new novel by Louis Pendleton, author of *The Wedding Garment*, entitled *The Sons of Ham*, a tale of the New South, and two new volumes in the Keynotes Series: *Prince Zaleski*, by M. P. Shiel, and *The Woman Who Did*, by Grant Allen.

❀

The Sons of Ham raises the vexed problem of negro emancipation, and as the author's conclusion is extremely radical—nothing less, in short, than to ship the remainder back to Liberia—some red-hot criticism may be expected.

❀

Mr. Selwyn Image, whose *Poems and Carols* have been attracting so much attention lately, is better known as a decorative artist, whose windows and frescoes and other decorative work have never yet received their due praise. He is another instance of an artist who was intended for the Church, but whose artistic leanings proved too strong for his Oxford environment eventually.

❀

Mr. Image was one of the chief contributors to that periodical extraordinary, the *Hobby Horse*, in which many of his poems first appeared; his drawings in the "Fitzroy Picture Society's" series of coloured cartoons for schools are well known, and he designed for Messrs. Macmillan what is perhaps the most beautiful fount of Greek type that has been cast in our time, a full account of which is given in the current number of the *Hobby Horse*, issued by Copeland and Day, Boston.

❀

A new quarterly with an interesting purpose is *Le Magazine International.* It is the organ of the Societé Internationale Artistique, whose committee is drawn from the principal European countries. Mr. Havelock Ellis is the English representative. Its motto is Goethe's sentiment that a national literature has no great sense to-day, the time for the universal literature being at hand. To establish a bond between artists of all countries, "whose works contribute in a large degree to the evolution of modern life," is its aim. Dramatic representations, concerts, picture exhibitions, lectures, all of an international colour, come into the programme of the society.

❀

The fact that the Baroness von Suttner, the authoress of the Peace novel *Waffen Nieder*, is an active member of this society, links its objects with those of the various Peace societies of Europe. The magazine is largely made up of translations from English and German modern writers, in whose work the note of "universality" is sounded. Walt Whitman, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Arthur Symons (by his *Stella Maris* from the *Yellow Book*), represent the British contribution. The office of this new quarterly is 3, Place Wagram, Paris.

❀

Some three years ago Mr. Joseph F. Loubat, of Paris, founded two quinquennial prizes, one of $1000 and one of $400 to be awarded every fifth year to the authors of the best works on the history, geography, archæology, ethnology, philology, or numismatics of North

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America, within the period mentioned. This competition is open to any person, without distinction of nationality, provided that the works in question be written in the English language. The first award was made in 1893 to Mr. Henry Adams for his *History of the United States*. The next award will be announced in 1898, and will be restricted to works written in the field of archæology, ethnology, and philology. The committee of award for the period ending December, 1898, is composed of Professor H. T. Peck, of Columbia College (Chairman); Professor Daniel G. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania; and Mr. Henry Adams. The conditions of the competition may be learned by addressing either of these gentlemen.

❀

M. Crosnier de Varigny, whose book, *The Women of the United States*, is soon to appear in English, was for nearly twelve years a resident of this country, and since his return to France has been a regular contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Temps*. The latter journal is now publishing a series of papers by him on American life, entitled *La Vie Outre-Mer*.

❀

In the preface to the third edition of *The Brontës in Ireland*, Dr. William Wright sums up the additional information he has received from correspondents in Ireland. "The dispersed of the Boyne Brontës have been traced [to Lough Earne], and their name is 'Prunty.' But," says Dr. Wright, "the form 'Prunty' raises no difficulty whatever to any one acquainted with the marvellous transformations which names undergo in illiterate parts of Ireland; but the use of the name at Lough Earne may have led to its conjectural application to the County Down branch of the family." A Welsh relative has sent a story of James Brontë, uncle of the novelists, who disguised himself and played the gipsy fortune-teller with much success among his neighbours, thus supplying Charlotte with a well-known incident in *Jane Eyre*.

❀

Americans who have been in residence at Oxford or Cambridge will learn with great interest that these Universities have now decided to provide for the needs of graduates of foreign institutions, by establishing graduate courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Science. A residence of three years will be required. The details of the scheme have not yet been announced, but will be published soon. This step is certain to be received with especial pleasure by students of literature, who, apart from the facilities for research afforded at the two great Universities, have always found a special inspiration in the associations that cluster so thickly about the beautiful colleges on the Isis and the Cam.

❀

We understand that the summary of the literature of 1894 (which has attracted the attention of "A Philistine" in his *Westminster Gazette* articles on the "New Logrolling," and of other critics) was written, as in the previous year, by Mr. Arthur Symons. Mr. Symons is better known as the author of *Silhouettes*. He is besides a leading member of the staff of the *Saturday Review*, as now constituted, and a contributor to the *Yellow Book*. A new volume of poems from his pen is announced by the Bodley Head.

❀

Mr. John Murray will publish soon a reprint of some of Dr. Barry's literary articles from the *Quarterly Review*. Father Barry is known in England as one of the most acute and learned critics of the day and as the author of *The New Antigone*.

❀

Maarten Maartens has attained considerable vogue in Germany, where Ahn has brought out a very handsome *Gottesnarr*, with an etching of the author by a German professor. Mr. Maartens' other books are to follow, and the first has been very well received by the critics.

❀

A new volume of poems by Mr. W. B. Yeats, *Under the Moon*, will be published shortly by Mr. Unwin of London.

❀

The next volume of Mrs. Garnett's translation of Turgenieff, to be issued by William Heinemann, in England, will be *On the Eve*.

❀

Professor Augustus Chapman Merriam, whose sudden death at Athens on the 19th of last month was duly noticed in the press, was undoubtedly the foremost archæologist in this country. He was President of the American Philo-

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logical Association in 1886–87, and Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens in 1887, carrying on important excavations at Icaria in Attica and at Sicyon. His best-known works were his account of the inscriptions on the Obelisk in Central Park, and his study of the inscribed law-code found at Gortyn in Crete in 1884. Students who had listened to his interpretation of Homer and the Greek tragedians always lamented that he gave most of his time to archæological investigations, as he possessed a most exquisite taste in literature, such as is rarely found in an antiquarian. His renderings of the famous passages of Greek poetry were always a revelation to his classes, and his appreciation of their subtler beauties made a lasting impression upon all who heard them. Professor Merriam's reputation was truly international, and Columbia College will find the selection of a worthy successor a difficult and delicate task.

❀

There is now some prospect of the great life of George Borrow, which has been so long in preparation by Professor Knapp, formerly of Yale University and now of Chicago. Professor Knapp's transference from Yale to Chicago has prevented the earlier publication of the work, but we believe it may be expected this year. It will form three large volumes, and will be a work of extraordinary interest. In 1843 Borrow sketched an autobiography under the title of *Life: A Drama*, by George Borrow; but this was never carried out according to the original plan. By the way, the title is curiously near Alexander Smith's *A Life Drama*. Professor Knapp has secured many communications from friends of Borrow in England, and his work will be eagerly anticipated.

❀

The best sentence in Ibsen's new play is this: 'Labour and trouble one can always get through alone, but it takes two to be glad.'

❀

The new life of *Hans Christian Andersen*, which will be illustrated with several drawings from original sketches from the pencil of the celebrated story-teller, is now completed, we hear, and will be issued very soon by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

James Ashcroft Noble, the well-known contributor to the *Spectator*, has written a paper on the author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, entitled *Ian Maclaren at Home*, which contains hitherto unpublished information. The article is to be illustrated, and will appear in our next number.

❀

Mr. W. Hale White, the author of the *Mark Rutherford* series and *Catherine Furze*, resides at Hastings, in England. Mr. White has just completed a translation from Spinoza.

❀

The fourth volume of Professor McMaster's *History of the People of the United States* is soon to appear. The story of how this work first found a publisher may be a source of comfort to those who regard all publishers as the enemies of genius and inaccessible to the unknown. It was some eleven or twelve years ago that Mr. McMaster called at the office of the Messrs. Appleton, and merely giving his name, left the manuscript of the first volume of his history for examination. No one knew anything of the author, except the fact which he stated, that he was a tutor at Princeton, and supposed to be devoted wholly to mathematics. The manuscript was given out to an experienced reader. He went through it carefully and then wrote out a most unfavourable opinion, advising very strongly against the publication of the book. It was waiting to be wrapped up and returned to the writer, when a member of the firm picked it up, was struck by something in it, read it through, and decided on his own responsibility and against all expert advice, to publish the work. The result and the astonishing success of the book everybody knows.

❀

It is stated on very high authority that the trustees of the Tilden Fund have decided to turn over the whole sum ($2,000,000) to the Astor Library; and that this decision will be officially announced in the course of a few days.

❀

Sir William Gregory's *Memoirs*, published by Mr. John Murray, and edited by Lady Gregory, contains an interesting reminiscence of Anthony Trollope, who was with Gregory at Harrow. Readers of Trollope's autobiog-

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raphy will remember with what bitterness he speaks of his miserable school life. Gregory says that Trollope was, without exception, the most slovenly and dirty boy he ever met, not only slovenly in person and in dress, but in his work, his exercises being a mass of blots and smudges. There was a story that his father had been outlawed, and every boy believed that it was the duty of a loyal subject of the Crown to shoot or otherwise destroy "old Trollope" if possible. Anthony gave no sign of promise whatsoever, was always in the last part of the form, and was regarded by masters and boys alike as an incurable dunce.

❀

The celebration projected by Governor Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, and others, in honour of the Rev. S. F. Smith, the author of the words of *America*, serves once more to remind one of the fact that this country has never yet made a formal declaration of independence in the matter of a national hymn. That Americans should still be singing the air of *God Save the Queen* on all patriotic occasions is not only humiliating, and a source of confusion, but unnecessary as well, while there exists in *Hail Columbia* a genuine national song, whose words and music are both of American composition, and which came into existence at a great historic crisis, nearly a century ago—the music in 1789, when it was played at Washington's first inauguration as *The President's March*, and the words in 1798, when a war with France seemed inevitable, and when Washington was summoned from his retirement to assume once more the supreme command of the army. The fact that the air of *God Save the Queen* is rendered as the royal anthem to the words beginning, *Heil dir im Siegerkranz*, and that Italy and Denmark also use it, is only another reason why Americans should set it aside, as the Russians did in 1833, when they adopted the Russian hymn of Alexis Lvoff, now well known and introduced by Rubinstein in his symphonic poem for orchestral rendering, *La Russie*.

❀

The writer was once present at a brilliant function in a European capital, at which representatives from every civilised country in the world were present. As each delegation came forward to perform its part in the ceremonies, the fine military band present played the appropriate national air. *God Save the Queen* was rendered when the representatives of England appeared, all the English present rising and standing. Presently it crashed forth again, this time as the Prussian air, and the English again rose, taking it to themselves. Before long it was played as the Italian hymn, and the English, a little bewildered, again rose to their feet. A fourth time it did duty for the Danes, the English a fourth time rising. When at last it was repeated at the American hymn, and the English once more loyally arose, the absurdity of the thing nearly upset the gravity of the occasion. But the English never knew that the tune was not repeated as a special honour to them, and to this day probably remember it as having been five times performed by way of a delicate compliment to the greatness of Britain.

❀

In *Harper's* for March will appear the first of a new series of papers by Mr. Laurence Hutton, *The Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem*, illustrated by Mr. Frank Du Mond, who was sent to the Holy Land specially to make these drawings. This paper will be followed in due season by three others on the literary landmarks of Rome, of Florence, and of Venice, for all of which Mr. Du Mond has made illustrations. Mr. Hutton has long been collecting materials for two or three papers on *Literary Landmarks of Paris*, and it is possible that he will run over to France next summer to write them on the spot.

❀

Another feature of *Harper's* for March will be an article by Mr. Cortissoz, which will present the claims for an American Academy at Rome. Royal Cortissoz is art critic of the New York *Tribune*, and among the most promising of our younger writers on art. He brings special information to bear on everything he touches, and his fresh, incisive, vigorous manner has won for him a ready hearing.

❀

At an authors' dinner held in London some months ago, Mr. Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye") made a short speech which was much relished by the bookmen present, including the publishers, at whom it

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was indirectly aimed. "Just a year ago," he said, "I was walking on the principal street of Indianapolis, when I met a man whose appearance showed that he was reduced to the very depths of poverty. His clothes were ragged, his face unshaven, his hair long and matted, and his feet unshod. As I passed him, a look of recognition came into his eye.

"'Nye, old fellow, don't you know me? Don't you know Abel P. Jones, who was your classmate at college?'

"'What, Jones! Is it really you? Well, well, what can I do for you?'

"'For heaven's sake, help me. I am starving. Lend me half a dollar.'

"I felt in my pockets. They were empty. I had no money myself. But a bright thought flashed through my mind.

"'Abel, I can't lend you the half dollar: I haven't got it. But look here, I'll tell you what I *will* do: I'll let you publish my next book.'

"Gentlemen, that was just a year ago; and this month Abel P. Jones sent me an invitation to go to Europe with him in his steam yacht."

❀

The *Critic*, when writing of former presentations of *Colombe's Birthday* in connection with the Tabers' performance in Boston a few weeks ago, mentions but one—that of Jean Davenport at the Howard Athenæum in 1854. There have been two others in the United States, one in 1853, by Kate Denin, at the National Theatre, and one by the Seniors of Smith College, '92, in the Northampton Opera House. The play has been given three times in England: in 1853, at the Haymarket; in the provinces with Miss Helen Faucet as *Colombe*, and in 1885 by the Browning Society.

❀

Judge Holmes has already received a large number of letters for the forthcoming life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and they are said to be as interesting as one would expect from the pen of the Autocrat. A good many of them repeat the substance of his well-known essays, but this is to be expected in the letters of an author of Table Talk.

❀

Mr. Thomas Hardy says that whenever he travels by train or omnibus he finds himself instinctively observing his fellow-passengers, and constructing the story of their lives from what he sees in their faces. His average rate of production is about two pages a day, though he will sometimes far exceed this quantity. Mr. Hardy has expressed his high appreciation of the two books published upon him by Mr. Lionel Johnson and Miss Annie Macdonell.

❀

A critic who has read Miss Harraden's Californian story in manuscript, says it is so good that it could not be better. Besides going on with her novel, she intends to write three more Californian stories. "The life out here interests me," she writes, "it is so different from everything else."

❀

Miss Vida D. Scudder, who has in the press a new book, *The Life of the Spirit in Modern English Poets*, is chiefly known through her scholarly study of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, which appeared two years ago. Most of Miss Scudder's work has been done abroad; but she will return next year to her teaching at Wellesley. Her present study takes the line of larger and suggestive comparison between the modern poets and Dante and Spenser, and is expected by competent judges to make no little stir in criticism.

❀

Admirers of that delicious romance, *Passe Rose*, will welcome the news that a holiday edition is on foot, to be illustrated by Albert E. Sterner. Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, the author of this and at least two more stories which have justified high hopes, has allowed his editorial duties on the *Cosmopolitan* to absorb too much of his time and energy. He is now absent in Europe on a pleasure trip after some years of close application to work, and we may hope that his imagination will be stirred again to performance among the scenes of *Passe Rose*.

❀

A notable contribution to the growing literature on Christian socialism is Professor George D. Herron's *The Christian State: A Political Vision of Christ*, just published by Messrs. Crowell.

❀

An American edition of *We Three and Troddles*, with over eighty comic silhouettes by the clever artist, Alec Car-

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ruthers Gould, is announced by Henry Altemus, of Philadelphia. The book, which has met with great success in London, recounts the haps and mishaps of four city clerks, and is racy in narrative, full of good nature and broad humour. It is in the manner of Mr. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat;* but the London press has on several occasions declared that there are comic episodes in the later book that rank the pupil above the master.

❀

"R. Andom," the author, is one of Mr. Fisher's most efficient colleagues on the London *Literary World*, and it is due to this editor's kind compulsion that *We Three and Troddles* (originally appearing in *The Family Circle*, where they attracted wide attention) was published in book form, for the parent of these humourous sketches is one of the shyest of young men.

❀

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in a few days *Stories of the Foothills*, by Margaret C. Graham, some of which have appeared in the *Atlantic*. Mrs. Graham has had ample opportunities for observing closely the characteristics of life in Southern California and her varied and vigorous style as a narrator enhances the local value and imaginative interest of her work.

❀

The unfortunate blunder made by Mr. Henry Irving in his recent address at Owens College, Manchester, when he spoke of the author of *Le Rouge et le Noir* as "that German, Stendahl," is receiving a good deal more notice than the incident would seem to deserve. Why Mr. Irving should be taken seriously as a lecturer and literary man is difficult to see; but since the University of Dublin, two years ago, conferred on him its highest degree in letters, he has been listened to with a respectful attention that is slightly amusing. By the way, some one should compile each month a list of the various literary blunders perpetrated by men who make literature a profession. Such a catalogue would be instructive reading, and would inspire in many of us a becoming modesty.

❀

Recent examples of this sort of error are especially entertaining. Thus, we find the editorial columns of the *Evening Post* ascribing to Sam Weller the immortal exclamation of Mr. Squeers, "Here's richness!" The *Sun* quotes Grimm's Law as applicable to the phonetics of the Romance languages. In the same journal the very clever reviewer who signs his contributions M. W. H., in a recent notice of Froude's life of Erasmus, holds the great Dutch humanist responsible for the English pronunciation of Greek, apparently not being aware that the Erasmian system is just the system which the English refuse to adopt.

❀

Another curious instance is found in an address of that accomplished scholar, Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, who, after depicting the body politic as Gulliver bound fast by the Lilliputians, adds, "and we all know how *he* burst through his bonds," which is precisely what we do not know, being told by that excellent authority, Dr. Jonathan Swift, that Gulliver was quite unable to do anything of the kind, and was only released when his captors were ready to let him go.

❀

A still more picturesque instance of the same sort of thing is found in a recent edition of *A Tale of Two Cities*, wherein one of the illustrations represents an evil-looking *sans-culotte* smearing upon the wall the word *Blood* in letters of huge size. The scene depicted is as impressive in the drawing as in the text; but the person of an inquiring turn of mind cannot help wondering mildly why a Parisian ruffian of the barriers selected the English language for his parietal prophecies.

❀

Mr. James Phinney Munroe, a lawyer of Boston, and hitherto not widely known in the literary and educational world, is about to publish through D. C. Heath and Co. a volume on *The Educational Ideal*, being outlines of its growth in modern times.

❀

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney finds but little impulse to literary production in the routine of post-office work. She has written almost nothing of late except a lyric and a sonnet on Robert Louis Stevenson, conceived in her emotion at his death.

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Copeland and Day have just issued second editions of *Songs from Vagabondia*, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, and *Poems*, by John B. Tabb. The designs which decorate the lining of the inside cover pages of *Vagabondia* were come by in rather a curious way. Mr. Meteyard had drawn the sketches for interior decoration, but on deciding not to use them as illustrations, the publishers conceived the idea of printing the drawings on the lining, with a stanza of poetry to match. Needless to say, the novelty of the thing has contributed largely to the sale of the quaintly covered little book.

❀

Father Tabb lives in Ellicott City, Md., and though his lyre inclines to the sad and reminiscent note, he is one of the most sociable of men and one of the most jovial correspondents. Two little volumes of his verse were privately circulated in 1877, but the present collection, the first edition of which, published in December, was exhausted in three days, is his first book having a public imprint. Besides being a collection of poems which have already appeared in *Harper's* and other magazines, where he is a well-known contributor, this volume contains many new pieces.

❀

Bog Myrtle and Peat is the title of a new volume of short stories by S. R. Crockett which have appeared in *The Christian Leader* and other Scotch periodicals, and to which his Scottish kinsman in letters, Andrew Lang, contributes a ballad by way of introduction.

❀

Mr. Richard G. Moulton's long-heralded book, *The Literary Study of the Bible*, is being withheld out of courtesy, because it contains long quotations from the revised edition of the Apocrypha, which the University Press still delays to issue. It will probably come out with Mr. Moulton's new book, *Four Years of Novel Reading*.

❀

The latter book describes an interesting experiment in methodical novel-reading, with suggestions from such literary authorities as Dr. Percival of Rugby, Sir Courtenay Boyle, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Mr. Shorthouse.

❀

In his forthcoming edition of the *Memoirs of a Protestant Condemned to the Galleys for Religion*, Austin Dobson proves beyond a doubt that Oliver Goldsmith was the translator, and shows that he had strong reasons for suppressing his own name at the time and allowing that of a college friend to appear on the title-page. Mr. Dobson's "discovery" is the unearthing of a receipt for a third share in the transaction as payment for the translation of this curious document of "extraordinary interest and simple veracity," bearing the signature of Goldsmith.

❀

One of Robert Louis Stevenson's great heroes was the Duke of Wellington. He used to say that the best thing ever said of Wellington was this: "He did his duty as naturally as a horse eats oats."

❀

Lord Rosebery and some of his colleagues spend much time at the London Athenæum Club, in one of the libraries of which a complete set of Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates* is frequently consulted by ministers. The Premier is a great reader, and his own private library is a magnificent one.

❀

A correspondent who spent a day recently in Dorchester visited three bookstores there and asked for one of Mr. Hardy's novels. "The first shop had its windows full of novels, but Mr. Hardy's, I was told, were out of print. The second had no novels; but the assistant was sure I would find Mr. Hardy's books at Weymouth. The third did not look like a bookseller's, for its windows were full of miscellaneous ornaments, and there were no books in sight. Here, however, I found the novel I wanted, and saw an excellent collection of general literature, including, of course, Mr. Barnes' *Life* and *Poems*."

❀

Mr. Ruskin has refused to allow the Llandudno Eisteddfod Committee to offer a prize for the translation of any of his works into Welsh. Mr. Ruskin has invariably refused to allow any of his works to be translated into French or German, and thinks it would be unfair, therefore, to allow them, or any portion of them, to be translated into Welsh.

❀

Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, whose *Metzerott, Shoemaker*, brought its gifted

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author to the front five years ago, is collecting materials for a novel of the First century which will involve the question of Christianity and social reform. The conception of the novel is bold and dramatic; John the Beloved will be one of the prominent figures, and the opening chapters give promise of its being a worthy successor to *Metzerott*.

❀

The Black Riders and Other Lines, by Stephen Crane, to be issued soon by Messrs. Copeland and Day, contains some bright original work. Piquancy, satire, and an odd pleasantry characterise the specimens we have seen, one of which we are permitted to quote. They are to be printed in capitals throughout, in green ink, on Japan paper:

THREE LITTLE BIRDS IN A ROW
SAT MUSING.
A MAN PASSED NEAR THAT PLACE,
THEN DID THE LITTLE BIRDS NUDGE EACH OTHER.

THEY SAID: "HE THINKS HE CAN SING."
THEY THREW BACK THEIR HEADS TO LAUGH.
WITH QUAINT COUNTENANCES
THEY REGARDED HIM.
THEY WERE VERY CURIOUS,
THOSE THREE LITTLE BIRDS IN A ROW.

❀

Two rather pleasing *mots* are just beginning to be circulated, though neither has yet appeared in print. The first is from the other side of the Atlantic and is ascribed to Whistler, who, being asked what he thought of Mr. Oscar Wilde, replied: "Wilde? Oh, he is *le bourgeois malgré lui!*" The second is the dictum of a distinguished American man of letters who was questioned as to his opinion of Mr. Henry James's published plays. "Well," he said, after a moment's reflection, "there seems to be only three objections to make to them. The first is that they are unactable; the second is that they are unreadable; and the third is that they are unspeakable!"

❀

Mrs. Moulton ascribes her tardiness in preparing her volume of travels to her enormous correspondence. She says that she writes on an average a hundred friendly notes and letters in the week.

❀

Mr. Brander Matthews is now engaged in revising the articles on the bibliopegic art which he has contributed to the *Century* during the past year. Under the title of *Bookbindings, Old and New: Notes of a Book Lover*, they will be published next fall in a single volume of the "Ex-Libris Series," issued in London by Bell, and in New York by Macmillan. The volume will be profusely illustrated, and there will be a large-paper edition.

❀

Mr. H. C. Bunner, having completed his second series of *Short Sixes* (just published by Keppler & Schwarzmann), is now writing the concluding article of his series of *Urban and Suburban Sketches* for *Scribner's*, of which the last to appear was the interesting *Story of a Path* in the Christmas *Scribner*. One by one his *Ballads of the Town* are appearing in *Puck*, but only at long and irregular intervals.

❀

The historical work upon which Mr. Harrisse has been engaged for some time is to be entitled *John Cabot, the Discoverer of North America; a Chapter of the Maritime History of England under the Tudors*. Mr. Harrisse has found such a quantity of new material in his researches, and the translation of important documents bearing on the period has occupied so much time, that the new book will not be ready for publication until the autumn.

❀

Lee and Shepard are keeping back the new and largely rewritten edition of *Neighbour Jackwood*, as it is to be prefaced by an autobiographical chapter which will appear in the March *Atlantic*.

❀

A "conversation" which took place between Mr. A. Conan Doyle and Mr. H. W. Mabie, on the eve of the former's departure for Europe some weeks ago, will be published in a forthcoming number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Those who are aware of Mr. Mabie's strong aversion and instinctive dislike to interviewing and being interviewed will interpret this announcement as an evidence of Mr. Mabie's strong personal regard for Dr. Doyle.

❀

Sixty drawings of George Cruikshank, only one or two of which have hitherto been published, are being reproduced by special process, and will shortly be issued by Mr. W. T. Spencer, of New Oxford Street, London. They include one by Thackeray, given to Cruikshank with a copy of *Vanity Fair*. The issue is to be

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strictly limited to one hundred copies on India paper and one hundred on plate paper, the price being three guineas and a guinea and a half respectively.

❀

Mr. Ford, whose clever satire, *The Literary Shop*, is reviewed in this number by another humourist, is engaged on a new book which turns on the same pivot as "The Culture Bubble in Ourtown." The title *Suckling Fools* is taken from Shakespeare's familiar line: "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

❀

Charles E. L. Wingate, the Boston correspondent of the *Critic*, is writing a book to be called *Shakespeare's Heroines*, which will be of a histrionic character. It is intended to illustrate Mr. Wingate's recital of famous actresses who have impersonated Portia, Juliet, Ophelia, and other Shakespearian women, with a number of rare engravings.

❀

"Oliver Optic" sailed for Bermuda and Jamaica on February 13th, and later on he will extend his tour to Europe in order to work up fresh material for new books. He is one of the most indefatigable of boys' writers, and notwithstanding the invasion of new-comers, booksellers tell us that his stories are as popular as ever.

❀

The Literary Club of Chicago has just issued through the De Vinne Press a dainty little pamphlet—the first of its series of "Club Papers"—containing *A True Love Story*, by the late David Swing, who was an honoured and brilliant member of the club. Stone and Kimball have also published in two beautiful volumes a collection of Professor Swing's literary remains, which includes the *Love Story*—the first paper, *Old Pictures of Life*, giving the title to the whole. A subscription memorial edition of Professor Swing's writings, limited to one thousand copies, is to be published soon by F. Tennyson Neely, of Chicago.

❀

We learn, just as we are going to press, that Chicago is to have a book club, to be run on lines similar to those laid down by the Grolier Club of New York. A meeting to incorporate and decide on a name was held in the University Club building of that city on Saturday, January 25th. The "Caxton Club" is the name decided on. Another meeting to decide on location, adopt constitution and by-laws, and elect officers and committees was called for Saturday, March 2d.

❀

An exhibition of book bindings, which it is expected will be held under the auspices of the Caxton Club, is to open at the Art Institute, Chicago, about February 26th.

❀

Katharine Tynan Hinkson will issue shortly, through Elkin Mathews, a new volume of Irish stories. Lawrence and Bullen will be the publishers of Mrs. Hinkson's first novel, which will add another volume to recent Irish fiction. So very little modern work of any account has been done in this field, that Mrs. Hinkson's *début* as a novelist will be awaited with an expectancy she has already created in her previous work. She has also another novel half written.

❀

Miss Jane Barlow, whose *Irish Idylls* is the most notable contribution which literature has received from Hibernia in many years, promises a new volume of her delightful idylls in the autumn.

❀

Under the superscription of a copy of the *Ascent of Man* which we saw the other day these words are written: "The light of every soul burns upward." The apt quotation is from one of George Meredith's novels. Professor Drummond's book is in its fourth edition in America.

❀

T. Y. Crowell and Co. will issue this month the fifth volume of the Library of Economics, edited by Professor R. T. Ely. The famous college settlement, Hull House, is the rendezvous for a tabulated account of the distribution of poverty and crime and nationality in the slums of Chicago. *Hull House Maps and Papers* will furnish these carefully prepared studies on topics of vital interest, edited by Miss Jane Addams.

❀

The author of *John Ward, Preacher*, and *Philip and his Wife* has been airing her views on the novel lately. In a lecture recently delivered she says that fiction, if it is to last, "must have a moral sentiment to it, and must be illumined by truth." Mrs. Deland in-

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stanced *The Scarlet Letter* and *Les Misérables* as superb examples.

❀

Many of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's *Sonnets*, which are to be published, together with *Esther: A Young Man's Tragedy*, in the series "Love Sonnets," were written on the fly-leaf of his Bible and prayer-book while suffering durance vile during the Fenian movement some years ago. Mr. Blunt is now in Egypt.

❀

Those who appreciate Mr. Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* will be pleased to learn that he will write a third series of these *Vignettes* before leaving the field.

❀

Dr. Nicoll's masterly monograph, *James Macdonell, Journalist*, mentioned in the account of the literary career of our English editor, is "a story of self-help" which ought to be better known in America. It is, as he claims, "the only life of a journalist pure and simple ever written." "In reading it," said a reviewer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "we are reminded of the words of the distinguished scholar, poet and philospher yet among us, who, when asked what he considered 'the best bits of literature,' made bold answer, 'the buried thoughts in anonymous journalism.'"

❀

Miss Annie Macdonell, the sister of the subject of this memoir, is Dr. Nicoll's efficient coadjutor on THE BOOKMAN in England, and the author of *Thomas Hardy*, the first volume in a new series of "Contemporary Writers," which Lionel Johnson reviews in this number.

❀

The original manuscript of Bryan Waller Procter's ("Barry Cornwall") memorial of Charles Lamb, which the writer saw the other day, is written on blue paper with wide lines, and makes a thick quarto volume. Inserted is an interesting letter of Charles Lamb, in his autograph, written to his publisher, Hone, as follows: "Pray let Matilda keep my newspapers till you hear from me, as we are meditating a town residence. C. Lamb. Let her keep them as the apple of her eye."

IN ACCOUNT WITH TIME.

Time cannot grudge to me
 The few glad hours I spend—
Glad hours of rare companionship—
 In converse with my friend.

My friend thus counsels me:
 "Be it with Time agreed
That thou wilt in my company
 Seek rest when thou hast need."

Sweet words—if words could soften
 The pain of parting—"May
I come indeed as often
 As I have need?" I say.

"Time cannot grudge to me
 The sure release from pain
I have in thy sweet ministry
 Of solace to my brain."

Ernest Radford.

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AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

OCCASIONED BY A CRITIQUE OF "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES."

"Versate . . . quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri."—ARS POETICA.

How shall a writer change his ways?
Read his reviewer's blame, not praise.
In blame—as BOILEAU said of old—
The truth is hidden, if not told.

* * * * *

There! Let that row of stars extend
To hide the faults I mean to mend.
Why should the Public need to know
The standard that I fall below?—
Or learn to search for that defect
My Critic bids me to correct?
No: in this case the truly-wise
Keep their own counsel—and revise.

Yet something of my Point of View
I fain would speak, my Friend, to You.
I don't pretend to paint the vast
And complex picture of the Past;
Not mine the wars of humankind,
"The furious troops in battle join'd;"
Not mine the march, the counter-march,
The trumpets, the triumphal arch;
For detail, detail most I care
(*Ce superflu, si necessaire!*);
I cultivate a private bent
For episode, for incident;
I take a page of Some One's life,
His quarrel with his friend, his wife;
His good or evil hap at Court,
"His habit as he lived," his sport,
The books he loved, the trees he planted,
The dinners that he eat—or wanted;—
As much, in short, as one may hope
To cover with a microscope.

I don't taboo a touch of scandal,
If GRAY or WALPOLE hold the candle;
Nor take a very lofty tone
Where faults are weaknesses alone.

In studies of Life's sordid side
I own I feel but little pride;

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The mob, the pressgang, and the gibbets*
Are not among my prize exhibits ;
Nor have I envy to outdo
What FIELDING wrote and HOGARTH drew.

Yet much I love to arabesque
What GAUTIER christened a "Grotesque,"
To take his oddities and "tunes,"
And drape them neatly with festoons,
Until, at length, I chance to get
The thing I designate "Vignette."

To sum the matter then :—MY aim
Is modest. This is all I claim :—
To paint a part and not the whole,
The trappings rather than the soul,
And pause the longest, where I can,
On what best fits my style and plan.
The Evolution of the Time,
The silent Forces fighting Crime,
The Fetishes that fail, and pass,
The struggle between Class and Class,
The Wealth still adding land to lands,
The Throne that falls, the Faith that stands,—
All this I leave to abler hands.

Austin Dobson.

WALTER RAYMOND,

AUTHOR OF "GENTLEMAN UPCOTT'S DAUGHTER," "LOVE AND QUIET LIFE," ETC.

When *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter*, by Tom Cobbleigh, appeared in the *Pseudonym Library*, there was a flutter of delight among the dovecotes of the critics always on the alert for a new note in literature. It was so full of local colour, folklore, and enthusiasm, that one felt there was in it the promise at once of a picturesque historian for Somerset and a writer of rare penetration, delicate sympathy, and artistic sensibility. Then *Young Sam and Sabina* reassured us, for in workmanship and charm of style and rustic painting it proved to be a great advance on the former story. *Love and Quiet Life*, which has just been published, and which is reviewed in another column, it would be difficult to match with anything within the range of English literature for sheer penetration and humour and delicacy of touch. Its quaintly sweet and sad portrayal of idyllic life reveals a keen observation of peasant character, and a wonderful patience and skill in moulding the old traditions and customs of Somerset into language that bathes his pictures of this bit of English life in poetry and romance. More than merely turning his knowledge and personal observations of nature and human nature among the West Country folk to literary account, he has steeped his pages in the spirit of a loving and faithful student. A rich humanity and rare tenderness pervade his work and prolong the cadences of "the still sad music," and "sensations sweet, felt in the blood and felt along the heart," which linger in the memory after the

* Addison's *Campaign*.

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book has been laid down, and make us turn to it again as to some old familiar strain.

Walter Raymond is himself, as might be guessed, a Somerset man, and his roots go deep into the fifteenth century, when his family was already established at the old town of Ilchester. His ancestors have been yeomen in Western England for hundreds of years, and his grandfather lived in Yeovil, where Mr. Raymond was born, and used the very dialect which is reproduced in *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter*. Mr. Raymond succeeded his father in business at Yeovil as a glove manufacturer. The gloves were at one time stitched in the



WALTER RAYMOND.

cottages of the Somerset folk, and coming thus in contact with the rural life and racial peculiarities of the people, his susceptible and acquisitive nature assimilated a fund of material which he has since wrought into artistic forms of beauty. His father was a Congregationalist, and his education for the most part was obtained from a Congregational minister. Very early he began to write poetry, and although he has been asked to collect his youthful lyrics in a volume, Mr. Raymond soon found out that he could never soar to the height of his aspirations as a poet. He tried his hand at a story, which was first printed in a local paper and thence transferred to the press of Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein in 1888, under the title of *Misterton's Mistake*. I see that it has been described as "a most fascinating volume;" but although it contains passages of most delicate and beautiful work, the author was dissatisfied with it, and says it did not deserve the fair success it achieved. *Taken at His Word*, his next novel, was accepted and published at once by Messrs. Bentley in May, 1892, but in spite of a few good reviews the book unfortunately received little notice on account of the disturbance which the stir of the Dissolution and General Election at that time caused.

Gentleman Upcott's Daughter first introduced Mr. Raymond widely to the public. It had been written previous to *Taken at His Word*, but Messrs. Bentley demurring at its size as unmarketable, he put the manuscript aside and wrote the longer story for them. Mr. Raymond acknowledges the encouraging letter which they wrote him as a great kindness to an unknown author. The story they refused just fitted Mr. Fisher Unwin's *Pseudonym Library*, and on its publication in 1893 was an instant success. Shortly after its appearance two London editors wrote him on the same day—a great event, as he says, to one who had lived entirely outside literary circles. One of the editors was Mr. Shorter, of the *Illustrated London News*, and the other was Dr. Robertson Nicoll, of the *British Weekly* and THE BOOKMAN. This led to his writing *Young Sam and Sabina* for the former, and *Love and Quiet Life* for the latter. Although Mr. Raymond's work has met with a kind reception from the critics in America—except in the case of his first novel, he has never had a single bad review—yet his popularity in England far exceeds that accorded to him in this country; but in his last book he has made a fair bid for a larger audience.

"Tom Cobbleigh," under which pen-name Mr. Raymond published until recently, is suggestive of "real Zummerzet." The name occurs in the refrain of a Cornish story, which, by the way, may be found in Mr. Baring-Gould's collection. Among the tributes which he has received as the graphic delineator of a picturesque corner of old England, Mr. Raymond especially cherishes a kind and appreciative letter which Thomas Hardy wrote him. The author

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of *Love and Quiet Life* is still a young man, and has only begun to wield his power as a master. His apprenticeship shows great promise as well as fulfilment during the successive steps of his career, and he himself is conscious that he can achieve greater things and feels that much ground is still unbroken. Next spring we may hope to have another volume from him on delightful Somerset. The reason, undoubtedly, why his work is so refreshing and breathes of the savoury pines as if it had been written under the greenwood-tree, and not by the night-lamp within cramped walls, is that with all his omnivorous reading he has gone straight to nature and to human life for the material of his books. It is instructive to note this passage from an unusually interesting preface addressed to the American readers of *Love and Quiet Life*. He says: "I have drawn my pictures direct from life as it may still be found in quiet nooks and corners of my remote county; feeling assured that changes come about so slowly, that one has only to leave out the new social conditions now in binding, to present a truthful picture of the life that is passing away. . . . I have gone in search of the old and quaint, but I have presented nothing that I have not found. True, the modern farmer poisons his seed and the rooks are too wise to swallow it, yet I found my Johnny Sandboy on the field of winter wheat, and learnt his songs from his own lips."

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.,

English Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

I. THE "BOOKMAN'S" BOOKMAN.

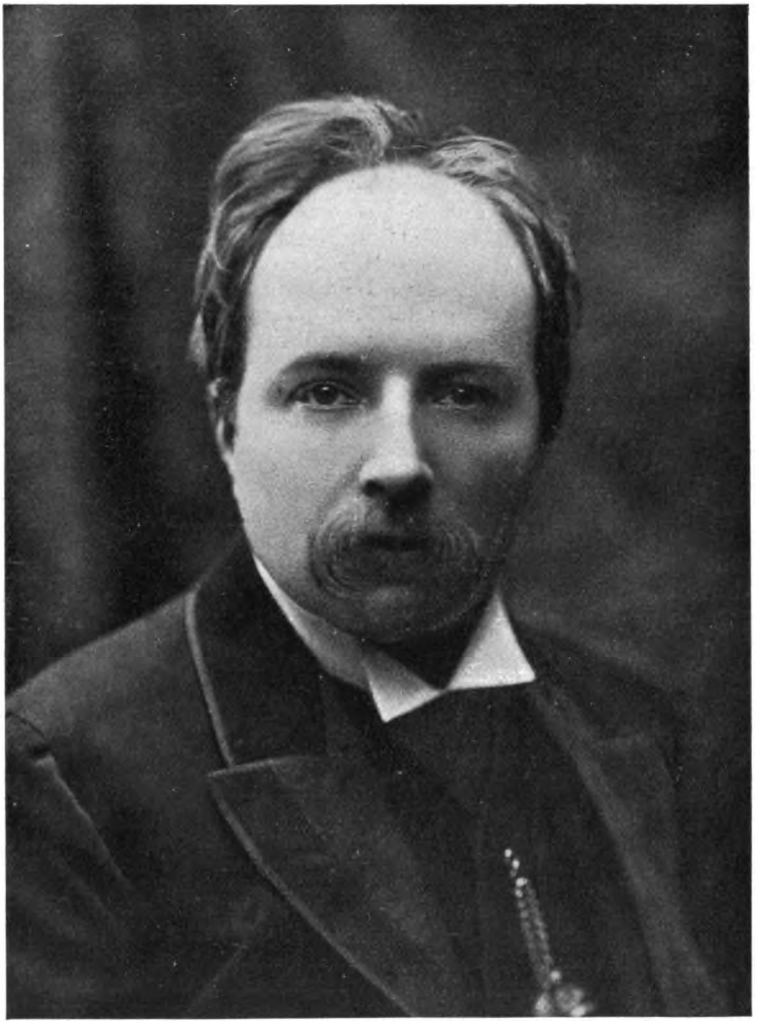
Dr. Robertson Nicoll holds an extraordinary place in the literature of the day. He went to London eight years ago, worn with illness, and disabled for the continuance of his work as a minister of his church. Since then his health has never been robust. Nevertheless, the brave, cheerful, indomitable spirit has never winced or turned back, but kept its way upward to a clear-purposed goal.

It is not in me to write what I think about so true a friend as William Robertson Nicoll. When you expect to shake a man by the hand on your threshold the week after next, you are in no mood to write his biography. If in such circumstances you con over, set in order, and print his faults, you are a beast. If, on the other hand, you celebrate his virtues and his attainments, you are a log-roller. So the critics have you any way—which, no doubt, is a proper thing for you, in that it teaches you humility, and is "pence in their own most deserving pockets," as sayeth Mr. R. H. Sherard.

Yet I cannot step aside and let some other say his say before me about Dr. Nicoll; for I have something to tell that has not been told before. Some years ago a young and perfectly unknown writer was writing a series of sketches, which were copied into various colonial papers. The author was (at that time) modest, and thought no more of them after he had scribbled them, writing them, as he did, easily, as one might write a letter to a friend on a wet forenoon, and chiefly for the sake of the small resultant tale of shillings.

Arrives one day at a country village a letter from a great London editor, asking if by any chance it might be that this young writer was the author of the sketches which had been reprinted in the Sydney *Presbyterian*. "My intentions are honourable," remarked the editor; and they were. He was too courteous to ask the author to leave his original paper for another. He simply, out of the kindness of his heart, advised the young author to collect his tales and print them. He prophesied a future for them such as even the fond heart of their parent could not believe in. No kinder or more chivalrous thing was ever done to an unknown author. Now as to the sequel. Though that collection of sketches saw the light but eighteen months ago, copies have been observed marked "eighth edition." Now, as the portly gentleman who has been asked to ad-

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W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

dress the Sunday-school of his native village remarks when he comes to the part about the half-crown with which he set out, "I was that boy." Which of course everybody knew from the beginning.

This is but one instance of Dr. Nicoll's supreme judgment as to the saleable qualities of a book, and it is to these alone that in connection with this book I refer. But Dr. Nicoll's judgment is sound and admirable in all departments of literature, and it is certainly a feather in his cap that the publishers of London would rather have his opinion of a manuscript than that of any other single man. Dr. Nicoll has in eight years deeply impressed his mark upon contemporary literature. The *British Weekly* has gained a perfectly unique position in religious journalism for the clearness and sanity of its literary judgments. No professedly religious journal has ever made such an impression upon the opinions of literary London as the *British Weekly* has done. There is no doubt whatever that it was Dr. Nicoll who, during the early months after the publication of *Auld Licht Idylls*, fought what seemed like a losing battle for Mr. Barrie and his book. Indeed, up to the publication of the famous article in the *Spectator*, Dr. Nicoll and Mr. Greenwood, of the *St. James' Gazette* (that

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A CORNER OF DR. NICOLL'S STUDY.

sober haunt of dignity, culture, and gentlemanship), stood practically alone in recognising the supreme genius of the new writer. He has made one or two mistakes with his *protégés*, but they have not been serious, and chiefly owing to the fact that he allowed the kind heart in his breast to sway the keenly critical head.

Dr. Nicoll has in his time written a good many books, and of them a word in time; but his editorship of the BOOKMAN has done most to touch the higher part of current literature. The BOOKMAN has been distinguished ever since its commencement for the sympathy of its criticism. "Slating" is not encouraged, because the editor agrees that, save in a few flagrant cases, the criticism of silence and forgetfulness is the most certain and the most efficient kind of punishment. Nemesis is heavy enough and certain enough for the kindly critic to be sparing of the smart of the lash of supererogation.

And even as Dr. Nicoll is kindly to the struggling young, he is also not in the least jealous of success. He does not believe that because a man has been successful, therefore he will be the better of kicking. He holds that it is possible for a man to keep a fairly clean and humble soul even under such circumstances. But Dr. Nicoll is not a sayer of smooth things. Quick in appreciation, never missing a point, he is yet faithful, and upon occasion even stern in rebuke. But his chiding is often as grateful as another's praise, and much more useful. That is a week to read the *British Weekly* when Claudius Clear, gently but firmly as a mother, remonstrates with an erring author. And many a one to-day may sing with a glow of more than gratitude:

"Who spanked me well across his knee?
My Nicoll."

But, seriously, Dr. Nicoll must set about writing his great work. I take the liberty, not for the first time, of telling him what it is. There is no man who knows the literature of the early Victorian period as he knows it. From 1830 to the present day he has not only a general, but a minute, particular knowledge of every fact, date, publication. He knows the lives of the authors, and in many cases, as in that of the Brontë sisters, he has had material collected at enormous pains which has never been published. It is a duty that Dr. Nicoll owes to his country—a lien upon his genius—that he should write the stand-

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ard *History of Literature in the Victorian Era*. He alone could write it so that experts would read it with delight, while others might have some guide-book through the tangled and unexplored wildernesses of literary production which lie between 1830 and 1870. We that are profane and alien to the mysteries have only, apart from a few great names, a hazy impression of the heavily domestic and respectably furnished, of mahogany sideboards and ladies in bell-shaped crinolines and poke-bonnets. These things seem to the outsider to pervade literature as well. How people made love, took exercise, and travelled; with what dignity they could venture to live and with what self-respect they could bring themselves to die among such surroundings only Dr. Nicoll knows. He must therefore tell us, and that speedily.

Of all Dr. Nicoll's printed books, I love his beautiful *Key of the Grave*, the finest book ever written for the distressed, the bereaved, and the Waiting Ones at the Gates. Like Arnold's "sitter upon the intellectual throne," the writer of *The Key of the Grave* brings us "all his store of sad experience." With exquisite impersonality he

> "Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
> And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
> And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
> And all his hourly varied anodynes."

At least, the book tells all this and more to those who, being sufferers, need a physician. But when, as we read, we hold a beloved hand that droops and will not strengthen for all our love, we lose the desire and the power to criticise.

What more remains to be said about Dr. Nicoll must be said by another. We cannot write of those to whom our hearts are warm. We seem, in a left-handed way, to be praising ourselves. The echoes of the much more that we cannot say rebuke us for our feeble words. And I, who look forward to much friendship with my friend, will say no more than that it is my daily prayer that each year may bring more health to the frail body that shrines the great soul, more clearness and sanity to the generous judgment, and that the light of a serene latter-day happiness may come back to the eye. The heart I would let alone. It could not be warmer.

S. R. Crockett.

II. EARLY LIFE AND LITERARY CAREER.

"About the very cradle of the Scot," says Stevenson, "there goes a hum of metaphysical divinity." Into this common atmosphere it was Dr. Nicoll's lot to enter with distinction, for he was born on October 10th, 1851, in a Free Church manse, at Auchendaoir, Aberdeenshire. The picture which he has drawn of the country where his early years were passed will recall the stirring autobiography of the good Jean Paul's idyllic childhood. "Looking back," writes Dr. Nicoll, in his life of James Macdonell, "it is the winter that strikes me as the dominant influence of the region. It was very long and very rigorous. The countryside was famous for its snowstorms, the huge 'drifts' they left behind them often impeding traffic for days. It was impossible to work out-of-doors during the dark and roaring nights and the scarcely lighter days. People were thus thrown upon their own resources, and were either made or marred by their use of the winter." Life in those northern parts lay along a rough and arduous road, and the possibilities of mental development were limited; but there was often an element of deep, underlying ambition which combined plain living and high thinking. Even in that little village were felt the perturbations of the great ocean of intellectual interests, and through its narrow channels ebbed and flowed "the tumultuary and gray tide of life."

Village life has done much for many a Scots worthy. Here Dr. Nicoll must have learned that lesson which has entered into the fibre of his being—what he himself has called "the richness of the common vital stock"—and laid broad and deep the foundations on which for more than a quarter of a century he has been building his life-work. From the seclusion of his birthplace he went, a mere lad, to Aberdeen University, where he took his degree of M.A., and as an undergraduate evinced his strong literary bent in book reviewing. Entering Aberdeen, which stands higher in general intelligence than any other city in

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Scotland, was to pass, he says, from prison into a larger air, to taste the sweets of comradeship and liberty. After a brief ministry at Dufftown, Banffshire, the young minister, when only twenty-six, was called south to fill the vacancy in the historic pulpit of the Free Church, Kelso, where Dr. Horatius Bonar had preceded him. If it was an onerous post to occupy, it was also an honourable one, and for eight years he worked among the Scotch congregation, endearing himself to the people by his diligence in pastoral work, his brilliant gifts as a preacher, his large-hearted sympathy, and the rare power which he has always exercised in drawing out the best that is in thinking young men. And if it was a painful parting between pastor and people when the former, broken in health, had to resign that office—to which he has never returned—it marked a new epoch in Dr. Nicoll's career, and gave to London one who is ranked among its ablest and foremost editors to-day.

For it is in connection with the *British Weekly* and THE BOOKMAN—which are a continual witness to his editorial genius—that Dr. Nicoll is known to the general public. "I began editing at the age of eighteen, in the manner of Artemus Ward, who ground up his shears to let his friend of the Baldinsville *Bugle* go on holiday, and my hand has been in it more or less for the greater time ever since. Once inhale the atmosphere, and it is more to be desired than Pontresina." In 1885 he succeeded Dr. Samuel Cox as editor of the *Expositor*, one of the freshest and most valuable theological reviews in England, and in 1887 he started the *British Weekly*, "a journal of social and Christian progress," which at once stepped to the front in periodical literature by bridging the gulf between literary culture and evangelical Christianity. "I came back to London," he says, "after travelling for about a year in Devonshire and in Switzerland, somewhat better, and I had to find work to occupy my time and energies, since I was unable to speak in public. Then I proposed the scheme of the *British Weekly* to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and they agreed to take it up. It was not started with any idea of being a rival or corrective to any existing paper, but I thought there was room for a religious paper, somewhat on the lines of what the *Pall Mall Gazette* then was, which would appeal especially to ministers and the more educated laity. I also thought social questions would attract a good deal of attention in coming years, so I resolved to make a place for them. I saw, too, that the interest in literature promised to grow, and I proposed to give space to that. So combining those ideas, we started."

It will indicate the lines upon which the *British Weekly* has achieved its success to mention that among reprints from its columns in book-form have been *Tempted London*, *Books which have Influenced Me*, *When a Man's Single*, by J. M. Barrie, and in part *Auld Licht Idylls*, *A Window in Thrums*, Ian Maclaren's Scottish idylls, and Walter Raymond's Somerset idylls. Its growth was very rapid, and it is now the biggest pennyworth of the religious papers.

It can readily be seen that ill-health was the divinity that shaped Dr. Nicoll's ends and moved him from his moorings in the ministry. A more momentous destiny awaited the ripe young scholar of eclectic tastes and retiring habits, whose intellectual life has been dominated by the literary passion. When it is known that Dr. Nicoll is a rich magazine of literary reminiscence, and that probably no man of his age (he is only forty-three) retains a greater knowledge of the literary history of the past and present generations, or has a truer idea of their place in the literature of the period, it will be evident that the remarkable success of THE BOOKMAN, which is only three years old, is in great measure accounted for. THE BOOKMAN, said one prescient critic truly, is a type of monthly which many literary men could start, but which only one in a thousand could maintain.

Dr. Nicoll lives in one of the delightful, old-fashioned, roomy houses, surrounded by trees and straggling gardens, which line the road in Frognal as it climbs the steep over Hampstead Heath. Near by is Beatrice Harraden's home, and you can see Walter Besant's residence from Dr. Nicoll's study window; also the house in which lived Dr. Appleton, the first editor of the *Academy*. The vicinity is rich in literary associations, and Dr. Nicoll's house is believed to be the one in which Dr. Johnson wrote his *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

James MacArthur.

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III. THE CORRESPONDENCE OF CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

One of the most brilliant features of the *British Weekly* has been the letters which Dr. Nicoll has written over the signature of "Claudius Clear." They are addressed to the editor of the *British Weekly*, and are always scrupulously deferential in tone. There is a delicious pleasantry in the odd moments of a letter when the double personality plays a part, and the editor of the *British Weekly* turns critic on his correspondent in a parenthesis or foot-note, or as when "Claudius" confided once to the editor that he would see any paper in England dead sooner than the *Academy*, "with the exception of your own invaluable journals." But these letters are most remarkable for their criticism of contemporaneous literature and for their wealth of literary suggestiveness and constant stream of personal information pertaining to the world of letters in the present era. In these letters, too, Dr. Nicoll has from time to time recognised new authors and predicted success for them, which in the most sanguine cases has been fully confirmed. In this way he was the first to herald J. M. Barrie, Jane Barlow, S. R. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren. The letter in which "Claudius Clear" hailed "a certain star" when *The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men* appeared about two years ago—the collection of sketches to which Mr. Crockett has referred—is produced below:

To the Editor of the British Weekly.

SIR: The *Stickit Minister and Some Common Men* is a book of extraordinary merit. It is a series of swift, bright sketches, whose subjects are nearly all taken from Scotch ecclesiastical life, and they are done with such ease, spirit, and fidelity as to give Mr. Crockett a very high place among his fellow-artists. English readers may be assured that they will find this book entertaining and racy beyond almost any other of its kind. This is high praise; those who have attempted similar work best know how high. Such work seems very easy till you try it. You have some good stories, which by a little spinning out could be made into articles; or there are a few strongly marked characters in your mind that others might be made to see as clearly as you see them. But when you sit down to begin the sketch the pencil soon swerves; you have missed that curve, that nameless turn of line without which there is no likeness, and if you have the sense to see it, you lay the sheet on the coals. If this kind of work is not convincing, it should not be done at all. Mr. Crockett never, or hardly ever, quite misses the mark. He is sympathetic and high-spirited—I had almost written genial, but genial does not apply. Nobody can be genial till after forty. Geniality is the result of a casting-up of accounts. *A Stickit Minister* is certainly the work of a man under forty.

There is no difficulty in saying so much as this, and it is a sufficient criticism of perhaps three fourths of the book. The remaining fourth, however, has puzzled me very much. It is so good that one is tempted to say without more ado that Mr. Crockett is a man of genius. There is something in it beyond journalism; whether it is genius I cannot decide. Let us approach the problem by considering the work of the recognized masters, Mr. Barrie and Mr. Hardy.

When you think of it, the atmosphere of Mr. Barrie's books is of intense repose. His genius broods over a life which is without haste. Does anybody in Thrums run? Mr. Dishart ran past the Established Church; and there was a race for 'Tnowhead's Bell; but when I think of it, one of the competitors had one leg longer than the other. He looked well sitting, but could not have been very swift running. There is leisure for the meetings of the Pig Stye Club, and Tammas Haggart has always an audience. Conversation is slow and sententious. The evil days of the telegram are but beginning. Little Sandersy Riach was, I believe, the first telegraph boy in Thrums, and the singular message, "Rob Angus has married the Colonel's daughter, Rob Angus has married the Colonel," one of the earliest he delivered. Mr. Hardy's Wessex is as still and grave. Strident voices, hurrying calls, daily newspapers, are outside of it. Emotion is profound and passionate: Marty South's heart is as deep as Jess McQumpha's; but words are few. In Thrums and in Wessex there are those who know the utmost human needs, and who for all the simplicity of their surroundings have experienced the supreme

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joys and agonies of life. What is it that draws us to them? Is it not—to use a phrase of Mr. Hardy's—their "princely serenity"? We see them independent of our poor ambitions and conflicts. They have no desire to do "some eclipsing thing." They know nothing of life beyond its great elements, and yet they know it all. It is this brooding elemental quality that Mr. Crockett's work lacks, even as his world lacks the majesty of the antique order. It is for the most part the world of to-day, which may be made interesting, but hardly impressive. He shrinks from direct encounter with tragedy, though he often glances at it. He does not lead us into the room where the heart tastes the first bitterness of bereavement, failure, desertion, or shame. "Accepted of the Beasts" is clever, but not convincing. In one sketch, however, "The Heather Lintie: Being a Review of the Poems of Janet Balchrystie of Barbrax," he achieves what I cannot but think a veritable triumph. Mr. Barrie or Miss Wilkins might have been proud to sign it. Another very strong point is that with a few strokes he can set before you a lovable woman. Take this, for example: "He pulled at the manse bell, and somewhere far down the stone passages he heard it ring. Christopher Murray was ready to tell the maid whom he expected to open the door that he was the minister come to supply on the next day. He was prepared for that look of compassion for his youth which he knew so well, which said as plain as words could say, 'Puir lad, little do you ken what's afore you in this parish!' But he was not prepared for what he did see. A slender girl in black, fair as a lily, stood in the dark of the doorway waiting for him to speak." This looks very easy and simple. So did Giotto's O.

Mr. Crockett will solve the problem by-and-by, and I have great hopes. No fair critic will deny that he has his own style and method; he is not an imitator. The fault which he should avoid is a tendency to use cheap newspaper phrases. His diction might well be richer and more copious. Mr. Crockett should follow Mr. Barrie and Mr. Hardy to Elizabethan springs.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

Claudius Clear.

DEIRA, April 6, 1893.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY STUDY FIRE," "SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE," ETC.

I. MATERIAL AND METHOD.

If the writer who ventures to say something more about books and their uses is wise, he will not begin with an apology; for he will know that, despite all that has been said and written on this engrossing theme, the interest of books is inexhaustible, and that there is always a new constituency to read them. So rich is the vitality of the great books of the world that men are never done with them; not only does each new generation read them, but it is compelled to form some judgment of them. In this way Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and their fellow-artists, are always coming into the open court of public opinion, and the estimate in which they are held is valuable chiefly as affording material for a judgment of the generation which forms it. An age which understands and honours creative artists must have a certain breadth of view and energy of spirit; an age which fails to recognize their significance fails to recognize the range and splendour of life, and has, therefore, a certain inferiority.

We cannot get away from the great books of the world, because they preserve and interpret the life of the world; they are inexhaustible, because, being vitally conceived, they need the commentary of that wide experience which we call history to bring out the full meaning of the text; they are our perpetual teachers, because they are the most complete expressions in that concrete form which we call art, of the thoughts, acts, dispositions, and passions of humanity. There is no getting to the bottom of Shakespeare, for instance, or to the end of his possibilities

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of enriching and interesting us, because he deals habitually with that primary substance of human life which remains substantially unchanged through all the mutations of racial, national, and personal condition, and which is always, and for all men, the object of supreme interest. Time, which is the relentless enemy of all that is partial and provisional, is the friend of Shakespeare, because it continually brings to the student of his work illustration and confirmation of its truth. There are many things in his plays which are more intelligible and significant to us than they were to the men who heard their musical cadence on the rude Elizabethan stage, because the ripening of experience has given the prophetic thought an historical demonstration; and there are truths in these plays which will be read with clearer eyes by the men of the next century than they are now read by us.

It is this prophetic quality in the books of power which silently moves them forward with the inaudible advance of the successive files in the ranks of the generations, and which makes them contemporary with each generation. For while the mediæval frame-work upon which Dante constructed the "Divine Comedy" becomes obsolete the fundamental thought of the poet about human souls and the identity of the deed and its result not only remains true to experience, but has received the most impressive confirmation from subsequent history and from psychology.

It is as impossible, therefore, to get away from the books of power as from the stars; every new generation must make acquaintance with them, because they are as much a part of that order of things which forms the background of human life as nature itself. With every intelligent man or woman the question is not, "Shall I take account of them?" but "How shall I get the most and the best out of them for my enrichment and guidance?"

It is with the hope of assisting some readers and students of books, and especially those who are at the beginning of the ardours, the delights, and the perplexities of the book-lover, that these articles are undertaken. They assume nothing on the part of the reader but a desire to know the best that has been written; they promise nothing on the part of the writer but a frank and familiar use of experience in a pursuit which makes it possible for the individual life to learn the lessons which universal life has learned, and to piece out its limited personal experience with the experience of humanity. One who loves books, like one who loves a particular bit of a country, is always eager to make others see what he sees; that there have been other lovers of books and views before him does not put him in an apologetic mood. There cannot be too many lovers of the best things in these pessimistic days, when to have the power of loving anything is beginning to be a great and rare gift.

The word love in this connection is significant of a very definite attitude toward books; an attitude not uncritical, since it is love of the best only, but an attitude which implies more intimacy and receptivity than the purely critical temper makes possible; an attitude, moreover, which expects and invites something more than instruction or entertainment—both valuable, wholesome, and necessary, and yet neither descriptive of the richest function which the book fulfils to the reader. To love a book is to invite an intimacy with it which opens the way to its heart. One of the wisest of modern readers has said that the most important characteristic of the real critic—the man who penetrates the secret of a work of art—is the ability to admire greatly; and there is but a short step between admiration and love. And as if to emphasize the value of a quality so rare among critics, the same wise reader, who was also the greatest writer of modern times, says also that "where keen perception unites with good-will and love, it gets at the heart of man and the world; nay, it may hope to reach the highest goal of all." To get at the heart of that knowledge, life, and beauty which are stored in books is surely one way of reaching the highest goal.

That goal, in Goethe's thought, was the complete development of the individual life through thought, feeling, and action; an aim often misunderstood, but which, seen on all sides, is certainly the very highest disclosed to the human spirit. And the method of attaining this result was the process, also often and widely misunderstood, of culture. This word carries with it the implication of natural, vital growth, but it has been confused with an artificial, mechanical proc-

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ess, supposed to be practised as a kind of esoteric cult by a small group of people who held themselves apart from common human experiences and fellowships. Mr. Symonds, concerning whose representative character as a man of culture there is no difference of opinion, said that he had read with some care the newspaper accounts of his "culture," and that, so far as he could gather, his newspaper critics held the opinion that culture is a kind of knapsack which a man straps on his back and in which he places a vast amount of information, gathered, more or less at random, in all parts of the world. There was, of course, a touch of humour in Mr. Symonds's description of the newspaper conception of culture; but it is certainly true that culture has been regarded by a great many people either as a kind of intellectual refinement, so highly specialised as to urge on fastidiousness, or as a large accumulation of miscellaneous information.

Now, the process of culture is an unfolding and enrichment of the human spirit by conforming to the laws of its own growth; and the result is a broad, rich, free human life. Culture is never quantity, it is always quality of knowledge; it is never an extension of ourselves by additions from without, it is always enlargement of ourselves by development from within; it is never something acquired, it is always something possessed; it is never a result of accumulation, it is always a result of growth. That which characterizes the man of culture is not the extent of his information, but the quality of his mind; it is not the mass of things he knows, but the sanity, the ripeness, the soundness of his nature. A man may have great knowledge and remain uncultivated; a man may have comparatively limited knowledge and be genuinely cultivated. There have been famous scholars who have remained crude, unripe, inharmonious in their intellectual life, and there have been men of small scholarship who have found all the fruits of culture. The man of culture is he who has so absorbed what he knows that it is part of himself. His knowledge has not only enriched specific faculties, it has enriched him; his entire nature has come to ripe and sound maturity.

This personal enrichment is the very highest and finest result of intimacy with books; compared with it the instruction, information, refreshment, and entertainment which books afford are of secondary importance. The great service they render us—the greatest service that can be rendered us—is the enlargement, enrichment, and unfolding of ourselves; they nourish and develop that mysterious personality which lies behind all thought, feeling, and action; that central force within us which feeds the specific activities through which we give out ourselves to the world, and, in giving, find and recover ourselves.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

ON SOME TALES OF MR. KIPLING'S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

In a lonely Sussex house a number of men sat together. The cheerful dinner was done, the ingle flamed, and whenever one, rising, chanced to open the cottage door, the freshness of the still and breathing spring night stole in. There were among these men editors, critics, dons, and writers—modest men all, who yet had tried, each within his possible, to do something. There was talk and turmoil—the incidence of liking, the extreme dissidence of dissent. From argument they went to criticism, and in the forecasting of the future, reputations suffered. All the while the great editor sat above them (in a smoking-jacket), as the gods sit, dividing good and evil. Finally they fell upon a new play.

They resolved to write out, each for himself, a list of the best half-dozen of Mr. Kipling's short stories. The papers were folded. They were put into the hat, and the editor, well accustomed, made out the final result. *The Man who would be King* stood proudly at the head of every list, followed by *At the End of*

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the Passage, *Without Benefit of Clergy*, *The Drums of the Fore-and-Aft*, and I forget what other.

It is a game that any one can try, and the results may be varied from theirs. But the fact stood clear that men of book and pen read Kipling for their own pleasure; and, what is more, remember him.

Afterward they fell a-talking of the author. They recalled how he flashed upon the world, various discoverers claiming him—like a new planet with an Adams and a Leverrier on the staff of every paper.

"In Vishnu-land what Avatar?" cried Browning long ago from among the tangled bowers of *Bells and Pomegranates*, when Waring took his wayward forthgoing out of the ken of men—to return, not Waring, but merely Alfred Domett, a forgotten New Zealand statesman with an unmanageable epic. For Kipling, and not Domett, was to be the Avatar of Vishnu-land.

To myself the Revealer of the East was made plain one day when a curious-looking book came to me from India, bearing a strange imprint, as though Charles Dickens had been inventing names for the publishers of the Orient.

On the sandhills of Colwyn the Elder I lay and read, while a wind from the sea whipped the leaves. I found a new language. I trod among unknown allusions. The East, the skirts of which I had trod, spoke to me for the first time with authentic voice.

For Fortune was good to me. She opened the book at a Jubilee Ode, which, had a careful eye noted the image and superscription thereof, would assuredly not have been read. For who in the later eighties would read Jubilee Odes, compound of the patriotism and the champagne of the day before yesterday?

But this ran on in other fashion. And small wonder it was that staid Anglo-Indians marvelled what snake had crept within the robustly military columns of their favourite journal, and was now hissing at them with erected crest.

"By the well where the bullocks go,
Silent and blind and slow,
By the field where the young corn dies
In the face of the sultry skies,
They have heard as the dull earth hears,
The sound of the wind of an hour,
The sound of a great Queen's voice:
'My God hath granted me years,
Hath granted dominion and power,
And I bid you, O land, rejoice!'

* * * *

But the ploughman settled the share
More deep in the grudging clod,
For he saith, 'The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God!'"

* * * *

Thus the words came grimly, solemnly, laden with sympathy for India's inarticulate millions—hopeless, futureless, undesirous even of speech. It is possible that these words, and others in the same set of verses, are oftener remembered by one to whom they told of a new power beginning to be eloquent in the East, than even by the man who wrote them himself.

And there is something here which Mr. Kipling has never yet given rein to—perhaps the preaching strain in the background of his soul. He "believes in God and the angels," like Colonel John Hay's prairie pioneer, and still more perhaps in the Law Inexorable which strikes once and no more. And, in that case, the preaching is sure to come.

Then the grey paper books began to pour, and we laughed and fought with the much-enduring Mulvaney, trained "tarriers and poops" with Jock, longed for London "and the stinks of her" with the Cockney Ortheris.

And we that were of the heather and the salt water were just as mad as the others. The style? queried the critic, whose duty it was to keep his head among the smother of our admiration. Bah! We did not care for the style. It was great story telling—bold, free, effortless. And we found a sentence to fling at the critic too:

"And over the bastions of Fort Amara, broke the pitiless day."

"Better that!" we cried at him.

And then, as Mr. Kipling himself might say, "there was a great silence between the howling of the jackals."

As each succeeding book came to us, it grew clearer that the romance writer of the specialist had come to us. He grasped the mechanism of life—and that not only in the Orient. On the seas he "knew the ropes." Down in the engineer's grimy Inferno who but he had been keeping an eye upon the gauges. Doctors said, "None but a doctor could have known that!" Military men claimed him as a comrade. Mr. Thomas

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Atkins, private in the line, declared him (with the Adjective) to be a time-expired gentleman-ranker. Newspaper men knew him for one who understood how "to fake the paper" when moribund royalty will not die, the premier will not resign, or the wires are down in the North.

Clearer than the events of our last year's holiday lived the tale for us. We opened the pages at random, and so that Mr. Kipling told of India, in a trice we were transported. Wet, weariness, and day-worry were forgotten. In a moment there was blown across our nostrils the acrid whiff of wood smoke—the danker smell of rotting leaves, and of rushing hill torrents that flow from the caverns under—the true Himalaya smell—which, as Mr. Kipling says, when once a man smells, he will surely come back even from the ends of the earth to smell it again ere he die.

Or, as it may happen, we sweltered in the flaring day-long heats on some God-forsaken Indian embankment. We rode about the pinewoods of Simla and watched the star rise over the glacier.

The compact multifarious Indies pushed and shouldered through the tranced pages—Bengali, Sikh, Pathan, men meek of countenance, ghouls fiendish of eye, ill-favoured and treacherous men with long hair from the hills of the horse thieves on the North-Western frontier. We rode a-foraying with the Zukka Kehl, and knew all the while that the alert police officer on the other side of the frontier was going to catch us every time. In which case we should as surely be hanged for the greater glory of Law and Order. And so it ought to be. For when will ever Mr. Kipling give a chance to the horse that never knew a bridle, and the gipsying blood that will call no man master while the world lasts?

But what a new world it was, and what service and thank we owed to the caravels of the Columbus of the East, who pursued Mr. Bret Harte across the prairies and through the gulches, and bore eastward from the Farthest West the secret of its barbaric saga. The pre-Kipling generation had only to glimpse the word "Indian" at the head of an article, or upon the title of a book, to retreat with a boredom that verged upon disgust. Just as the Indian Budget, or indeed Indian discussions generally, cleared the benches in the House of Commons, so the Indian tale, suggesting tiger-shooting and blue books with an occasional Mahatma, was left alone, untended, to die on the waste. It was once indeed permitted to Mr. Marion Crawford; but editors told him not to do it again, and he wisely obeyed them. Now Mr. Kipling changed all that, and the tribes of the East spoke to us authentic, every man in his own tongue. And more than all our hearts are stirred for Tommy Atkins, whether he might be hanged, like Danny Deever, high as Haman in the hollow square of the regiment, or whether he might finish his career in the worthiest way, as a commissaire outside the "Grand Metropole."

"Give him a letter,
Can t do no better,
Late Troop-Sergeant-Major, an'—runs with a letter!
Think what he's been,
Think what he's seen,
Think of his pension an'
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

And the faults? To another be the ungracious task, for the drums have begun to roll, and the fever's in the blood.

Mr. Kipling may sometimes be inclined, as Mr. Stevenson says, to the heresy of Cain, in that he would let his brother go to the devil his own way. But I think that oftener he will be ready to square him up, and help him as the friendly private helped Mulvaney, "to preserve his formation," till he lies down among the long grass for his longer rest. For we are inclined to think less of ourselves as it nears the sundown, and as our feet overpass more of "The Long Trail—the Trail that is always new."

If an apprentice at the writing trade may say the word, there are some verses of Mr. Kipling's which have often made him work the willinger and the worthier, so far as work he may.

"If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

"One instant's toil to Thee denied,
Stands all eternity's offence,
Of what I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

"Take not that vision from my ken,
O whatsoe'er may spoil or speed—
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need."

S. R. Crockett.

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GERMAN AND SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE IN 1894.

I.

I have often wondered whether the Germania one sees in public monuments —a colossal blonde woman, who, with storm-tossed hair and drawn sword, defies creation—is really the German nation's ideal conception of itself. In the time of Goethe and Schiller no artist could have hit upon such a figure without being laughed to scorn. Since 1870, however, it does not occur to any one even to smile, which must be taken as inferential evidence that Germania is fairly typical and appropriate. Her defiance of creation is perceptible enough to any foreigner who may venture to linger in the shadow of her shield. Her magnificent self-assertion, which contrasts so glaringly with the modest self-depreciation of the eighteenth century, is certainly the pervasive note in contemporary German literature. And yet the last quarter of the eighteenth century was a period of great literary achievements, compared to which the last quarter of the nineteenth sinks into insignificance. Never was there since the days of Gottschedd and Hofmannswaldau an age quite so barren of notable performance. There are occurrences, of course, and incidents in letters, as in art and politics, but there are no deeds.

For all that, I venture to assert that, as far as Germany is concerned, there never was a time when the sense of their national importance kindled the blood of her authors with such a jubilant impudence. Read Herman Grimm's delightful *Lectures on Goethe*, wherein he treats the two great Weimar poets as the indispensable forerunners of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71; or, still better, read Professor von Treitschke's *Deutsche Geschichte im 19ten Jahrhundert*, and you will see how patriotism may mount like strong wine even to the soberest brain and distort the most discerning vision. But not only Grimm and Von Treitschke are drunk with German, or should I rather say Prussian, glory. Even a professed pessimist like Karl Bleibtreu, who is said to be kept awake at night by Zola's laurels, is every whit as rampant a *Franzosenfresser* as any junker who has just got his commission in the army. Nay, though you would scarcely believe it, writers whose themes are of a purely scholarly or scientific character rarely neglect the chance to blow a little patriotic fanfaronade every now and then for the edification of their readers.

As a matter of fact, the glorification of the Fatherland is held to be one of those things for which no season can be unsuitable. Take, for instance, the writings of Ernst von Wildenbruch, until recently the most popular of German authors; how they bristle with pugnacity in their exaltation of the house of Hohenzollern and a vainglorious pride of conquest and consciousness of European supremacy! In the dramas *Quitzon* and *The New Master* Wildenbruch is accused of having directly complimented the young Emperor, while in the recently suppressed play *The Major-General* he is said to have offended the august war-lord, whether by implied criticism or by faint praise no one seems to know. But then it is so very easy to offend the war-lord, as another dramatist, Ludwig Fulda, found to his cost when the Berlin Academy awarded the laurel crown to his comedy *The Talisman*, and the Emperor, smarting under its satirical allusions, cancelled the award. Truth to tell, in spite of its innocent fairy lore, *The Talisman* is by no means food for babes. It is a sort of veiled mirror, most ingeniously contrived, in which you see no more or no less than you have the wit to see. You will be amused, even if you see nothing beyond the obvious fairy-tale. But Berlin, which is nothing if not sophisticated, persisted in seeing a good deal more, and broke into a Homeric laugh, which finally reached the New Palace in Potsdam, with the result already noted.

In the domain of belles-lettres the year 1894 has been one of the barrenest of a peculiarly barren era. I cannot put my finger on more than one or two books which bear the stamp of a potent personality or a deep experience. As an evidence of a wide and extraordinarily varied experience, Rudolph Lindau's *Liebesheirathen* fairly takes one's breath away. It seems at first blush marvellous, demonic. There is scarcely a corner of the civilized world where this clever and versatile Hebrew is not

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at home. In Berlin, Paris, London, New York, San Francisco, Shanghai, and Yokohama he knows the best restaurants, the salient types of the population, the slang of the hour, and what in each city corresponds to our Fifth Avenue, the Bowery, and the Tenderloin. In fact, his knowingness is so appalling as to arouse a certain suspicion. If, indeed, his American sketches and characters may be taken as a criterion, his versatility, though certainly remarkable, does not of necessity imply a league with the devil. In the United States it is only the obvious and superficial which has impressed Herr Lindau ; all the subtler and finer nuances have escaped him. Is it not likely that the same was the case in London, Shanghai, and Yokohama? Nevertheless, the six volumes of his collected works make a more than respectable showing and contain some notable and much interesting work.

The veteran novelist, Friedrich Spielhagen, has published a very able and altogether delightful novel in two volumes, entitled *Die Stumme des Himmels*, the second edition of which has just reached me. Spielhagen has here returned to the scene of his earliest triumphs, the North Sea and the Baltic provinces. The theme is a very delicate one, and it is handled with admirable insight and a fine consciousness of its perils. The colours do not fade with the years upon the palette of this vigorous artist. They are fully as fresh and vivid as in *Problematic Characters* and *Hammer and Anvil*, which appeared over thirty years ago ; and they seem to me truer, more authentic, and in deeper accord with reality. I know nothing in Spielhagen's earlier writings which is so steeped in actuality as the description of the life of the Pommeranian country nobility in the second volume. His favourite character from the time of his *début*—the universal heart-smasher—is here a woman, and a governess at that. But she is no romantic heroine of the Jane Eyre type. She is sane, credible, with red blood in her veins ; and we are sorry to take leave of her.

Of the secondary spirits who chew the cud of other people's thought Germany has and has always had a great abundance. I do not by any means intend to disparage them, for their labour is a useful one, and we could ill afford to dispense with them. It is not in Germany alone that the Wagner-soul outnumbers a hundred thousand times the Faust-soul. And not infrequently it is a very superior type of mind which reveals itself in the interpretation of other and greater minds. Professor B. Litzmann, for instance, who has published a most admirable bit of analysis of the latest movement in the German drama, *Das Deutsche Drama in den litterarischen Bewegungen der Gegenwart*, is a man of modern sympathies, and what he says concerning Sudermann, Wildenbruch, and Hauptmann is exceedingly illuminating. Creizenach's *Geschichte des neueren Dramas* has a wider scope, but is for all that a less vital book. Dr. Georg Brandes' *Ferdinand Lassalle* (which appeared in Danish in 1881) has at last found a German translator, and will, no doubt, find a large public among the Socialists ; for Brandes, though he dislikes to be classified and irretrievably bracketed with anybody, is in fact a far more extreme Socialist than was even Lassalle, judging by his latest utterances. I should not hesitate to call him a *Katheder anarchist*, which is a species by no means unknown in Germany. His book *Shelley and Lord Byron*, which is merely a reprint of the fourth volume of the *Hauptströmungen in der Litteratur des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, confirms and emphasises his position as a mild-mannered, pseudo-philosophical buccaneer, who is conversing most brilliantly on deck in order to divert your attention while his crew underneath is scuttling the ship.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

The copy of Mr. Aldrich's poems, which lies on a table in the parlour of his Boston home, has on a fly-leaf an inscription, "To my wife, Lilian, after seventeen happy years with her. November 28th, 1882." On the next blank sheet are written the following lines :

" Two things there are with memory will abide
Whatever else befall—while life flows by ;
That soft, cold hand-touch at the altar side ;
The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry."

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

By the Author of "A Cluster of Nuts," "Cuckoo Songs," etc.

It is now nearly ten years ago since I published a small volume of verse, which was strongly tinctured with my admiration for the work of the Rossettis, brother and sister. Dante Rossetti was three years dead, but I had only recently become acquainted with his poems and was full of fervour about him. Some one suggested I should send the little book to Mr. William Rossetti, which I did; and this led to Miss Rossetti seeing the book, which, by the way, I had accompanied by a letter full of young enthusiasm about the brother who was so dear to them. A second copy, sent direct to Miss Rossetti, was acknowledged by the gift of her *Time Flies*, and a very gracious letter full of her characteristic humility. "Beyond all *gifts*," she wrote, "I account *graces*, and if you have honoured my form by thinking it worth imitating, much more may I your spirit." Some further letters passed between us, for with the egoism of youth I kept sending her my callow productions, and the following winter, when I was in London, I visited her several times. The first time I came, in the winter twilight, old Mrs. Rossetti, then well over eighty, was present, and was as interested as anybody in the fervent lover of their dear Gabriel. She sat by the fire in a big chair, her eyes quite bright and alert, and listened to my raptures, and if she failed to catch what I said, turned to Christina who repeated it for her. She had still the remains of the noble beauty which is in her son's portraits of her, and struck me as looking a really great old woman. I remember the gesture with which she turned to her daughter, laying a fine old hand on hers. "My affectionate Christina," she said. Miss Rossetti somewhat disappointed my sentimental ideas of her, because, at that time, she was so much more brisk and cheerful than I expected. I must have said something of the sort to her, for she said: "I was a very melancholy girl; but now I am a very cheerful old woman." I used to think that she laid this cheerfulness upon herself as a duty, thinking perhaps, like Dante, that sadness was one of the sins. Cheerfulness in that house seemed a little discordant. Entering it you felt the presence of very old age, a silence that draped and muffled the house. It was not like any other silence—the silence of a convent, for instance, broken only by the tinkle of a bell and the rapid *swish* of a habit. It was heavy and seemed to darken, as well as to muffle sound. At that time Miss Rossetti was devoting herself to the care of her two aunts, the Misses Polidori, as well as her mother, and they were all three approaching their century. It must have been sad for her, however love sweetened her task.

After a little while Mrs. Rossetti grew tired, and her daughter assisted her to her bedroom, asking me to wait for her return. When she came back she lit the candles on the mantelshelf and showed me some relics of her brother. "You would have been charmed by our dear Gabriel," she said; "so many were charmed and so many remember him." His sketches, and photographs of his pictures, were all about the walls. I remember especially a pencil-drawing of his beautiful young wife. I think she was asleep in an arm-chair. "Poor little Lizzie," Miss Rossetti called her. She also told me that when she and Mrs. Morris appeared at an evening party, both being brides, no one could say which was the more beautiful, the fair or the dark beauty. "Lizzie was so graceful," she said.

She told me she had few visitors from the outside world, except now and again an American, Americans being great admirers of her poetry, and probably unaware of her cloistered habits. She spoke of Mrs. Piatt's poetry, which at that time I scarcely knew, and then or some other time she also spoke of Mrs. Meynell's poetry with admiration. She did not read many new books, unless they were sent to her by the writers. But the old books she loved. She was especially fond of *Cranford*, and when she found I had not read it she pressed upon me her own copy, an old one bound in the original brown cloth, and with an inscription "from her affection-

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ate uncle G. Polidori." I remember how she sat running over the chapters and laughing here and there at bits she well knew and loved. I carried off on that or some other evening not only this very precious *Cranford*, but also Miss Rossetti's umbrella, for it came on to rain suddenly.

The following spring old Mrs. Rossetti died, and I think her death snapped her daughter's strongest link with life. I still heard from her occasionally. In April, 1888, she wrote, "Advancing age and ailing health tell upon me. I am not strong, and I am more than content not to be strong." I saw her again the following year. It was a wet August evening, and London at its most melancholy. She talked then chiefly about my own concerns, but I noticed that the brisk cheerfulness which had disappointed me on my last visit had departed. She was allowing herself to grow old.

I only saw her once afterwards, in the autumn of 1893. I heard from her occasionally and, as she spoke of herself as an invalid, I did not like to intrude upon her. When I asked her if I might come that once she assented cordially. It was the only day I saw the house quite bright and sunny. Miss Rossetti was lying on a sofa, but stood up to receive me, welcoming me with great kindness. She only lay down again at my earnest request. I did not think she looked ill. She was always in my knowledge of her colourless, as a person who kept the house much and led a sedentary life. She kept the strong spiritual beauty of the face her brother painted as the young Mary, predestined to superhuman sorrows. Her great heavy-lidded eyes always seemed to me of peculiar significance, perhaps because the only other woman I knew who had those great lids was also strangely heroic and strangely spiritual. I sat by her couch while she talked with her old kindly human interest in my affairs. I wanted to write something about her then. She would not forbid me, and was even ready to help me, but divining a reluctance in her I suddenly burst out in an assurance that I would write nothing. She was quite pleased and grateful. "I should not be myself," she said; "it is like sitting for a photograph, where one puts one's self in unnatural poses. I don't like the custom of interviewing, because it leads to self-consciousness, and the interviewed person is always turning out the best side for the public. *Now* we can talk easily and naturally." When I was leaving she said again: "Thank you for giving up the idea of writing about me. When I am gone will be time enough." That was my last speech with her.

Now that she is gone our thought of her is Cowley's thought of Crashaw in heaven:

> "Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
> And joy in an applause so great as thine;
> Equal society with them to hold
> Thou need'st not make new songs but say the old."

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

SONG.

Alas! no more, no more!
The rose that bloom'd is dead;
The summer morn
Will not return,
Once and forever fled!

Alas! alas! no more!
We shall not meet again,
Tho' sea and shore
I wander o'er,
Tho' mountain, vale and plain!
The seas shall wash the mountain-tops,
Ere we two meet again!

George Douglas.

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FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FRENCH ESSAY OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

We are enabled to give the following extracts from an essay written by Charlotte Brontë, in French, on *The Death of Moses*. The essay, an exercise given her by M. Héger during her stay in Brussels, has not hitherto been published. After telling how Moses at the end of his life received the command of God to climb Mount Nebo, and how he blessed one by one the twelve tribes, the narrative proceeds :—

"Et maintenant c'est le soir, le soleil s'approche de l'horizon, son disque en feu jette sur les plaines de Moab des reflets de rubis ; sur ces plaines les tribus Hébreues se sont campées, mais à cette heure le camp est solitaire ; quelques chameaux et quelques dromédaires seuls broutent l'herbe, chacun près de la tente de son maître. Le tabernacle même est abandonné ; il s'élève majestueux et vaste au milieu des pavillons blancs, mais ni lévite ni prêtre n'y reste, le feu s'éteigne sur l'autel, et l'arche a pour tout gardien le cherubin sculpté qui la couvre de ses ailes. Un pauvre lépreux rôde autour du lieu consacré, n'osant pas y entrer, et prêt à s'enfuir au premier bruit qui annoncera le retour du peuple. Où est donc ce peuple? Traversons cette plaine déserte, d'où le son des trompettes et des cymbales hébreues a chassé la gazelle et le zèbre, approchons-nous de cette montagne, la plus saillante de toute la chaine dont les cimes bleues bornent l'horizon de l'orient. Quelle ombre noire enceint la base? Est-ce un bois d'oliviers ou de cèdres? Approchons-nous de plus près ; c'est une vaste foule, toute une nation réunie, cinq cent milles hommes, sans compter les femmes et les enfants ; c'est la congrégation des Israëlites, guerriers et prêtres et femmes. Quel évènement attend-t on? Sur quel objet tous les regards sont-ils fixés? Les guerriers ont oté leurs casques, les prêtres leurs mitres, et les femmes leurs voiles, et tous lèvent la tête vers le sommet de Nébo. Sur ce sommet plane un nuage, le seul qui obscurcit ce ciel de saphir ; un nuage rougeâtre, chargé d'éclairs ; une colonne de vapeur qui semble prête à se transformer en une colonne de feu. C'est là une mystique qui voile Jehovah, le saint symbole qui a guidé Israël à travers le désert ; ce soir il couronne Mont Nébo comme la flamme couronne l'autel ; on disait que des rites solennels vont se célébrer, qu'un grand sacrifice se prépare ; où donc est la victime? Un homme gravit la côte de la montagne, seul et enveloppé d'un manteau ; c'est un vieillard, on voit reluire au soleil son front chauve et ses cheveux blancs : mais est-ce bien un rayon de soleil, cette gloire qui de loin brille comme une étoile sur ses tempes? Couvrez-vous les yeux, baissez la tête ; cette gloire, c'est le reflet de la divinité ; cet homme c'est Moïse !"

Then comes an excursion into biblical criticism. Are we to interpret the narrative literally, and believe Moses to have been actually face to face with God, or as an allegory? Her answer is decisive :—

"Questions inutiles, doutes que la Raison propose parcequ'elle est incapable de comprendre les mystères de la Révélation ; si l'homme n'avait qu'elle pour guide, il n'atteindrait jamais au ciel ; l'orgueil embarrasse ses ailes, c'est un poids qui l'empêche de monter. Heureusement la Foi lui vient en aide, ange au regard humble, mais au vol élevé, séraphin, dont l'essor parvient au septième ciel et au trône de l'Eternel même. Vues des yeux de la Raison, les merveilles de l'ancien Testament présentent une mythologie sévère, obscure, incroyable, mais aussitôt que la Foi se penche sur la volume, aussitôt qu'elle lève sa lampe sur la page ténébreuse, tout devient clair. Qui croit en Dieu et dans sa fonction créatrice, croira facilement en la vérité litérale de l'histoire miraculeuse des Juifs ; la violation des lois de la Nature n'offre pour lui aucune difficulté : il se dit : 'Celui qui créa la Nature, et qui en régla les lois, peut bien les modifier, les changer, les anéantir selon sa volonté.' Suivons donc Moïse lorsqu'il gravit Mont Nébo, et que ni doute ni scrupule n'arrête pas nos pas.

"Il a gagné le sommet, il a perdu de vue la multitude ; une solitude entière, un silence absolu l'entoure. Les crêtes noires des cèdres s'inclinent à ses pieds, un ciel pur et bleu est au-dessus de sa tête ; devant lui parait le nuage consacré, immobile et seul, laissant échapper de temps en temps des exhalaisons électriques qui disparaissent sans bruit. Le prophète attend, la Nature attend aussi."

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"C'est le moment où le soleil se couche ; ses derniers rayons brillent d'un éclat à la fois doux et resplendissant, répandant partout des clairs roses et vermeils ; ces clairs magiques teignent la vaste plaine qui se déroule aux pieds de Pisgah, plaine fertile, arrosée par les ondes d'un fleuve, ombrée de forêts touffues dont les longues allées s'avancent dans cette mer de verdure comme des promontoires dans l'océan. De grands troupeaux peuplent ces savanes ; par çi, par là un taureau majestueux, un taureau de Bashan se repose sous un grand arbre isolé ; de loin s'élèvent les murs fortifiés d'une ville ; des domes, des tours, et les terrasses et les colonnes d'un immense palais, bâti en marbre blanc, se dessinent contre un ciel d'azur, le tout encadré en une guirlande de jardins et de palmiers. Plus près, on voit dans la plaine quelques tentes et une fontaine ombrée aussi de palmiers ; des jeunes filles y puisent de l'eau ; elle sont vêtues en costumes asiatiques, et des perles brillent sur leurs bras et sur leurs cous bruns, et dans leurs cheveux noirs.

"Scène tranquille, mais profanée de l'image hideuse d'une idole ; la fontaine et le bocage de palmiers sont consacrés à Moloch ; il y lève sa tête monstrueuse, et les jeunes filles, en quittant la source, flèchent le genou devant son autel.

"Moïse a tout vu, la campagne riche, la ville

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superbe, le culte idolatre ; il a ressenti la joie de l'Hébreu qui voit l'héritage de son peuple, la triomphe du chef dont les efforts sont couronnés de succès, les regrets amèrs de l'homme condamné à mourir au moment où la vie lui offre le plus de charme. Un instant suffit pour la naissance et l'extinction de tous ces sentiments, car une nouvelle impression toute autrement puissante est venue s'emparer de son âme.

" Debout sur Pisgah son œil parcourt la plaine de Jericho et plonge dans la vallée de Zoar ; cet œil s'allume, on voit à son éirncelle subite qu'autre chose qu'un beau paysage s'est offert à ses regards. Là-bas, s'élevant dans le creux du vallon, s'étendant sur la surface de la plaine, les fantômes de l'Avenir se révèlent aux yeux du prophète ; le Futur écarte les nuages dont il aime à entourer son empire de ténèbres et laisse pénétrer d'un rayon du Présent ses mystères obscurs. Les races, les siècles, les dynasties passent en revue à ses pieds."

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" Traçant de génération en génération la décadence de Zion, Moïse arrive enfin à sa ruine. Le sceptre de la suprématie a passé de l'Asie en Europe ; le diadème de l'empire universel orne le front de l'Italie. Rome, devenue reine du monde, mais toujours aussi avare de conquête que lorsque, jeune Amazone, pleine de fougue et d'ambition, elle suivait Romulus dans ses guerres barbares et ne possédait d'autre bien que son arc et son carquois, d'autre territoire qu'un champ dont l'étendue était mesurée par un peau de taureau coupée en tranches, Rome se lève un instant de son trône, basé sur sept montagnes, et étendant le bras sur l'Adriatique et l'Ægéan, écrase le palmier de Judée, déjà affaissé par mille tempêtes. D'où vient l'extase qui, à cette crise terrible, éclate sur la figure de Moïse? Il joigne les mains, il lève les yeux, et un transport indicible rayonne sur son front. La révélation s'est changée ; il a vu passer à travers le ciel et s'arrêter à un point fixe, une étoile mystérieuse ; le ciel s'est entreouvert et une vision glorieuse s'est révélée : des formes blanches et ailées lui ont entouré ; des voix celestes lui ont annoncée une grande joie pour toute la terre, et après que les anges se sont retirés d'avec lui dans les nues, il a vu, entre les astres et la terre, une forme de femme, tenant dans ses bras un Enfant. Son âme a reconnu le Messie, il murmure les paroles de Simeon, 'Seigneur, tu laisses maintenant aller ton serviteur en paix, car mes yeux ont vu ton salut que tu a préparé pour être présenté à tous les peuples, pour être la lumière qui doit éclairer toutes les nations, et la gloire de ton peuple d'Israel.'

" Dans cet élan l'âme s'est échappée du corps, Moïse a cessé de vivre."

Translation of Extracts.

" And now it is evening ; the sun is nearing the horizon ; its fiery disc throws ruby lights on the plains of Moab ; on these plains are the Hebrew tribes encamped, but now the camp is solitary ; a few camels and dromedaries only are browsing on the grass, each near the tent of its master. Even the tabernacle is abandoned. Majestic and vast it rises in the midst of the white pavilions, but neither Levite nor priest is there ; the fire has died out on the altar, and the only guardian of the Ark is the carven cherubin hiding it with its wings. A poor leper hovers round the holy place, not daring to enter, and ready to flee away at the first sound announcing the return of the people. Where, then, are the people? Let us cross that deserted plain, whence the sound of the Hebrew trumpets and cymbals has chased the gazelle and the zebra, and draw nigh unto that mountain, the most prominent of all the chain whose blue peaks bound the horizon on the East. What is that dark shadow encircling the base? Is it an olive or a cedar wood? Come nearer. It is a vast crowd, the whole nation gathered together, five hundred thousand men, without counting the women and the children ; it is the congregation of the Israelites, warriors, priests, and women. What are they waiting for? What are they gazing at? The warriors have taken off their helmets, the priests their mitres, and the women their veils, and the head of every one is lifted to the summit of Nebo. Above the summit floats a cloud, the only one darkening the sapphire sky, a reddish cloud stored with lightnings, a pillar of cloud which seems ready to change into a pillar of fire. It is the mystic cloud that veils Jehovah, the holy sign that has guided Israel across the desert. To-night it crowns Mount Nebo as the flame crowns the altar. Everything looks as if solemn rites were to be celebrated, and a great sacrifice were preparing. Where then is the victim? A man ascends the mountain-side alone, and wrapt in a cloak. He is old ; you can see his bald forehead shining in the sun, and his white hair. But is it in truth a ray of sun, that glory which from far flashes like a star on his temple? Hide your eyes, bend your head ; that glory reflects divinity. The man is Moses."

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" Vain questions—doubts suggested by Reason because it is incapable of understanding the mysteries of revelation ; if man had only it for guide he would never reach heaven ; pride weights his wings with a load that hinders his ascent. Happily, faith comes to his aid, angel of the downcast eyes but upward aim, seraphim whose flight reaches unto the seventh heaven, and to the very throne of the eternal. Seen by the eyes of reason, the marvels of the Old Testament present a mythology severe, obscure, hard to believe. But as soon as Faith bends over the volume, and raises her lamp on the dark page, all becomes light. Whoever believes in God and in His creative function, will easily believe in the literal truth of the miraculous history of the Jews ; the violation of the laws of nature presents no difficulty to him ; he says to himself : 'He who created Nature, and who regulates its laws, can easily modify them, change them, annihilate them, according to His will.' Let us then follow Moses when he ascends Mount Nebo, and let neither doubt nor scruple arrest our steps.

" He has reached the summit, has lost sight of the multitude ; a complete solitude, an absolute silence surround him. The dark tops of the cedars bow at his feet, a clear blue sky is above his head ; before him appears the sacred cloud, motionless and lonely, from which escape from time to time electric exhalations that vanish in silence. The prophet waits ; Nature also waits."

* * * * *

" The sun is setting ; its last rays shine with great brilliancy, at once soft and resplendent,

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shedding over all pink and vermilion lights ; these magic lights dye the vast plain which rolls at the base of Pisgah, a fertile plain watered by the waves of a river, and shaded by thick forests, into which sea of verdure long avenues are thrown out like headlands into the ocean. These great savannahs are alive with herds ; here and there a great bull, a bull of Bashan, rests by itself under a huge tree ; far away rise the fortified walls of a town ; domes, towers, terraces, the columns of an immense palace, built of white marble, are defined against the azure sky, the whole framed in a garland of gardens and palm-trees. Nearer you may see on the plain a few tents and a fountain shaded also by palms. Young maidens are drawing water ; they are clad in Asiatic raiment, and beads shine on their brown arms and necks, and in their black hair.

"It is a peaceful scene, but it is profaned by the hideous image of an idol; the well and the palm grove are sacred to Moloch ; there he raises his horrible head, and the maidens, when they leave the spring, bend the knee before his altar.

"Moses has seen all—the rich country, the superb city, the idolatrous worship ; his has been the joy of the Hebrew who sees the heritage of his people, his the triumph of the chief whose efforts are crowned with success, his the bitter regrets of the man condemned to die just when life offers him most enjoyment. One moment is enough for the birth and the extinction of all these feelings, for a new impression far more powerful takes possession of him.

"Standing on Pisgah, his eye travels over the plain of Jericho and plunges into the valley of Zoar ; it lights up, its sudden sparkle shows that something other than a fair landscape is absorbing him. Yonder, rising out of the hollow of the valley, extending over the face of the plain, the phantoms of the Future are visible to the prophet's eye ; the Future scatters the clouds with which it loves to surround its empire of darkness, and lets a ray of the Present pierce its obscure mysteries. Races, ages, dynasties, pass in review at his feet."

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"Tracing from generation to generation the decay of Zion, Moses reaches at last its ruin. The sceptre of supremacy has passed from Asia to Europe ; the diadem of universal empire adorns the brow of Italy. Rome is queen of the world, but is still as greedy of conquest as when, a young Amazon, full of fire and ambition, she followed Romulus in his barbaric wars and owned nothing but her bow and quiver, no territory but a field whose extent was measured by a bull's hide cut in strips. Rome rising an instant from her throne built on the seven hills, and stretching her arm over the Adriatic and the Ægean, crushes the palm of Judah bruised already by a thousand storms. Whence comes the ecstasy which, at this terrible crisis, shines forth in the face of Moses? He clasps his hands, lifts his eyes, and an indescribable joy shines on his forehead. The revelation has changed ; he has seen passing across the sky, and stopping at a fixed point, a mysterious star ; the sky opens and a glorious vision is revealed ; white-winged forms surround him ; heavenly voices announce to him a great joy for the whole earth ; and after the angels have withdrawn from him into the clouds, he sees between the stars and the earth, the form of a woman holding in her arms a child. His soul has recognised the Messiah ; he murmurs Simeon's words, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation which Thou hast prepared for all peoples, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel.'

"In this ecstasy the soul escapes from the body. Moses is no more."

LONDON LETTER.

Literature in the English Dailies.

A marked and honourable feature of British journalism in recent years is the increased prominence given to literature. Literary notes, reviews of new books, and matter of a similar kind now fill pages where once they did not fill columns. The honour of the new departure, so far as the London press is concerned, must be given to the *Daily Chronicle*. When that vigorous journal came into the hands of Mr. Fletcher, he resolved to devote every day the larger part of a page to literature. He has found the experiment successful in every way, the number of his readers has greatly increased, publishers have used his advertising columns, and the *Daily Chronicle* is the paper taken in by most men and women of letters. For some time the literary page in the *Daily Chronicle* was under the special direction of Mr. H. W. Massingham, one of the most brilliant and venturesome of London journalists. Mr. Massingham has strong political convictions of an advanced kind, which he advocated in the *Star*, but his literary knowledge and sympathy are also wide, and he edited his department very successfully until the attraction of politics proved too much for him. Since then Mr. Henry Norman has been in charge. Certainly there has been no falling off in variety and interest. Mr. Norman is a cosmo-

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politan; he was educated in America, and was the friend of its leading writers. He has travelled over the world, and there must be few subjects of which he does not know more than the average man. But his supreme passion is for literature, and he has accumulated one of the finest collections of first editions, particularly of American books, I have ever seen. The most enviable is perhaps his copy of *The Scarlet Letter*, the first printed. It was given by Hawthorne to his sister-in-law, the late Miss Peabody, who presented it to Mr. Norman. Among his reviewers are some of the best English writers. Perhaps the most vivacious is Mr. William Archer, whose pen may be often recognized. For sane, well-balanced, careful work there are few to equal Mr. James Ashcroft Noble, a critic who never willingly wounds a writer, who is never insolent, never unfair, who, in short, need not fear to have everything he writes signed. Mr. Noble has long been the principal reviewer of novels in the *Spectator*, but I think his best work appears in the *Chronicle*. I might name many others who are occasional contributors, among them men like Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Hubert Bland, and Dr. R. F. Horton, the well-known Nonconformist minister, who writes many of the theological criticisms. Mr. Norman is, himself, a frequent contributor, and he never writes anything which does not show special information. He is particularly successful in the collection of literary news. In the freshness and variety of its literary paragraphs there is no daily newspaper to touch the *Chronicle*—in fact, Mr. Norman's enterprise inflicts much undeserved pain on the editors of the literary journals.

The *Times* has, of late, shown much more energy and catholicity in its literary department. It publishes long articles entitled "Books of the Week." They are written by Mr. James R. Thursfield, an accomplished scholar, who formerly was one of the *Times* leader-writers. Mr. Thursfield is understood to be a Home-ruler, and now prefers to devote himself to reviewing. His work is, unquestionably, well done, but it can hardly be called specialist work. It gives the impressions formed by a busy and highly cultivated man of the new books which come into his hand, and that is all. The *Times* often publishes special reviews, but they cannot be said to rise above the average of the daily press. Among the new writers whom the *Times* has taken into favour is the lady who writes under the name of M. E. Francis. I had the pleasure of examining some of her first work, and have watched with pleasure her gradual rise into popularity. She is to write the first serial story ever published by the *Times*; it is to appear in the *Times* weekly edition.

The *Daily News* has, all through its history, enjoyed a good literary reputation, and many of its readers were surprised that it did not earlier follow the example of its rival, the *Daily Chronicle*, in giving additional pages, and devoting one of them to literature. At last it has done so. The editor of the literary page is Mr. John Macdonald, an Aberdeen graduate, who has long been on the staff of the *Daily News*. Occasionally good reviews are printed, especially those by Mr. Lang, who has for many years been a leader-writer in the paper. News is also given, but it is very rarely fresh. As time goes on this department of the *Daily News* will doubtless be very much strengthened.

The London evening papers give considerable space to literature. The *Pall Mall Gazette* under Mr. Astor's proprietorship has gone in for "slating" reviews, after the manner of the old *National Observer*. They are often clever and entertaining. Among the writers are several members of Mr. Henley's former staff in the *National Observer*, including Mr. Charles Whibley. It would be unjust to say that the *Pall Mall Gazette* goes in for slating for slating's sake; its reviews, as a rule, are quite honest and unprejudiced. Some of them, however, might with great advantage have been omitted, particularly the savage attack on Mr. Du Maurier's *Trilby*. The note of the *Westminster Gazette* is fairness, sanity, courtesy. While the paper is lively enough, and can say a smart thing on occasion, there is a steady and scrupulous endeavour on the part of its conductors to be just. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Ashcroft Noble should be a leading contributor of reviews. There are many other writers, Mr. Archer among them, and their work invariably repays the reader. The *Star* publishes criticisms

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signed by Mr. Le Gallienne, and the *Sun* has for its principal reviewer Mr. Arthur Waugh. The *Echo* also devotes considerable attention to literary matters, giving many items of information in its news columns.

While I hope I do justice to the great merits of the London daily press, there can be no doubt in my opinion that by far the ablest daily journal from a literary point of view is the *Manchester Guardian*. It is a source of wonder that its literary criticisms are so little known in London. The *Guardian*, alone among daily newspapers, puts every work into the hand of a specialist. When it is necessary that a criticism of a large new book should be published the day after it is received, it is difficult to get thorough critical work. The *Guardian* is not so quick as some of its contemporaries. but its readers can afford to wait. No such series of able, impartial, scholarly criticisms appear in any English journal so far as I know. That is not the most wonderful thing. The editor has contrived to secure a certain uniformity of style on the part of his contributors. No one but an editor can know how difficult this is. From the style one would imagine that all the *Manchester Guardian* criticisms were written by one pen ; but as no omniscient being exists on the face of the earth, one cannot believe that. The gentleman mainly responsible is, I believe, Mr. Arnold, a brother of Mrs. Humphry Ward. He is assisted by Mr. Saintsbury, who is, on the whole, the best of our literary critics. Mrs. Ward's sister, Miss Ethel Arnold, is also a contributor, but the *Guaraian* depends mainly upon specialists all over the country. The late Professor Freeman was among its principal reviewers.

I have no space to do justice to the merits of other great provincial papers, including the *Liverpool Mercury*, the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the *Yorkshire Post*, and the *Leeds Mercury*.

The Scotch papers have for many years devoted much space and care to literature. In the *Scotsman* the review department is under the care of Mr. M'Neil. It supplies prompt and genial notices of all new books, and is greatly valued by publishers, as may be easily seen from the advertising columns. The editor of the *Scotsman*, Mr. Charles A. Cooper, is a brilliant and remarkable writer, with a keen interest in literature. For long he contributed extensively to this part of his paper, and his hand may still be recognized occasionally. He is one of the warmest admirers of Mr. Hall Caine, and has written with enthusiasm of his books, particularly of "The Manxman." The *Glasgow Herald* is also strong in reviews. The assistant-editor, Mr. William Wallace, a brother of Dr. Robert Wallace, M.P., is one of the ablest contributors to the *Spectator*, and at his best is inferior to very few British critics. His review of Mr. Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls*, in the *Spectator*, was the turning-point in the fortunes of that book. And this is by no means the only service to literature of which Mr. Wallace can boast. The other Scotch dailies, the *Glasgow Mail*, the *Dundee Advertiser*, and the *Aberdeen Free Press*, have also a good record in this department. A general survey shows that the state of things is satisfactory and promising. There are certain weak points ; for one, the demand for immediate reviews results in inferior work. I have often thought that readers should be satisfied in the first instance with an account of important new books, and that later on a carefully balanced estimate should be given. There are also, perhaps, disadvantages arising from the increased intercourse of literary men, and the practical disappearance of anonymity. But, on the whole, they are less serious than might be thought. It is difficult enough to boom a good book ; to boom a bad book is, I should say, impossible.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, Jan. 15, 1895.

In the introduction to the late Professor Minto's *Literature of the Georgian Era*, Dr. Nicoll contributes some reminiscences, in which he says that Minto was always on the outlook for new writers, and Mr. Theodore Watts and Mr. Edmund Gosse were among the young critics he brought forward. His favourite theme was the young writers of the day. "For Mr. Barrie," says Dr. Nicoll, "whom he first met under my roof, he had a warm admiration, but I think he expected most from Mr. Quiller-Couch. I sent him Mr. Couch's poems for review in THE BOOKMAN, and it was, I believe, the last book read to him."

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NEW BOOKS.

TWO HISTORIES OF LITERATURE.*

A rare occasion it is which brings to the reader's hands within a few weeks of each other two histories of literature as typical as these volumes by M. Lanson and Mr. Robertson. It is not too much to say that they are model books; for the French work is a model of all that a history of literature ought to be, and the British work is a model of all that a history of literature ought not to be. Indeed, one may even go a step farther and declare that M. Lanson's history of French literature is a good book of the right kind, and that Mr. Robertson's history of English literature is a bad book of the wrong kind.

To write a satisfactory history of literature is to accomplish a most difficult feat—a feat, indeed, so difficult that the number of those who have accomplished it in any modern language in the past half century may almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Taine's great work is inspiring, invigorating, indispensable; but those who respect it the most would hesitate long before calling it wholly satisfactory. Ticknor's solid tomes set forth the story of Spanish literature quite as solidly and far more soberly—perhaps, indeed, too soberly to be stimulating.

The most satisfactory of recent histories of literature are two primers, the marvellous little books into which Mr. Stopford Brooke and Professor Jebb managed somehow to pack not only the salient facts of English literature and Greek literature, but also to get not a little of the essential spirit of English and Greek character. Inasmuch as a national literature at its best is but the expression of the national life, what any history of that literature should do is to make the reader see and understand and feel that life. Dates and facts and anecdotes are needed, of course, but they are not prime necessities; the one thing needful is such a presentation of literature as will show it alive and living with its own life; such a presentation as will set forth its growth and its development; such a presentation as will arouse in the reader a strong desire to know the literature for himself and as will send him straight from the mere history to the actual books themselves.

It is a work of this kind that M. Lanson has written. His book is worthy of comparison with the very best histories of literature. It has the knowledge, the scholarship, the depth, the insight which we find in Mr. Brooke's little book and in Professor Jebb's; while the larger scale on which his volume is planned has allowed him to make his history far richer and more rounded than theirs could be under the limitations imposed on them. M. Lanson's book is actually a history of French literature from its earliest beginnings to its latest decadents and symbolists; and it is not merely a collection of biographies of authors, as are so many books purporting to be histories of literature. M. Lanson even goes so far as to relegate to a footnote the formal biography of every author whose works he considers and whose influence on the development of French literature he sets forth at length. It is the evolution of literary art in France that M. Lanson has taken for his theme; and he traces this evolution with exact logic, with unfailing freshness, and with contagious interest. The readers feel that M. Lanson is discussing French literature because he loves it, and they see the reasons for his affection. Space fails here to dwell on the details of M. Lanson's scheme or on the excellent mechanical execution of the book. There is an abundance of bibliographical information; the best editions are pointed out as well as the best biographies and the best critical studies. There are also an elaborate and most useful chronological table, an ample index, and a full analytical table of contents.

In marked contrast to a history of literature like Mr. Brooke's, Professor Jebb's, and M. Lanson's, intended to stimulate the student and to help him to enjoy the writings of great authors,

* Histoire de la Littérature Française. Par Gustave Lanson, Professeur de rhétorique au Lycée Louis-le-Grand, Docteurès lettres. Paris: Librairie Hachette; New York: Drysen & Pfeiffer.

A History of English Literature for Secondary Schools. By J. Logie Robertson, M.A., First English Master Edinburgh Ladies' College. Edinburgh: Blackwood; New York: Harpers.

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and to see for himself how the literary art grew to maturity, is a book written "to meet the requirements" of classes in British schools "in their preparation for the Leaving Certificate, the University Local, and other Public Examinations." This is what Mr. Logie Robertson's *History of English Literature* is. It is a mere cram-book, intended to help a student to memorize a lot of names and titles and dates, so that he can pass an examination without really knowing anything about the subject. So far from arousing any interest in books, so far from inciting a student to any reading for himself, a volume of this kind tends to deaden all liking for literature. If a schoolboy can be kept long enough over work of this sort, he will come to hate the sight of a book. He may pick up a few second-hand opinions about certain authors, but he will not be helped to any grasp of the principles of literary art.

Not only is Mr. Logie Robertson's book wholly mistaken in its scheme, it is also grossly deficient in its execution. It is clumsy and muddled in its arrangement; it lacks proportion; and it abounds in blunders of omission and of commission. The account of Shakespeare exhibits a total lack of understanding of Shakespeare's position or of his merits. The account of Fielding suggests a doubt whether Mr. Robertson has ever read *Tom Jones*, so beside the mark is his criticism. He gives a page to Aytoun and only four lines to Clough. He gives three lines to Rossetti and five to Mr. Robert Buchanan! He gives three lines to the poetry of Mr. Theodore Watts, and he does not give the ballads of Mr. Rudyard Kipling a single line. He gives more than two pages to Lord Beaconsfield, and less than six lines to Miss Austen. In nothing is Mr. Robertson's incompetence revealed more clearly than in his treatment of American authors. He discusses Charles Reade in half a page, and he dismisses Nathaniel Hawthorne in six lines,—the same number he gives to John Galt. He grants six lines also to Mr. George Saintsbury, and the same to Mr. Edmund Gosse, both working men of letters of to-day, while four lines is all he can spare for Thoreau, and eight all he can devote to Poe. The evil effects of subordinating all education to a system of examinations have often been dwelt on, and nowhere to-day are those bad results more obvious than in Great Britain. That such a history of English literature as Mr. Robinson's should be written is one of the worst of them.

Brander Matthews.

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.*

We may now consider that we have Mr. Bryce's great work before us in its permanent form. From first to last it embodies the results of about twenty-five years of close observation and thorough study. Taken as a whole, it may be said to include at once a critical analysis, a descriptive view, and a philosophical estimate of American political and social institutions for the period extending from the close of the great Civil War to the opening of the twentieth century. It must always remain as the one great contemporaneous recital and interpretation of the essential facts about the working of our constitutional system and about the characteristics of our civilisation. Other works deal ably and brilliantly with certain themes and phases. The future historian may endeavour, from his different time-point, to produce a work covering this same field and period; but there can be no dispossession of Mr. Bryce's place and tenure.

The American Commonwealth may indeed claim distinction on a further ground. So far as we are aware there exists for no other country a similarly complete and authoritative summing up of the national life and character. An American like Mr. John Fiske, if he were disposed to bestow the necessary time and labour, might prepare a book of similar scope upon British institutions. Such an observer as the late Professor Émile de Laveleye, of Belgium, might have given us a work of comparable method and range upon the contemporaneous political and social institutions that belong to the French people. But in point of fact, such works—complete, authoritative, impartial, and objective, while sufficiently sympathetic—have not been produced.

Mr. Bryce's first edition of *The American Commonwealth* appeared in 1888. It is evidence of the sane judgments and

* The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce, M.P. Third edition, completely revised throughout, with additional chapters. 2 vols., 8vo. New York: Macmillan & Co. $4.00.

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sound proportions characterising the work as thus first given to the public, that this latest edition of 1895, though subjected to an unsparing process of critical revision—in the light of all the published criticisms, and with the advice of the best living authorities—contains so few changes that modify any generalisation or that correct any mistaken deduction or unwarranted line of argument. The changes to be noted in the revised edition are chiefly by way of inclusion of new chapters and the enlargement of others. The first volume, which is devoted to the national, State, and local governments, has been brought up to date in its citations of statistics and in a great number of illustrative notes and detailed allusions. But otherwise its variations from the first edition are merely such as give added evidence of the thorough workmanship which lends confidence to everything that proceeds from Mr. Bryce's pen. The second volume contains four main divisions: (1) The Party System; (2) Public Opinion; (3) Illustrations and Reflections; (4) Social Institutions. Under the first heading, the chapter upon elections and their machinery has been much revised, because the election laws of a majority of the States have undergone, through the introduction of the Australian system, so general a revolution since Mr. Bryce dealt originally with that subject. It is evident from the entire tone of this new chapter that Mr. Bryce confidently believes the United States to be in the process of hopeful reform in all that pertains to the purity of electoral methods. He shows us that English elections, which are now almost entirely free from the grosser forms of corruption and dishonesty, were not long ago as bad as American elections are to-day in some States and cities. A new chapter, or one very largely rewritten, is the chapter upon Tammany Hall. The story of the Tweed ring is retold clearly, and is thus put in convenient form for American readers side by side with the story of the Philadelphia "gas ring," and the story of Kearneyism in San Francisco. The important new chapters have the following titles: "The Home of the Union," "The South Since the War," "Present and Future of the Negro," "Foreign Policy and Territorial Extension." These are either new from beginning to end, or else so completely rewritten as to have all the effect of additional material. The account of the South and of the negro problem is exceedingly temperate and well reasoned, and both North and South may well agree that Mr. Bryce has divested himself of all sectional prejudice. There are new pages which treat with great fairness and perfect appreciation of our American attitude toward Europe on the one hand, and toward the peoples of the Western hemisphere on the other.

The nation that Mr. Bryce thus studies and describes is destined to round out the nineteenth century without effecting any changes which would alter the essential lines of his great portrait. But the United States of this period is a very different political and social organism from that which De Tocqueville visited and described just sixty years ago; and unless all signs should fail, there will occur some stupendous changes in the first three decades of the twentieth century which will call for the painting of a new portrait of the American Commonwealth forty years hence. Let us hope that a man of qualifications as complete as those which Mr. Bryce has brought to his great task may render a like service to the next generation.

Albert Shaw.

THOMAS HARDY.*

Miss Macdonell is to be congratulated; she has excellently performed a task of which the present writer is in a position to know well the difficulties. She has shown that the works of an eminent living writer can be discussed in set form, without idle eulogy, or impatient prophecy, or offensive censure, or unscholarly and ludicrous disproportion of any sort. Some readers, perhaps over anxious, if that be possible, to respect the rights of every living man to a certain privacy, may regret the few biographical facts here given, and the attention paid to the actual scenes and local origins of the Wessex stories: but they can find nothing set down except with perfect delicacy and discretion. Readers of future generations, interested in knowing what his contemporaries thought of Mr. Hardy, will find in Miss

* Thomas Hardy. By Annie Macdonell. Contemporary Writers Series. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00.

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Macdonell's essays a lucid, vigorous, and graceful appreciation; abundantly critical, yet with no absurd airs of scientific exactitude. She is not afraid to treat contemporary literature with a serious and a generous enthusiasm; she does not isolate it as a thing disconnected from the past. In an age when a living love of great literature, however ancient, is thought old-fashioned, and a decent acquaintance with it is called "learning," it is doubtless rash to consider Mr. Hardy's work, except in relation to the fashions and affectations of to-day. For detecting Shakespearian elements in it, Miss Macdonell will certainly be accused of calling Mr. Hardy a second Shakespeare; for bestowing careful study upon his ways of work, she will be charged with setting a preposterous value upon them. None the less, her book is worth a wilderness of personal impertinences, easy epigrams, smart paragraphs, and hysterical chatterings, such as pass for telling criticism just now. She has pondered her theme, and the result is thought.

To the present writer, the least acceptable essay is that upon Mr. Hardy as a "storywright;" not, perhaps, a very pleasing word. Miss Macdonell does full justice to the admirable art of his short stories, and to the haunting perfection of certain scenes in the long; but she seems to find less excellence in the "integral structure" of these last. "Plot," in the vulgar understanding of the term, is indeed not the main concern of Mr. Hardy, whose mechanism is apt to be forced and stiff in its workings; but in the tragic completeness, the dramatic nicety, with which the two or three greater novels are conducted to their appointed ends, through spiritual conflict and the play of natural forces, Mr. Hardy is surely a triumphant master of design. It is this tenacity of artistic purpose that makes his humour so excellently grim, so sombre in its very playfulness and merriment; there is no fooling in him, though plenty of things fantastic. Strange, that in the land of Shakespeare, Fielding, Lamb, humour should still be popularly regarded as unintellectual, and as necessarily gay! Indeed, so much does a keen and humourous melancholy prevail in Mr. Hardy's books, that Miss Macdonell does well to lay stress upon the really light and blithe aspects of life in them; and even to attempt a defence of certain discomfortable qualities, which a severer judgment might not forgive. Still, it is upon the intellectual and the poetical distinction of Mr. Hardy's art that she rightly and naturally dwells most. All her exposition of the Wessex countryside characteristics, of that "Shakespearian" peasantry, of Mr. Hardy's local and conservative patriotism, is in the happiest and truest vein. And no "aves vehement" of popular applause have prevented her from discerning the undue argumentativeness and even petulance of *Tess;* its clear inferiority, for all its merits, to the *Return of the Native*, that astonishing masterpiece of austere beauty: the occasional rigidity of style in Mr. Hardy's writing is duly noted, no less than the stately magnificence of which he is a frequent master. Upon all these matters, the present writer is in essential agreement with Miss Macdonell; though no two minds ever yet thought precisely alike, even when in agreement.

If a writer writes a work of art, full of power and charm, upon the assumption that the earth is flat, and that two and two make five, can and should a critic, since he is criticising a work of art, hold his peace about those assumptions? If the writer be merely whimsical, fantastic, extravagant, *yes;* but if he be the champion and defender of his assumptions, surely *no*. And thus, readers who reject and deny the truth of the psychology and the morality in *Tess*, are really treating the book with a complimentary seriousness, when they regard it as a work of art, spoiled and vitiated by fundamental falsehood. Just so, much of Pope and Chesterfield is substantially valueless, because they insisted upon the false doctrine of "the ruling passion:" style, grace, artistic excellence, alone preserve such portions of their work. Miss Macdonell, though an able advocate for *Tess* in these particulars, at least has no scorn for its impugners; she is not one of the critics superbly superior to such considerations. She insists upon the "passion" of Mr. Hardy's work, his sense of the battling and the tears, the splendours and the joys, in human life; a sense which rarely betrays him into anything grandiose, anything antithetical to excess, anything forced and blatant. The strangeness of

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life, its comedy and its romance, are prominent in his pages; he has his vision, and vision is the monopoly of positive genius. In Miss Macdonell's study, all the chief elements in the work of this weighty and delightful writer are finely and discreetly distinguished; and she writes of them in phrases often felicitously and choicely good. Since the private affairs of living writers seem to be the property of the newspapers, and the interviewer clings to them like a leech, it is surely good to have their public works considered with a grateful, a dignified, and a scholarly concern. There need be no silly adulation, and haste to anticipate time's verdict; no fussy and illiterate applauding of what Mr. Lang calls "the genius of Prodgers;" but rather, what Miss Macdonell here gives us, a careful and courteous consideration of those unquestioned virtues which exalt some living writers in the eyes of their own age. Ah, how splenetic in its carping wit is to-day! How ill it compares with the liberal days, when scarce a book came forth, but friends, or admiring critics, or reverent students, or approved masters, prefaced it with commendatory verse; often, of course, absurd, but generous and kindly in intention, harmless and undeluding in effect.

Lior Johnson.

LITTLE EYOLF.*

It is a coincidence of no little interest, as illustrating a tendency of the time, that while Ibsen was writing in Norway his newest drama, *Little Eyolf*, Margaret Deland was publishing in the *Atlantic* her novel, *Philip and his Wife*, whose scene of action is Southern Pennsylvania. Not that the two are alike in anything more than essential facts, but the problem presented is inherently the same—the problem of a loveless marriage and the ultimate realization to husband and wife of its hopelessness for both. In detail of action the two are strikingly unlike. Allmers, the father of the little lame Eyolf, has married Rita, as he afterward flatly confesses to her, for her beauty and for her "gold and her green forests." Rita, on her part, has loved him with a passionate fierceness from the beginning, and has resented all that has come in between them. Like others of Ibsen's women, she lacks moral consciousness. Even little Eyolf, with his crutch and shrivelled leg, crippled by an accident of which her own bodily passion had furnished the immediate cause, had been hated for taking Allmers' love for a moment away from her. Philip, in Mrs. Deland's novel, has married a rich wife, but rather because her wealth had made it at the time possible to marry. He had loved her, at first, with the romantic strength of a young man's first passion, but it was an ideal he had loved, and not the reality. "He had thought to marry a beautiful soul, but had married instead a beautiful body." The woman he had loved had never existed; and Philip's wife, as it nears the end, thinks how tired she is of him, and has a bleak vision of seeing his face and of hearing him talk in the years before her. In *Little Eyolf* Allmers gradually draws away from his wife, first in absorption on his book, his life-work, which Ibsen grimly makes on "Human Responsibility," and when he has found no peace in that, with a struggle he renounces it, determined henceforth to devote himself to little Eyolf, to act out his human responsibility in his own life. Rita seeks to win him back to her by the arts she had practised successfully before, but to no avail, for up among the mountains and waste places, where he had gone ostensibly for his health, but in reality to meditate upon the problems of his existence and hers, he had irrevocably made up his mind. The suit of Borgheim, the engineer, for Allmers' sister Asta is favoured by Rita, in order that the latter may be as far away as possible from her brother's love. She even wishes that little Eyolf, for whom she has only pity, had never been born, so that he could not have come in between them. When little Eyolf is drowned in the fjord, there are mutual recriminations. Allmers sees a retribution in his death. "It is a judgment," he says, "upon you and me;" and he tells her that henceforth there is a wall between them, that his love is dead. "It must have ended so sometime," he cries, and Rita drags from him the confession that he had never loved her. It is Allmers who presently declares to his sister that he and Rita cannot longer live together, and he

* Little Eyolf. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. Chicago: Stone & Kimball (The Green Tree Library). $1.50 *net.*

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turns to her to resume their old life as brother and sister apart from Rita. In the American novel it is Philip's awakening from his foolish dream that brings a climax into his relationship with his wife. He saw himself the prisoner of an ignoble passion. Time and time again he says to himself, "Marriage without love is as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal." "We never were married," he tells his wife at their last meeting, as he argued for the ending of their false relation, and when there could be no more thought of a reconciliation, they part apparently forever. Rita, in *Little Eyolf*, is no less a woman that she faces the inevitable when she realises it, and accepts what Allmers calls the law of change. She feels the anguish of the transformation that has come upon her; and when Allmers still insists that they must part, she begs that they may live their lives together. When she announces her intention to take the children of the miserable village below to her heart and to lighten and ennoble their lot in life, he hesitates. She desires to make her peace, she says, with the great open eyes of little Eyolf as he was last seen by his playmates at the bottom of the fjord, and Allmers determines to remain. It is a fitting ending to the drama when Rita gives her husband her hand. "You will see," she assures him, "that now and then a Sabbath peace will descend upon us."

There is no one of Ibsen's plays in which the dramatic accessories are simpler than in *Little Eyolf*. The persons of the drama are Allmers and Rita, his wife, his sister Asta and her lover Borgheim, and, early in the action, little Eyolf. A single romantic element is furnished by the Rat Wife, whose weird tale lures Eyolf to the fjord. The play itself can possibly not lay claim to being among the strongest of Ibsen's social dramas, but it is most assuredly among the truest. Its principal characteristic is, perhaps, its astounding simplicity—for it is perfectly transparent from beginning to end. Nor is there, as has been the case in others of Ibsen's social studies, a single false note. Allmers' masculinity is not the most virile, nor does Rita's womanhood shine out from a lofty soul. Both are none the less true, and the drama in this respect is one of Ibsen's best. The text of *Little Eyolf*, as in *A Doll's House*, is that unless the foundation of the social relation be truth it cannot stand. Ibsen has beyond a doubt had in mind his former solution of the problem, and another way out has subsequently suggested itself. The lesson here is more hopeful. While many of the earlier dramas turn toward the dissolution of modern society, this looks no less unmistakably toward its regeneration.

William H. Carpenter.

THE LITERARY SHOP.*

James L. Ford, in his book, *The Literary Shop*, tells with infinite good humour some tales out of school. He ought to be comforted by the assurance that they needed to be told. It is true, a book on the literary shop must be more or less shoppy, but at a time when every adolescent miss and gloved dandy is anxious to get at the tools and the workbench, anything that a skilled workman can say about the rip-saw or the smoothing-plane, or the customers themselves, ought to be worth listening to.

Mr. Ford has an honest and admirable contempt for the shams of literature and the fellow-craft expedients that boost shallowness into vogue. This contempt is presaged in the title of his book, and it is varied with clever touches in all that the book contains.

He has a true Bohemian humour, which we can see is galled into merriment at most of the conventional restrictions, and which at times does not hesitate to descend to burlesque; but throughout we perceive that he has a literary artist's instinctive measurement of what is intrinsically true and worthy, and an irrepressible disdain for the commercial standards that have been erected in the counting-rooms.

The time is ripe for some such protest as this of Mr. Ford's, and though we shall not always agree with him in his exaltation of the newspaper's literary standard over that of the magazine's, nor in his rather bitter and sweeping contempt for the Christian Endeavourers, nor yet again in his veneration for the old Pfaffian crowd of merry geniuses, we can at the same time sympathise with the hearty disgust that rounds up

* The Literary Shop and Other Tales. By James L. Ford. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. $1.25.

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all these sketches—disgust at the interminable raft of respectable literary incompetents who have given all their faculties to the art of saying it, without ever having taken the least trouble to equip themselves with anything to say.

A very amusing historical method is that which shows our local literature passing through the New York *Ledger*, the Timothy Titcomb and the Johnsonian stages, in all of which the aspirations, the convictions, the dreams, and the good judgment of the writers are suppressed or modified to the cream-cheese standard of the proprietor, who runs his periodical to meet the wishes of the vast area of cream cheese that overspreads the country. But Mr. Ford, in his sprightly account of the poets who wrote assiduously down to Mr. Bonner's standard—all those widely circulated poems on "Dear Mother's Gum Shoes" and "Grandpa's Cane in the Corner;" who poured their "good-bad stuff" continuously, with strict regard to the fact that Mr. Bonner wanted every horse called Dobbin and every dog called Tray, and paid ten dollars a clip for what he wanted and would not have as a gift what he did not want—Mr. Ford overlooks, I say, the pusillanimity of these poets entirely who, instead of driving one-horse cars or peddling the honest clam and thereby earning a proper living, were content to milk their own subserviency and peddle their intellectual treacle for ten dollars.

Mr. Ford has a rather high estimate of the literature of journalism, and believes that the reporters who bring the somewhat unsavoury veracities of Chinatown and the East Side into commanding view are doing better work in equipping themselves for the intellectual battle of life than the magazine philosophers and internal consciousness reflectors who have set up telephonic connection between their libraries and the magazines.

But Mr. Ford does not himself come at this problem with mature reflection. He is content to generalise the matter in the realist's usual cocksure style. To many of us the coolness between journalism and literature appears to be edging, under present conditions, toward a final divorce. The increasing endeavour of the newspaper is to photograph the phantasmagoria of the day and sweep it away, like the illusion on a screen, with the mirage of the next day. Synthesis, deduction, co-ordination, ultimate purposity, and a clear comprehension of the dramatic tendency of events when grouped, are less the duty and object of the newspaper than ever before. Opinion, reflection, and public guidance have measurably disappeared before the voracious enterprise of snapping the shutter on every figment of the passing show, with an impartiality that puts the sixteenth marriage of the public bawd and the hosiery of the latest gin-palace performer from London into the same category with the fall of an empire and the destiny of man.

The reporter is the victim and the feeder of this system. He is chained down ruthlessly by the exigencies of the counting-room. There are very few prizes held out for discretion, for a sagacity that does not agree with the popular illusion of the moment, or for honest convictions. The man who covers the surface quickest and arrests the largest amount of attention is the man who secures the persimmon.

What stimulus there is in this field for those qualities of mind and heart which enter, necessarily, into true literary work, it is not easy to see, and the fact is, the reporter who has a distinct literary faculty gravitates away from his newspaper work into special endeavours —play-writing, sketches, booklets, and what-not. In what daily paper of New York could Mr. Ford have fired off his amusing and clever Gatling? If Mr. Ford will turn from the broken crockery of the magazines to the broken candy of the daily newspaper, he will see that in both fields the endeavour is to be entertaining at whatever cost, and nothing so seriously disturbs this effort as the man who has got something serious to say.

I look upon this little book as a clever, albeit a humorous protest of masculine intellectuality against the effeminisation of current literature by the matrons of the magazines. It is a good sign. What we need at this moment more than anything else is virility in letters, and I am not surprised that its first glimmer should appear on the side of humour, for the sprightly men who do not disdain even the life of Bohemia have an abiding nausea for the sentimentality on the one side and the skirt-dance on the other of our entertaining magazines.

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These men like *Trilby* not because it is ethically correct, but because it is artistically veracious and does not dodge the facts of the life it deals with. They are tired of the Bourget avalanche of words, and a little amazed that literature can be staked out by the quarter section and surveyed like a prairie.

Nym Crinkle.

ALEXANDER III. OF RUSSIA.*

This book is both very timely and very readable. Mr. Lowe, whose account of Prince Bismarck has long been the most popular of any in English, is in the way of learning much of the gossip of Continental capitals, which, if it does not represent the exact truth, at least embodies what is very generally accepted as the truth, and which certainly contains much that is valuable. The present volume abounds with personal anecdote, and one lays it down with the consciousness of having received a very definite and powerful impression of a great historical character; great not so much because of his own mentality, but because of the impressive *rôle* that fate assigned him. The ardent Teutophobe, the conscientious despot, the marked object of a myriad of plots, the persecutor of the Jews, the inflexible champion of peace—of such a personage no dull book could be written.

Mr. Lowe briefly sketches the predecessors of Alexander, from Catherine II. down, with a rapid and effective touch that brings into relief the character of each. Paul, the madman who hated the modern spirit so bitterly as to forbid the Academy of Sciences to use the word "revolution" even of the motion of the heavenly bodies; Alexander I., gentle and conscientious, retiring from the active exercise of power because of his disgust with the rottenness of the whole administrative system of Russia; Nicholas, the imperious despot of Crimean fame, dying with a broken heart after the collapse of his plans of conquest; Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs, whom his own officers nicknamed "the military tailor" because of his passion for altering the uniforms of his troops—all these Mr. Lowe runs over with some characteristic anecdote of each, and then turns to the subject of his volume. Him he considers in a somewhat episodic fashion—as heir-apparent, as keeper of the peace, as a Pan-Slavist, as a Jew-baiter, and as the object of Nihilistic vengeance. A chapter is devoted to the curious affair of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, which, however, adds little or nothing to what all the world read at the time, but which is still most interesting. Another chapter deals with the illness and death of the Czar, which Mr. Lowe ascribes to the catastrophe of Borki.

> "It was the tap-root of most of the ailments from which he suffered since. An eye-witness of this blood-curdling scene assured me that it was enough to deprive an ordinary man of his reason. His carriage was blown to shreds, his faithful servants lay dead or dying, his loving wife stood trembling like an aspen-leaf amid the corpses and blood-stained fragments; and while he looked around for his children, dreading the terrible possibilities as much as the torturing uncertainty, his little daughter, her bright eyes filled with tears, threw her hands about his neck and exclaimed amid sobs: 'Oh, papa dear! now they'll come and murder us all!'"

Mr. Lowe discusses the effect upon the Czar's nerves of all the terrorism amid which he was doomed to live, and takes up the accusation of personal cowardice that has been often brought against him. There is no doubt that his seclusion, his creation of a special ministry for his protection in 1894, when General Tcherevin was made General-in-Waiting; the swarms of spies, of detectives, and of *agents provocateurs*, and his shrinking attitude in public, undoubtedly did give some colour to the charge. Yet his career as an officer in the Russo-Turkish War, where he served with credit in the field, should suffice to show him as a man of ordinary bravery; and much, as Mr. Lowe says, might be pardoned to one who had seen his own father mutilated and bleeding to death before his eyes, and had looked upon the awful scene at Borki. The wonder rather is that his nerves so long retained their tone, when he knew that among his own *entourage* there had again and again been found those who only bided their time to strike him down.

Mr. Lowe's summing up of the character of Alexander is interesting but not wholly convincing, for a certain English prejudice shows too plainly the bias of his mind. "Alexander III. kept two things," he says, quoting a current epigram, "the Seventh Commandment and the peace of Europe;" and then goes

* Alexander III. of Russia. By Charles Lowe. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

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on to express his own conviction that the real keeper of the peace was the Triple Alliance, "which must have convinced the Russian Emperor of the utter hopelessness of carrying to success any schemes of adventure or aggression that he might have entertained." And he remarks that his peaceful policy was European only, as in Central Asia, throughout his reign, the Russian sword was never long hidden in its sheath. He taunts him also with breaking treaties; with his oppression of the Stundists as well as of the Jews; with his repression of the Finns and Poles; and with debasing and brutalising his subjects by "his stupid, his obscurantist, his reactionary sway." Listen to this strain:

"It is of no use telling us that Alexander III. was a sincere and honest man, and that all his actions sprang from the most exalted patriotism, the purest piety. The same apology might be tendered on behalf of Nero, or Nana Sahib, or the Bloody Mary. . . . With all his virtues as a man, he was no more capable of ruling as it should have been ruled his colossal Empire, than one of his own average Moujiks."

After reading this, one would like to know just where Mr. Lowe received his impressions of Nero, and whether he is himself one of those who open the floodgates of cant in Exeter Hall. Such a summary as he has given, holding Alexander personally responsible for the whole autocratic system with its corruption inherited from past centuries, and for the results of a thousand complex causes over which he had no control, destroys our faith in the value of the writer's opinions. A slighter though not inconspicuous blemish on the book is found in the cheap sensational headings prefixed to his chapters, and which recall the "scare-heads" of a Chicago daily. "Fat on the Russian Fire," "English '*Mervousness*'" (rare wit!), "Famine, Fetters, and Finance," "A Tempting Terrorist" (Vera Filipoff), "The Servians Rush to Arms, but Have to Reel Back on their Pig-styes," "You *Must* Marry Me!'—these things befit neither the dignity of history nor the self-respect of an otherwise able and instructive writer.

EARLY BIBLES OF AMERICA.*

The third edition of this sumptuous book comes to us revised and with a considerable amount of new material, in that sixteen chapters have been added. It now gives a descriptive account of the early Bibles published, not only in the United States and Canada, but in Mexico as well. Thirty-three finely executed fac-similes show the title-pages of the most interesting of these, among them that of the Eliot Bible of 1663; the Saur Bible, printed at Germantown in 1743 (in two colours); the first Douay Bible, reprinted in America at Philadelphia in 1790; and the first Hebrew Bible, from the press of William Fry, of Philadelphia, 1814. This last is not, however, the first American book printed in Hebrew characters, the press of Harvard College having issued in 1809 an edition of the Psalms. The Bible is without the vowel points. The first Greek Testament of American printing was that made by Isaac Thomas, Jr., of Worcester, Mass., in 1800. Of much historical interest is the fac-simile of the New Testament issued at Atlanta, Ga., in 1862, by the "Confederate States Bible Society," the edition of which was one of some five hundred copies only, so that it has already become rare, though a copy was sold in 1893 for $8.25. Other fac-similes that attract the attention are those of some of the illustrations found in the early American Bibles. There is a reproduction also from the Bible printed in Latin and Spanish at Mexico in 1831, and from the French New Testament, which has the imprint of Fréchette, Quebec, 1846.

One very curious chapter, which is of interest not only to book collectors but to students of literature, is that which describes various grotesque attempts to improve upon the Authorized Version. Of these the most conspicuous was that of Noah Webster, the conceited Connecticut pedant, whose lexicography, owing to the vitality given it by abler men than he, has bestowed upon him a reputation to which his own attainments would never have entitled him. This preposterous person in 1833 brought out an "Amended Bible," in which, as he complacently stated, he had altered the accepted text so as to remove "some quaint and vulgar phrases," and the "very numerous inaccuracies in grammar!" His principal substitutes are the insertion of "who" for "which," and "his" for "its;" the Bowdlerizing of certain passages; and the change of a

* Early Bibles of America. By John Wright, D.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $3.00.

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number of single words of whose beauty no conception ever entered his priggish mind. Thus "eventide" makes way for "evening," "eschewed" for "shunned," "spake unto" for "spoke to," "slew" for "killed," "twain" for "two," "I trow" for "I suppose," and in general whatever has a fine archaic colour is translated into the commonplace dialect of the New Haven coterie to which Webster belonged.

The proposed improvements in the Bible by Benjamin Franklin may perhaps be regarded as suggested by him in a spirit of veiled ridicule; but they have often been regarded seriously by biblical scholars. They were first published privately, and for the instruction (or amusement) of Dr. Franklin's friends. The following verses from the first chapter of the Book of Job will give a fair notion of Franklin's method:

"And it being levee day in Heaven, all God's nobility came to court to present themselves before him; and Satan also appeared in the circle as one of the ministry.

"And God said, Well, what think you of Lord Job? You see he is my best friend, a perfectly honest man, full of respect for me, and avoiding everything that might offend me.

"And Satan answered, Does your Majesty imagine that his good conduct is the effect of personal attachment and affection?"

Other curious versions described are those of Mr. Thomas C. Green (1795), in which all the imprecatory passages are softened down; that of the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson (1833), which contained "rhetorical embellishments with which he has adorned the sacred text;" that of Mr. Henry Oliphant (1852), who turns the narrative into colloquial forms; and that of Mr. Peter Stewart, who supplied with asterisks the places of all verses relating to subjects of a sexual nature. There is also a list of editions that are interesting because of their curious typographical errors. Altogether the book is one to be commended, not only to the hagiologist, but to every student of our own literature and of the curiosities of book-making.

PROFESSOR MINTO.*

To many the more interesting part of this volume will be the biography. Professor Knight has no doubt conscientiously carried out his conception of what a brief memoir should be. He has procured recollections of Minto from various friends, and has issued them together with some appreciative comments. What he says is in the main intelligent, and although the contributions naturally overlap, it may be possible to collect from them some living image of Minto. There are in all fifty pages, of which Dr. Knight has written about fourteen. It is impossible to think that this is satisfactory. Minto's life should have been written by some one who knew him long, and its development should have been traced. We cannot but regret that no use whatever has been made of his numerous and most admirable letters. By nature eminently genial and communicative, he delighted in correspondence. Often at the close of a hard day's work in London he would turn to writing down the gossip of the town for the benefit of old acquaintances in remote parts of the North. It is probably useless to say anything now, and we are grateful to Dr. Knight for what he has given us, but it is impossible not to think of what might have been. In another edition some obvious slips and misspellings in the memoir ought to be corrected, and it would be well to leave out one of the pages.

We turn with relief to the main contents of the book. They must be taken for what they are. They were not left for publication, and they are not lectures to University students. They were delivered to a special audience, brought together in the Music Hall of Aberdeen under the auspices of the Local Examination Committee of the Senatus Academicus. There are in addition two essays on Pope and a lecture on Burns. These were ready for press before Professor Minto's death, and are in all respects admirable. We doubt very much whether Minto would have approved of the publication of the rest of the volume, although it makes delightful reading, and is frequently instructive. Professor Minto was a most thorough and conscientious worker, never allowing anything to pass from his hands until he had given it the last polish, and there is necessarily much in the lectures which is elementary. Yet those who have gone over the ground will find that even when Minto is dealing with familiar facts he

* The Literature of the Georgian Era. By W. Minto, LL.D. Edited, with Biographical Introduction, by W. Knight, LL.D. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

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throws new light upon them. For example, although what he says of Scott is not remarkable, he rightly signalises the great importance for Scott students of the Recollections by Gillies. Still, there is a great deal in these lectures that is open to criticism, and although they have been carefully edited, they are not free from misprints and mistakes. Some of them are curious. For example, there is a glaring error in the first page of the first chapter; the famous Dr. Adam is spoken of as Adams, and there are other slips. But the real power, learning, acuteness, and mastery of Professor Minto are seen in the work he himself approved of—the essays on Pope and Burns. The keynote of all Minto's critical work is expressed in this sentence: "I do not myself believe in the possibility of revolutionary changes in literature. The history of literature is the history of a gradual development, advancing often no doubt by leaps and bounds, but always by rational transition from one stage to another." We hope this book will be followed by a collection of Professor Minto's contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the ripest and most masterly essays he ever wrote.

SIDNEY LANIER'S SELECTED POEMS.*

When, in 1887, Sidney Lanier's *Science of English Verse* was put upon the list of Harvard books to be kept only a fortnight, according to the librarian, it was out "literally all the time." It was a happy thought, therefore, to make a selection of his own poems that might make his poetry known to a wider circle, for he was a genuine singer as well as a warm appreciator of song, a seer of visions of beauty as well as an interpreter. Such an edition should especially appeal to the students of our high-schools and colleges, and prove an inspiration from the standpoint of literature and life. The volume before us is admirably adapted for this purpose; the biographical section rests in the main, of course, upon Dr. Ward's splendid *Memorial* prefaced to the complete edition of Lanier's *Poems*, edited by his wife, but a few interesting facts since gleaned from posterior publications about the poet are added; a complete bibliography has been carefully collated; the critical sections of the Introduction treat successively of Lanier's Prose Works; Lanier's Poetry; Its Themes; Its Style; Theory of Poetry; and the Notes are copiously interspersed with poetic quotations from all quarters, to the end that they may "lead one to wish to know more of English poetry, of which Lanier's is but a part." Despite the brevity of his life (1842–81) and its chequered course, Lanier followed the two sublime arts, music and poetry, "so long and so humbly," as he wrote, "and through so much bitterness," that "life's tasteless waters were turned into wine and flushed through and through with purple tints." Though he should not, as Dr. Ward declares in his eulogium, "take his final rank with the first princes of American song," there are lines and couplets and stanzas which will live in the language they have adorned, some, indeed, that are already household words. For instance, the oft-quoted line, "Music is love in search of a word," and this exquisite picture, "The dew-drop morn may fall from off the petal of the sky," or the wondrous touch of the lines,

> "I marvel that God made you mine,
> For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine."

More than the enduring influence of these poems, a laurel wreath to the poet's memory, will be the influence of the poet's life, so spiritual and refined, so chivalrous and patient amid the mercantile spirit and gross materialism of his surroundings, the struggle for bread and fame, while love and an unconquerable will held off the destroyer. "The time needs heart," he sang in "The Symphony;" and the words, characteristic of his lofty spirit, were woven into the strings of a floral lyre which hung on the pedestal presented to the Johns Hopkins University in 1888. His implicit trust in the Christ, and the secret of his buoyancy and eternal youth gathered from this paragraph in one of his letters, are worthy of note: "Where are the strong arms in which I, too, might lay me and repose, and yet be full of the fire of life? And always through the twilight come answers from the other world, 'Master! Master! there is one—Christ

* Select Poems of Sidney Lanier. Edited, with an Introduction, Notes and Bibliography, by Morgan Callaway, Jr., Ph.D. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.00 *net*.

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—in His arms we rest!'" Had he lived to reach that "stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light—the great artist," what might he not have accomplished! But herein lies the mystery of life and death, the broken pitcher, the lost key, the unfinished arc, and the poet—at least let us be glad of this—has solved it.

M.

THE AMATEUR EMIGRANT.*

"For many years," says Stevenson in this volume, "America was to me a sort of promised land; 'Westward the march of empire holds its way;' the race is for the moment to the young; what has been, and what is, we imperfectly and obscurely know; what is to be yet lies beyond the flight of our imaginations." The record of Stevenson's experiences and impressions from New York to San Francisco had already for some years been public property, and now in *The Amateur Emigrant* we have the forerunner to the sequel, *Across the Plains*, in which the "great epic of self-help" is stripped bare of all its illusions. "Emigration, from a word of the most cheerful import, came to sound most dismally in my ears." The closet picture as conceived by the young man entering on the conquest of whole new empires is found, on trial, to consist mostly of embellishments. "The more I saw of my fellow-passengers, the less I was tempted to the lyric note." Although anxious to see the worst of emigrant life, Mr. Stevenson went by the second cabin, as, having some work to finish on the voyage, he needed at least a table at command. Among the few particulars which differentiated the second cabin from his brother of the steerage, there was one, he humorously narrates, altogether of sentiment. "In the steerage there are males and females; in the second cabin ladies and gentlemen. For some time after I came aboard I thought I was only a male; but in the course of a voyage of discovery between decks, I came on a brass plate, and learned that I was still a gentleman. Nobody knew it, of course. . . . Still, I was like one with a patent of nobility in a drawer at home; and when I felt out of spirits I could go down and refresh myself with a look of that brass plate." The scenes and incidents and characters, especially of the steerage, are drawn with frankness and humour and rare penetrability, as one can readily testify who has shared the adventures of the amateur emigrant. The involved and hideous tragedy of fatal disaster to an emigrant ship is seen in the clear flash of these words: "If this whole parishful of people came no more to land, into how many houses would the newspaper carry woe, and what a great part of the web of our corporate human life would be rent across forever!" The finest passage in the book occurs when he says of the quick, fiery bit of a man squiring his brother, the fiddler, into public note: "There is nothing more becoming than a genuine admiration; and it shares this with love, that it does not become contemptible, although misplaced." The conclusion of the whole matter is given in these brief, pointed words, which suggest the pathetic side of emigration—its unavailing power to cheat destiny—"emigration has to be done before we climb the vessel; an aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself." The little volume is handsomely printed and neatly bound in crushed buckram.

X. Y. Z.

* The Amateur Emigrant. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

LOVE AND QUIET LIFE.*

Mr. Raymond's new book belongs, as its sub-title—at once indicative and misleading, since he gives us not separate sketches but one loosely-strung tale—would lead us to suppose, to the favourite class of "special district" stories. The rise in popularity of the "special district" story is one of the best marked features of recent years, and it might be a nice point of enquiry whether the taste proceeds from renewed interest in humanity at large or from increasing weariness of the humanity best known.

The country folk of *Love and Quiet Life*

* Love and Quiet Life. Somerset Idylls. By Walter Raymond, author of "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," "Young Sam and Sabina," etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

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dwell so close to the demesne of Mr. Hardy, and speak a dialect so near akin to that which he has taught us, that it would be beyond the nature of man to refrain from comparisons. Mr. Hardy is a great novelist, with extraordinary lapses into worse than mediocrity; Mr. Raymond is a pleasant story-teller, who seldom or never drops below his usual level, and who gives us a continual impression of drawing straight from the life. Mr. Hardy's Arcadia is undeniably the more amusing, but it is impossible not to believe that Mr. Raymond's is far nearer to reality. We are convinced, as we read, that the village of Sutton, sixty years ago, did contain just those persons, dwellings, customs, and opinions here presented to us; and we feel regretfully that to be transported for a month to that slow-moving little world of the past would be the most reposeful of holidays. The fields, the farms, the farmers, the village matrons by whose eyes and tongues every outgoing and incoming was sifted, the clerk and the choir and the much-mistrusted "new pa'son," "tranter" Coombes, and the Sandboy family, half-squatter, half-vagrant, of whom it was considered that "they ben't wo'th their salt, the whole kit o' 'em"—all of these grow familiar to us as if we had lived among them. But the least familiar are the father and daughter, who hold the central place. Their situation has a delicate pathos, and in the drawing of Marion's character there are exquisite touches; but on the whole the rougher, robuster vitality of their village neighbours casts them into shadow.

The beauties of the book would have shown even more distinctly than they do, if it had indeed been made of "Somerset idylls"—if we had had, in at least three separate divisions, the story of the new parson, the story of the Sandboys, and the story of Marion Burt. Each story would have brought out the others, and in the seeming separation we should have had a truer unity of presentation. When a writer has the eye for a picture and the ear for a sentence which Mr. Raymond possesses, it is worth urging him to acquire also the balance and proportion in construction, whose absence not one reader in a hundred perceives, yet without which hardly any work permanently survives.

Clementina Black.

TEN-MINUTE SERMONS.*

Dr. Nicoll's indefatigable pen has never shown to better advantage, nor have his large spirituality and keen intellectual insight been wedded to a more noble and exalted end than in the editorial deliverances which always appear on the first page of the *British Weekly*. Whatever achievements he has made in other fields, and they are remarkable enough to have won him literary renown, it is unquestionable that the best effluence of his deepest thought and personality has been reserved for these columns. One is not conscious of literary ability or of spiritual power *per se*; the whole force of a richly endowed and consecrated nature pours itself out like a broad river at flood, whose waters lose themselves in the arms of the sea. The brooding quality that dwells in the profound religious consciousness of the writer carries the tired and fretted spirit back to the springs of life and up to higher altitudes, where we feel the breath of a Diviner air. *Moments on the Mount* these spiritual peaks of Darien might have been called with an apter sense of fitness than *Ten-Minute Sermons*, which is rather journalese. This volume with its "smart" title consists of a choice selection from Dr. Nicoll's editorials in the *British Weekly*, their publication in this form having been made in response to frequent solicitation.

These brief ten-minute sermons are so distant in manner and matter from that which goes by the common acceptation of the term, that one is strongly moved to resent its narrow exclusiveness in the present instance. They are bright, vigorous, polished essays, distinguished as much by their literary and imaginative qualities as by their theological acumen and scientific precision. They are the fruits of ripe scholarship and profound knowledge of men and books. The plummet goes straight and deep into the heart of human life, and sounds the turbulent undercurrents of grief and agony and unspeakable joy. Of the forty-three brief homilies, not one gives a mere abstract of philosophy or is disquisitional in form; each one deals with thought in relation to life, each is

* Ten-Minute Sermons. By W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.

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an epitome of some phase of spiritual experience which touches all at some point. Deep calls to deep, and out of the heart of the storm and stress of life comes a voice that reassures us and bids us be of good cheer. Equable in tone, sane, optimistic, it is the voice of one who has seen and heard and knows that these things are so.

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

It was well said at Dr. Nicoll's ministerial valedictory meeting ten years ago, that he "unites with the widest literary culture the most earnest Christian faith and the most active Christian spirit." But it is with the literary side of these sermons that we are chiefly concerned in these columns. They are models of literary form and style. Dr. Nicoll has in his editorial capacity frequently persuaded other writers to name the books which have influenced them, but we have yet to learn this secret from himself. Still there are preferences for authors shown in the frequent citation of names, whose influence on his thought and style is borne out by internal evidence in his writings. He evinces a close acquaintance with the works of the Mystics, and with the great French theologians and preachers. And that cannot be laid to his charge of which "Claudius Clear" convicts A. K. H. B., that he has not kept abreast of recent literature. What Dr. Nicoll said recently of a great writer and theologian is applicable to the author of *Ten-Minute Sermons*. "He who would impress men at this time must have power of expression, a sense of distinction in language and a care for literary form." It is the possession of these essentials that gives peculiar grace and power to these sermons, and makes the author an inspiring example; for there is an impressive and religious effect produced on many minds by the sight of a gifted writer offering with perfect humility and with a beautiful simplicity the best service of his intellect to God.

NOVEL NOTES.

ELDER CONKLIN AND OTHER STORIES. By Frank Harris. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

These are American stories of hard rough life, in camps and out-of-the-way settlements, or in towns with a dull ungenial atmosphere. The actors are chiefly ruffians and rough diamonds of the Bret Harte type—only much less sentimental—or hard-fibred, unpolished dwellers in tamer places. It is a grim, unlovely life, and the author paints it very relentlessly, yet letting in now and again a ray of pure idealism. About some of the vulgar desires and ambitions of the women there is a frank savagery which almost raises them above the level of their commonplace aims. We see no searching after the ugly, but a philosophic acceptance of the sordid as forming no inconsiderable part of the life he designs to paint. Elder Conklin is a masterly picture of heroism and paternal love of rare intensity and refinement, co-existing with capacities for hideous selfishness and cruelty.

Mr. Harris's highest point is reached in "A Modern Idyll." The scene here is laid amid a prosperous religious sect in Kansas City. The chief personage is a Baptist minister of eloquence enough even to intoxicate himself into the belief that his fervor and ecstasy are workings of the spirit instead of the accidental expression of his sensual nature. The wife of one of his deacons, a young girl with outward discretion and coquetry in equally large proportions, and no conscience at all, soon causes his ministry to turn into an opportunity for being in her neighborhood. When a call comes to a larger sphere, with greater worldly advantages, his passion is still a little greater than his other sensual desires for comfort and luxury. While he waits the word from Belle, which shall tell him to stay or not, love, ambition, and religious sentiment, make a dancing-ground of his heart. His delight in playing the *beau rôle* triumphs in the end, and his sermon to his congregation announcing that he will sacrifice all personal gain to stay with them, leaves not a dry eye in the chapel. Belief that he had been guided from on

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high co-existed with the earthly hope he tried to hide and smother in his heart, and the sermon was written in a ferment of artistic emotion which perfectly simulated religious ecstasy. But before it was delivered he had Belle's encouraging answer. The deacons could not let such a sacrifice pass by unrewarded; he is not allowed to suffer in his pocket. The final tableau is that of the teacher of holy things, rich in the goods of this world, making love to the wife of the man who stands apart with the other deacons, thinking solemnly of the new light that has come into their lives from the teaching of one who is so Christ-like as to readily despise and renounce all gain that stands between him and his duty. The analysis of motive and character is masterly.

DUST AND LAURELS: A Study in Nineteenth Century Womanhood. By Mary Pendered. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Miss Pendered tells us unblushingly in a note to the American edition that she experienced a keen sense of satisfaction when the Messrs. Appleton made her an offer for her "little study." All we can say is that the publishers have a great deal to answer for. Only a keen sense of dissatisfaction is to be gained by the reader, unless we exempt "that hybrid complication, the woman of to-day," to whom the author dedicates her "study." The second title might have been "A Study in Nineteenth Century Vulgarity;" but we fear Miss Pendered's claim that "nearly every English reviewer has flattered me and abused my heroine," notwithstanding—the vulgarity is not all in the study, but some of it in the student. Vera, the young woman who is the central personage of the story, is certainly one of the most disagreeable and ridiculous to be met with anywhere. She is always setting her strong, white teeth and laughing aloud, or drinking tea furiously, as evidence of her great passions, or "wafting a spray of chalk powder over her face lightly," to show her fine recklessness of nature. She writes books—the stupidest heroines always do. She promotes a Woman's Free College in the intervals of literary activity, but finds plenty of time for ugly flirtation. At last, to the indignation of an innocent little friend, she becomes "a mere wife." This is an advantage for the Women's Free College and literature, at all events. Perhaps the objectionable, hysterical Vera is meant as a warning, but her career is chronicled with too evident a relish for her to serve any such moral purpose. Miss Pendered has evidently plenty of cleverness. Her friendly critics may well wish her more judgment.

THE GOOD SHIP "MOHOCK." By W. Clark Russell. D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Mr. Clark Russell's invention does not give out. Piracy is an old theme, but here it is treated with so many variations that one falls to as if it were a novelty. The good ship *Mohock* was an American liner with a villain for a captain. It was appealed to in mid-Atlantic by a boatful of men who called themselves shipwrecked waifs, but who turned into determined and very interesting pirates. The captain, who has been looking out for them, plays his part of hypocritical rascal well enough at least to deceive the passengers, who, by the by, are an amusing if very foolish company. The end it does not become us to divulge. The story is told by the captain's step-daughter, and all through the two volumes we were breathless with surprise that any novelist could have created so conceited, cold-blooded, obtuse a woman, and shoved her into the part of heroine. We thought we knew a great deal more on the point than Mr. Clark Russell. But a postscript, not in her hand, is added, in which we read concerning the narrator: "She is dead, and of the dead *nil nisi;* it must be affirmed, nevertheless, that a more objectionable old woman never tied a bonnet round her head." More than that, he even throws some doubt on the excellent story she tells. Is that treating himself well, or us?

THE MARK O' THE DEIL, and Other Northumbrian Tales. By Howard Pease. Frederick Stokes Co. $1.25.

The Mark o' the Deil is difficult to appreciate at its right value. Those interested in the district it describes—which till now has not, we think, had its illustrator in fiction—will, from gratitude and patriotism, be apt to exaggerate its merits, while its modesty, the absence from it of cheap tricks, either in style or matter, will have a good deal to do with any neglect it may receive from those who have not local interest.

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As pictures of general human nature his stories are not first-rate. Few of them rise beyond mere anecdotes, and the ineffective hand of the amateur is as plainly on some as the mark o' the deil was on the breast of Tom R——, the villain of the Cheviots. But they show humour, a relish for the rough, the wild, the whimsical in human nature, much open-mindedness, and a kindly spirit. Their literary is perhaps greater than their imaginative promise. Only one or two strike us as coming very definitely under the head of fiction at all. The rest have the air of being taken from life and memory, with but little interference in the way of addition, selection, or modification; and though none the less interesting for that, they keep us from making up one's minds what our expectations from the author should be. Of these, "The Judgment" and "On Deadwater Fell" are told with great conciseness and vigor. The one that most suggests the fiction writer is "Link-House Bill," though it is less picturesque in its setting than many of the others. It ends the volume, and leaves us with a feeling of gratitude to Mr. Pease for his exhibition of homely and unconventional character, and a desire that he will give us more of a similar kind.

THE RALSTONS. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

That some of his critics quarrelled with Mr. Crawford over the minuteness with which they were forced to study two New York families in *Katherine Lauderdale*, is no reason for prolonging the quarrel into that book's sequel, *The Ralstons*. By writing a sequel, by treating the same families to the same kind of minute observation, by proceeding at the same deliberate pace, Mr. Crawford proves that he has made up his mind that the Lauderdales and the Ralstons can only be treated in the way he has chosen to treat them, and that he doesn't mean to hurry, or to scamp, or to jump over months and years, to please any idle reader. So we give in. And once having given in, let us confess *The Ralstons* seemed much easier reading than *Katherine Lauderdale;* such is the virtue of resignation. The action does not proceed very far—Mr. Crawford has no space in two volumes to allow of that—but far enough for Alexander Junior to be much perturbed, quite unnecessarily, about Uncle Robert's will, and far enough, too, to allow of the discovery of John Ralston's and Katherine's secret marriage without a breach of the family peace. There is not much else save the highly disagreeable incident of the death of Walter Crowdie, a kind of incident which Mr. Crawford rarely attempts, and wisely, we think, for he only fills us with horror, does not impress us with sadness, in spite of the half-revelation it makes of the mysterious connection between Paul Griggs and Crowdie. If we are inclined to write at the end of the book, "Much ado about nothing," let us own that the observation, the analysis, the workmanship, are excellent. Externally the persons could hardly be presented with more faithfulness. So far as Mr. Crawford reads character he reads it with subtlety. But he trusts rather to enormous conscientiousness than to quick instincts. His is a slow method in these novels of modern life; but if the introductions by which he presents us to the Lauderdales, the Ralstons, and the Brights, are long-winded, he convinces us these are real persons and worth knowing and watching along with him.

EPISODES. By G. S. Street. New York: The Merriam Co. 75 cents.

Those who have read Mr. Wedmore's short stories and liked them will like Mr. Street's. There is a trifle less of expressed sentiment in the latter, and there are other differences also, but the work of the two men is more easily classified together than are the *Episodes* with *The Autobiography of a Boy*. Mr. Street has no such type as Tubby to vent his irony on. Tubbys are not invented every day. He sets up a number of worldly people, and stupid and selfish people, and has languid shots at them; and proves himself, too, the protector of some varieties of martyred innocence. He speaks with an air of knowing most things in very modern life; but he is not very cynical, and if his chosen method of art would let him, he would probably be a sentimental moralist. Never speaking above his breath, never flashing out sparkle or heat, he wearies us sometimes with his restraint. But his coldness is in accord with the manner he has chosen; and he has done what he purposed to do very well. Only it is a thin-blooded kind of writing at the

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best. It wants wit to make it entertain for more than two consecutive stories, and Mr. Street has restrained wit too. That he has it, Tubby is the proof. But in fact it is the excellence of *The Autobiography of a Boy* that is the chief reason of our slight discontent with this volume of clever, keen-sighted, and various studies of modern life.

VERNON'S AUNT. By Sara Jeanette Duncan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Whether Mrs. Cotes has much or little to say she can always say it amusingly. She has a laugh in her voice as she tells a story that prevents your inquiring too closely at the time if her story be really so funny after all. The tale of Miss Lavinia Moffat, spinster, of Littlehampton, and her adventures, when she went, without invitation, to pay a visit to her nephew in India, has some grotesque situations, and the character of that enterprising but highly respectable lady, equally greedy of experiences and respectful to the proprieties, is cleverly told in her own words. Yet it wants all Mrs. Cotes's light manner to keep us from feeling the strain on her invention. It is the least good of anything she has done—and yet it will amuse.

JEAN BELIN, THE FRENCH ROBINSON CRUSOE. From the French of Alfred de Bréhat. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

As a child we grew pious over *Sandford and Merton*, and felt how good it was to know the *Swiss Family Robinson*; but as a youth we put them from us as childish things, together with the thought of the little prig we were. Yet succeeding callow generations will batten on these juvenile classics, and to the number *Jean Belin* may be added, for it is harmless. The story scarcely warrants being styled either "the French Robinson Crusoe" (save the mark!) or "a Companion to the Swiss Family Robinson." The "brave little fellow," six years old, who starts on his adventures in the first chapter by coming to the rescue of the drunken Caillaud, and goes on celebrating himself in quite orthodox fashion with his "even temper," his "spirit of invention," and his unceasing resources, until in the end he "lives like a gentleman, fond of relating his story," is in no danger of making De Foe turn in his grave. But with the old stage setting M. Bréhat makes a creditable show, and there are lots of boys and girls who will laugh and cry over his puppets. The book is garnished with a number of crude illustrations.

IN WILD-ROSE TIME. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

In Wild-Rose Time is not, as the title might suggest, a pastoral idyll among rustic fields where wild roses bloom, but a story of the squalid poverty of New York tenement life, and the long, rich delight which a bunch of wild roses carelessly thrown away brought Bess and Dil, two little sisters over whose cheerless life hung the terrible shadow of a drunkard's home. The tender love of these two sisters; their simple faith in Heaven, where Bess, with her poor little "hurted legs," would become well and strong, and where they were going, "if they only could find out how to go," is a picture that has been often drawn, but which can always bear repetition, especially when told by so sympathetic a narrator. There is a love story in the background which does not run very smoothly, but the little god with the wings works his tactics to a successful issue through the frail little cripple; the old-fashioned Dilsey, with her delightful brogue; and sturdy Patsey, who, though only a street *gamin*, is the happy, propitious instrument that overrules all for good.

THE PLAY-ACTRESS. By S. R. Crockett. Autonym Library. New York: Putnam. $1.00.

There is a type of character for which Mr. Crockett has peculiar sympathy, and which he can put into a story with great effectiveness—the austere saint, knowing little of the world save its learning, and, when brought into contact with the world's evil, proving himself to have the charity as he has the innocence of a child. Such is Gilbert Rutherford, the hero of this little story. Perhaps there is just too much or too little of the farcical in the description of the old Scotch minister wandering about London under the guidance of Tommy the *gamin*. It is the only defect we have to find with a little story that introduces us to that rare thing in fiction, a charming child, the loyal Ailie, and to the very delightful city clerk, Mr. Johnny Spencer.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ESSAYS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Henry Ferguson, M.A., Northen Professor of History and Political Science in Trinity College, Hartford. New York: James Pott & Company. $1.25.

This volume contains four well-written essays dealing respectively with the Quakers in New England, the New England witch-mania, Sir Edmund Andros, and the Loyalists—*i.e.*, Tories—of the Revolutionary Period. The last two are, on the whole, the most satisfactory, as in the others, especially in the first, one cannot help feeling the *odium theologicum* that underlies the record of the brutal and revolting treatment experienced by the Quakers at the hands of New England Puritans. In reading over the rather unnecessarily detailed accounts of the branding of men and the lashing of women, the astute reader will not rid himself of the suspicion that Mr. Ferguson is less affected by his pity for the woes of the Quakers than by his dislike of their persecutors and "their illegal and unconstitutional government," with its "union of Church and State, or rather the subjection of the State to the Church;" as to which one somehow or other conceives the opinion that had it only been another Church than the one it was, the Quakers would still have met with persecution, but that Mr. Ferguson's essay would have remained unwritten. As to the barbarity of the Puritans, that, of course, admits of no defence.

More novel and more suggestive is the paper on Sir Edmund Andros, who, as Mr. Ferguson says, is usually, by implication at any rate, held up to the readers of American history as "a merciless tyrant, whose administration was only redeemed from being utterly disastrous, by its imbecility." But the man who, after filling high offices under the Stuarts in their colonial administrations, was made Governor of Virginia by William and Mary immediately after the Revolution of 1688, must have been neither a tyrant nor a fool. Mr. Ferguson's paper is a very interesting attempt to rehabilitate what has always been at least a very picturesque figure in our early history, even as drawn by the Mathers. Incidentally the claim is made that the real object of James II. in his American policy was one of union and consolidation, which, had it been carried out, would have made impossible the narrow theory of colonial particularism that was destined in our later history to give us the Hartford Convention in the North, and in the South to light the fires of anarchy and civil war.

RHYTHM AND HARMONY IN POETRY AND MUSIC. By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

Professor Raymond, in his somewhat caustic introduction, informs the reader that one object of his book is the education of critics, especially of art critics; and he deplores the fact that few of our philosophers have the necessary artistic training to give them a proper appreciation of the æsthetic, while our critics of art—using the word in its widest sense—are ignorant of philosophy. He has a grievance of his own against those who have reviewed his former books, and he does not hesitate to bring the offending journals up with a round turn, naming names, and administering, it must be confessed, a certain amount of well-deserved castigation. The second purpose before him is the study of the causes underlying the effects produced by particular arts of poetry and music. This study he carries out with much elaboration, treating first of the correspondences between elements of form in the arts of sound and of sight. He then proceeds to the consideration of the principles of rhythm as a form of human expression manifested in external nature and in the mind, following out lines already suggested, if we remember rightly, by Bain. The most interesting part of the work is that contained in the chapters which treat of verse structure and the occurrence of the rhythmic principle in ancient and modern verse. In ancient verse he seems a good deal less at home than in modern; and his citations from Homer and Vergil are far from being the best and most convincing available. As a matter of fact, Homer abounds in both rhyme and assonance, while Vergil evidently eschews the former and uses the latter very sparingly, being the most restrained of any Roman writer in classi-

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cal times in this respect, and forming a striking contrast to Ovid, whose verse seems almost an anticipation of the time when syllabic quality fell away before the more popular system based upon alliteration and rhyme. The latter part of the book deals very technically with musical harmony and the psychical and physical causes of the effects of musical form, with several concluding chapters on music as a representative art. The book contains much that is suggestive and valuable, and it is to be hoped that the critics of the reviews named by him will read it and repent. The quotations from foreign languages, especially those from the Greek and Latin, are vilely misprinted in many places.

A COUNTRY MUSE. By Norman Gale. First series. New edition. Boston: Stone & Kimball. $1.25 *net.*

When *A Country Muse* appeared in the summer of 1892 it sealed Mr. Gale's recognition as a genuine poet. He has a true lyrical gift, and if readers have to do a little sifting among stuff of a poorer kind, they will have their reward when they light on such gems as "Love with a Crocus in His Cap," or "Come, Sweetheart, do not Pout," or the exquisite "Unfinished Picture" of Mary the Milkmaid singing and Richard the Keeper whistling a blithe response. "My song is all of birds and peasant homes," he says. In this new edition Mr. Gale would fain have omitted two poems, but as such omissions would have rendered the reissue something other than a new edition, he has given these a place apart. So they stand in conspicuous disgrace in the corner—a little unjustly, we think. "Les Morts sont Heureux" now receives a native title. The important difference, however, is the addition of six new poems, "A Great Master," "A House in the Hedge," "In Spring," "Courage," "The Wounded Bird," and "A Patient." "A House in the Hedge" is a charming picture of joy among the birds, but still more distinguished in workmanship and in feeling is "A Patient."

"To him mysteriously bereft
How much in charity was left!

"A woman bent beneath the load,
And sang along the sacred road;
Faith showed a still unshaken spire,
Love lit the cot with tenfold fire!"

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.25.

Lady Mary Loyd is gaining a reputation for making quite creditable but altogether superfluous translations of by no means first-class French books. The Prince de Joinville's *Vieux Souvenirs* is easy to procure and to read by those interested in his personality. Still, since she has translated it, let us own she has done so creditably; and though his is not a book of great interest, the Prince had a notion of how to write effective memoirs. A discontented man so far as all his country's affairs were concerned, what he has to say or tell of his time, historically or politically, is nearly valueless. But in his travels he showed himself a curious, keen, and trained observer. Every now and again in his narrative there occurs a picture as well-depicted and outstanding as any of his clever pen-and-ink sketches. But perhaps of all the pictures the one to stick most in the memory is that of himself and his brother and sisters, little sprigs of royalty, listening to the bustle of the Revolution of 1830, in the Paris streets, and catching the superficial fervour to the extent of making tricolour cockades.

NAPLES, the City of Parthenope, and its Environs. By Clara E. Clement. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Mrs. Clement has written a history of Naples, an account of its archæological interest, and a guide-book for present-day travellers. It is not easy for the same pen to write clear, hard facts and give light, sketchy impressions of scenery and every-day life; and since she excels in one more than the other we are glad it is in the more substantial part. It is easier to see or imagine beauties of landscape and characteristics of manners than to find interesting historical facts in so convenient a form. The historical portions are so clear, bright, and readable that we hope Mrs. Clement will turn her attention to some other Italian cities. The book is a very pretty one, and is beautifully illustrated with a number of photogravures. For the traveller in Italy we should call it nearly indispensable; but it would make a charming gift-book for others who have no immediate prospects of travel.

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THE YELLOW BOOK. Vol. IV. Boston : Copeland & Day. $1.50 net.

There is greater average merit in the latest number of the *Yellow Book* than in the former ones, but there is no one feature that stands out prominently, unless it be the fearsome picture of Mr. George Moore, which is calculated to justify all the obstinate prejudices of librarians. Of the fiction, by far the best thing is the editor's own story, *The Bohemian Girl*. Mr. Ashcroft Noble's paper on *Mr. Stevenson's Forerunner*, by which he means Alexander Smith, is a sympathetic and grateful tribute to the real merits of an almost forgotten essayist. Mr. Norman Hopgood writes in a rather awkward, but decidedly vigorous and original manner on Henri Beyle, otherwise Stendhal ; and the article has thought in it, and reveals a true capacity for criticism. Among the other literary contributors may be mentioned Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Marriott Watson, Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie, Mr. Max Beerbohm, and Mr. John Davidson.

THE GROWTH OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING. By Richard Jones, Ph.D. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company.

This scholarly monograph is another of the many indications that meet one on every side of how far the Germanisation of our intellectual pursuits has gone, passing beyond the sphere of classical philology and pure science, and invading the domain of literature. The present volume investigates the *Quellen* in the genuine spirit of the Herr Professor, but with a certain deftness and grace of touch and an underlying æsthetic sympathy with Tennyson's noblest work that are quite foreign to the "one, two, three" methods of his models.

The design of the study is to show that Tennyson's obligations to Malory have been exaggerated by the critics ; that the poem shows a gradual but steady evolution ; and that the work itself in its final form embodies the poet's matured view of life—a somewhat pessimistic view, and one far removed from the hopeful optimism of his youth, that found expression in the early idylls. In the working out of this plan Dr. Jones has gathered and arranged a mass of information as to texts, variants, revisions in manuscript, and other matters that are extremely instructive to the critical student of Tennyson ; and has shown a keen literary sense that will commend certain chapters of his little volume to that larger host who never think of texts, or variants, or sources, but merely accept with delight the noble creation of a great master, and thank God for it.

OLD ACE AND OTHER POEMS. By Fred Emerson Brooks. New York : Cassell Pub. Co.

Neither Mr. Brooks's muse nor his readers can complain that he twangs monotonously upon a single string, or that his powers are hampered by a pent-up Utica. Beginning with Old Ace, a trotting horse, he ends with Her Majesty the Queen, touching lightly in the interval upon such varied themes as the miracle of Cana, the new baby, skeletons, guns, Silly Billy, the American flag, Pompeii (which he apparently pronounces as a dissyllable), and the natural beauties of Tombstone, Arizona. One cannot fail to admire so much versatility and such catholicity of taste ; but a feeling will obtrude itself upon the reader that these lyric gems sparkle more brilliantly when set separately in the friendly newspaper corner, where they most fittingly belong, than massed together in a volume where they only stand in each other's light, so to speak, and kill each other.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS. From George Macdonald. Arranged by Elizabeth W. Dougall. New York : James Pott & Co. $1.00.

Whatever one may think of George Macdonald's theology or of his philosophic views, no one ever doubts the depth of his sincerity. "If I can put one touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman," he has written, "I shall feel that I have worked with God." These rubies, garnered from his works in sermon and fiction, shine with the lustre that emanates from a consecrated imagination. There is a contagious element in much of Mr. Macdonald's writing that inclines us to his mood, and a year of days spent in catching the spirit of each day's "beautiful thought" must tend to make one's life, as he describes it in his dedicatory words, "purer and nobler." The little book is daintily bound and printed, and the index adds to its helpfulness as a spiritual companion for the gray days and gold.

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HISTORIC BINDINGS AT THE GROLIER CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Grolier Club took place on the 23d of January last. The enthusiasm of its members at the commencement of this, the eleventh year of its existence, appears to have in no way diminished. The Treasurer's statement shows increased financial prosperity ; its publications roll from the press with their accustomed irregularity, disappear promptly into the ready hands of the subscribing members, and systematically attain inflated values as they make their way into the book-shop or the auction-room.

One feature of the Club's original programme seems, however, to have been abandoned. We refer to the lectures, which have been discontinued, either because (like the young clergyman who retired from the ministry, finding no further text to preach from) the lecturers have exhausted their subjects, or the members have tired of sitting at the feet of the modern Gamaliel.

The apathy as regards oral teaching does not appear to have overtaken the exhibitions, which occur with greater regularity than the publications, and seem drawn from apparently inexhaustible sources ; for while we are wondering what can come next, the members throw open the Club doors for another of their kaleidoscopic views. The last that we have been favoured with is in some respects the most interesting of the many Grolier exhibitions. We refer to the superb display of old books "from the libraries and collections of celebrated bibliophiles and illustrious persons." This exhibition would have graced a room in any of the great libraries of Europe, and as the visitor moved from case to case he might almost have imagined himself in a corner of the British Museum or at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.



No. 35 of the Club Catalogue.

Alexander Applanus' *Guerres des Romains*, printed in Lyons, by Antoine Constantin, in 1544.

Folio, brown calf, the sides covered with interlaced ribbon scrolls, terminating in coloured arabesques. In the centre of each cover the arms of Francis, the second Duc de Guise, who was assassinated by Poltrot de Merey at the siege of Orleans, in 1563, are painted in colours.

The object of the Club in this instance was not, however, to show a collection of fine and rare old bookbindings, but, as explained in the catalogue, of what the French bibliophiles call *livres de provenance*—volumes bearing on their covers the arms or devices of original owners. As is customary with the Club, a catalogue of the exhibition has been printed for the members ; in this instance a small quarto volume, commencing with an introduction, and giving the titles and descriptions of the books and bindings, with fac-similes of some of the arms upon them. The main interest is, naturally, that of association with

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original ownership, combined in many instances with the artistic beauty of the designs.

There were shown in the exhibition no less than thirteen volumes from the library of Jean Grolier, four from that of Thomas Maioli, three which belonged to François I., and seven to Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers, as well as others of corresponding dates—all from the same school of art, if not by the same workmen. In some bibliographical dictionaries and in the earlier references to Grolier he is spoken of as a bookbinder, from which it has been sometimes inferred that he made designs for his book-covers. Again, the artist Bernard Salamon, known as *le petit Bernard*, is said to have furnished patterns for this purpose. There is no evidence in either case to prove these assumptions or surmises. The designs in question are phases of the same pure and refined taste characteristic of the best artistic productions of that period, which was the time of the purest taste of the French Renaissance.

Notwithstanding sumptuary laws promulgated from time to time, some of which aimed at the restriction of a too luxurious decoration of books, they seem to have continued to be elaborately bound, and whether the taste for this arose from ostentation, or from a genuine regard for the books themselves, is a matter of small importance now, although we trust the bibliophiles formed a majority. The preservation of a volume owing to its binding, unworthy though the book may be, is, to say the least, preferable to the fanatical method of consecrating it to the flames. There is no reason to doubt that Grolier and Maioli, valuing their books for their own sakes, bound them *con amore*, and that the same is true of François I., Henri II., and Diane de Poitiers. Maioli had his books bound in Italy; some of Grolier's are Italian, but the best of his, as well as those of François I. and Henri II., are French, and perhaps were bound in Lyons or Paris.



No. 41 of the Club Catalogue.

Francesco Guicciardini's *Historia d'Italia*, printed in Florence, by Torrentino, in 1561.

Large folio, red morocco, back decorated with tear-drops and fleur-de-lis; centre panel of front with a full-length figure of Henri III., favourite son of Catherine de Médicis, executed in mosaic, in coloured morocco, following true colours and form of costume, the hands and face in vellum for the sake of flesh tints, the arms of Henri III. in lower left-hand corner, the whole within a border of garlands, leaves and sprays in compartments, with the initial H repeated at intervals.

The French bibliographers form a nice estimation of the difference between the volumes from the libraries of book-lovers, and from collections formed for effect, or having arms impressed upon them from the same motive that they are embroidered upon furniture, painted upon carriages, or mounted on harness. Louis XII. was a lover of books; but none of his were in the exhibition, probably for the good reason that none are to be found in America, and are so seldom to be met with anywhere. As to Louis XI., we do not remember his name anywhere in connection with books; Charles IX. had a few, and so had Catherine and Marie de Médicis.

None are esteemed more rare

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and desirable or are more interesting than volumes from the library of Henri IV. The copy of poems in this exhibition bearing his arms and monogram possesses all the attributes dear to the bibliophile.

The "grand style" of the time of François I. gave place to the more elaborate and less severe ornamentation of the school of binders inaugurated by the Eves, of which good examples are found in the books described as belonging to Marguérite de Valois (first wife of Henri IV.). We say described, for although there is no positive proof that they were hers, there is presumptive evidence sufficient to warrant such an ascription.

Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria figure prominently in bibliopegistic annals. The books which belonged to them are more easily obtainable than those of private collectors during the same period.

Perhaps the best known and most celebrated bookman who lived during the reign of Henri IV. was the learned Chancellor Jacques Aug. de Thou. His books bear, according to their date of binding, three different coats of arms, the two last quartered with those of his wives. Examples of each of these armorial bearings were shown in the exhibition. De Thou rarely employed any other than red moroccos, and those very elaborately ornamented are rather the exception than the rule. Two other celebrated amateurs were Longepierre and Count Hoym, whose library is famous. Count Hoym's books were mostly dispersed, and data respecting them are rather meagre, although his life (which we have not at hand to consult) was written by Baron Pichon, the famous collector and bibliophile of Paris.

The bibliographical history of England, from the especial standpoint under consideration, is, it must be confessed, unsatisfactory. The sovereigns of Great Britain were never found guilty of acute bibliomania. Henry VIII. *versus* François I.! Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers *versus* Queen Elizabeth! The latter, reigning in the golden age of English literature, has absolutely nothing in her books to remind one of the fact, although her favourite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, has survived in his bookbindings as well as in history. So has also Sir Thomas Wotton, who died in 1587, and Sir Kenelm Digby. The representative literary sovereign of Great Britain was King James I., who appears to have been fond of his books and bound them accordingly.

During the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. private libraries became the fashion in France, and we find many examples of elaborate and sumptuous bindings with coats of arms. Time and history have added



No. 36 of the Club Catalogue.

Arrianus' *Plutarchus de fluminibus et montibus*, printed at Basle, by Froben, in 1533.

Quarto, brown calf, gilt back, sides ornamented with scrolls and elaborately tooled corners; in the centre of each side the device of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth and protector of Amy Robsart. This device, the well-known bear and staff, is deeply impressed in silver, and the volume is remarkably well preserved.

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value and interest to many of these, as in the specimens from the libraries of some of the celebrated women of the eighteenth century, such as Madame de Maintenon, Countesse de Pompadour, Madame Du Barry, and later Marie Antoinette and the Duchesse De Berri. At the Lignerolles sale last year in Paris a book bound in morocco, with the arms of Marie Antoinette, and presented by her to the Princesse de Lamballe, with short inscriptions in the handwriting of the Queen and Louis XVI., brought over thirty thousand francs under the hammer.

The bookbinders of to-day might, if they chose to do so, receive a most profitable object-lesson at such an exhibition as that just given by the Grolier Club. They might have noticed, in the first place, that the quality of the leather used for the old books is excellent, better than that with which we are now familiar; second, that the colours selected for the finest examples of decoration were dark, sometimes even black; third, that the calf-skin was quite a different material from that called by the same name to-day, and which is often too light and flimsy, approaching in quality sheepskin, so largely used in the English "original bindings" of the seventeenth century; a material now employed chiefly for those wolves in sheep's clothing—modern law books. The binder of to-day will also observe that good work is not restricted to the amount of tooling that can be placed upon the sides and back; but primarily in the sewing and the forwarding, or covering. Had it not been for honest bands, careful sewing, good leather, and, with these, skilful covering unaccompanied by any excessive shaving down of the skins, the chances of seeing to-day any of the fine bindings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would be extremely slight.

It is to be hoped that the Grolier Club will undertake further exhibitions of this character, for while such books have an historic and æsthetic interest, they serve also as object-lessons for bookmen, and have a tendency to raise the artistic and technical standard in this country.



FACSIMILE OF MEDAL RECENTLY AWARDED COUNT LEO TOLSTOÏ.

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RECENT EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

The sixth volume of the "Great Educators Series," published by the Scribners, of which valuable collection Professor Nicholas Murray Butler is the editor, bears the title *Herbart and the Herbartians*, with the name of Professor Charles De Garmo, of Swarthmore College, as that of the author. Its object, as set forth in the preface, is to give a concise *précis* of Herbart's educational doctrines, and a sketch of their further development by his successors. Herbart's metaphysics are largely excluded from this survey of his pædagogic work, and the author's purpose is very effectively carried out by treating his subject in a large way, and with an avoidance of all that is not absolutely essential. The consideration of Herbart's own contribution to educational theory occupies seven chapters, or 98 pages, the remainder of the book dealing with the extension and application of his educational ideas in Germany (pp. 99–202), and the progress made by those ideas in America (pp. 203–256). An admirable bibliography of Herbartian literature, classified and arranged, occupies twelve pages at the end of the book. Dr. De Garmo, it will be remembered, has already associated his name with the Herbartian literature by his connection with Zinser's translation of Ufer's *Introduction to the Pædagogy of Herbart*, and the present volume shows not only his thorough familiarity with the subject, but a very clear and practical conception of just what the student of scientific pædagogy needs to have set before him. Nothing is introduced that might break the continuity of the exposition, and the author has wisely refrained from attempting, in the space assigned him, any consideration of the lesser Herbartians, contenting himself in his treatment of the German development of the system with an account of Ziller, Rein, Lange, Stoy, and Frick, each of whom stands as an epoch-maker in either its extension or in its application. Especially valuable for the teacher and student is the very compact and lucid account of the translation of theory to practice, by Rein in the Volkschulen and by Frick in the Gymnasia. At the present time, when our whole system of secondary and university education seems to be on the verge of a thorough reconstruction, and when scientific pædagogic ideas are at last beginning to exercise a marked influence in our educational development, the appearance of the present volume is most timely, filling a place as yet occupied by no other as yet written in the English language, and deserving, as it does, especial commendation for the vigorous simplicity of its exposition and the refreshing crispness of its style. It may be hoped that a second edition may add to the value of the bibliographical chapter, and especially to its convenience in use, by giving the dates of publication of *all* instead of a part of the works named, the omission of which gives an air of incompleteness, not to say of slovenliness to the whole.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. have just issued the second edition of Professor Alfred Gudeman's *Outlines on the History of Classical Philology*, to give its new instead of its old title. This extremely useful manual has not only been revised so as to eliminate a number of errors, chiefly typographical, but has been enlarged by a list of the Latin scholia, a summary of the principal grammatical terms used by the Greeks and Romans, and an index of proper names—changes that all add to the usefulness of a book which ought to be on the table of every classical scholar. The new edition is further improved by appearing in a cloth binding in place of the paper covers of the first edition.—— Another recent volume of much interest to students of the classics is the third edition of Professor B. L. Gildersleeve's *Latin Grammar*, revised and greatly enlarged by Professor Gonzalez Lodge of Bryn Mawr College, who has enriched the work by a free use of much material gathered from modern German sources, especially from Stolz and Schmalz, in the sphere of Syntax; from Bücheler and Neue, in Etymology; and from the treatises of Plessis and Klotz, in Prosody. The book still retains the independent and what may be called the Gildersleevian flavour of the earlier editions, and as a treatise on formal grammar is now fairly to be regarded as the most scholarly work of its

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kind, as it is the latest, to be found in the English language. It is issued by the University Publishing Company.

From Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons comes a volume of 317 pages on *Rhetoric, its Theory and Practice*, by the late Dr. Austin Phelps, of Andover, and Professor Frink, of Amherst College. It is, however, not precisely a new work, being an adaptation of Dr. Phelps's lectures already published, with the title *English Style in Public Discourse*. These lectures have been revised by Professor Frink, with a view to making them serve as a text-book for the rhetorical instruction of classes in schools and colleges: and the reviser has also added a second part, containing practical exercises to illustrate the chief qualities of style, as well as the chief sins against the stylistic canons. As to the value of the resulting treatise as a text-book, opinions may differ. In fact, the real value of any text-book whatever in the teaching of style may be regarded with a considerable amount of scepticism. The present writer believes that when style can be taught by the study of a text, temperance, chastity, and the other virtues can be inculcated in the same way. But as to the charm and suggestiveness of this volume to an intelligent reader there is no question whatsoever. It is one of the most thoroughly readable books on the subject; and both persons who never had a style and persons who never heard of style can peruse it with genuine delight. Nothing more unlike a formal treatise could be imagined. It has all the charm and naturalness of the most unstudied *causerie*, in which the chief interlocutor is a clever, brilliant, and convincing enthusiast, with a mind full of ideas and a memory richly stored with anecdotes and illustrations. The pages bristle with the aptest citations, drawn not from books alone, but from personal observation and reminiscence. Every principle is fixed in the mind by an example, and the point is not infrequently tipped with wit. Take, for example, those few sentences on James Russell Lowell's neologisms:

"James Russell Lowell is one of the most scholarly critics and authors in our language. A word coined by him with expressed approval would carry all the authority which any one man's name can give to a word. But when he coins, as he does, such words as 'cloudbergs,' and 'other-worldliness,' and 'Dr. Wattsiness' he descends from style to slang. He coins them as an exceptional and rare indulgence. He does not expect to see them in the next edition of Worcester's Dictionary. He would be ashamed to see them there with his name as their authority. He would be the last man to authorise such words by scholarly criticism. He knows, and the world of scholars knows, that his own scholarly reputation will bear such occasional departures from good English, somewhat as a very saintly man can bear to be seen carrying a flask of brandy in the street."

The success of this volume as a text-book must be decided by the practical test of use; but it can be heartily commended as exceedingly good reading for any person who is interested in our mother tongue. The index is unfortunately incomplete, and does not do full justice to the contents of the book.

In the "International Education Series," published by the Messrs. Appleton, appears Mr. George H. Martin's historical sketch, *The Evolution of the Massachusetts Public School System*, with a preface by Dr. W. T. Harris. Its object is to show that the public-school system of that State was developed in harmony with the social environment; and, as the author says, "it serves to illustrate the slow, wavering, irregular way by which the people under popular governments work out their own social progress." It begins with an account of the people and polity of Massachusetts in colonial times, showing how, in their educational legislation, the good of the commonwealth was kept steadily in mind; traces the rise of the school system and the evolution of the district system, which was coincident with the decline of the grammar-school; gives a sketch of the town academies, and of the movement for the education of girls. A chapter is devoted to Horace Mann and the growth of philosophic ideas in popular education. The last two chapters deal with the more recent social and industrial changes in the State, the introduction of modern methods of teaching, and has a good account of the school system at the present time, of kindergartens, manual training schools, normal schools, and teachers' institutes and associations. The book contains little that is new, but gives in a clearly told and compact form a great deal of very instructive information, which, in view of the influence of Massachusetts upon the educational policy of other States, makes Mr. Martin's work one of great value for reference.

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THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

SALE OF THE FOOTE COLLECTION.

When it became known that Mr. Charles B. Foote, long recognised as one of our most intelligent collectors, was about to sell at public auction his library of rare books, which represented the result of fifteen years' ardent pursuit of that most fascinating of all hobbies, book-hunting, the interest and curiosity among our book-lovers was naturally keenly excited. It was believed that the books he was about to sell would be most desirable from a collector's point of view. The question most debated was whether such a collection could realise, even approximately, the values it would undoubtedly bring if sold in London. The appearance of the catalogue served to stimulate the interest already felt. On the one hand, it was contended that the times were bad, that buyers would consequently be unwilling or unable to pay large prices, and that, moreover, the American public, while willing to spend thousands for paintings and art objects generally, was not educated up to the point of buying rare books at their quoted (English) value. This view was not shared by a few, who held that during the past ten years a new generation of collectors had come upon the scene, who knew well the values of scarce books. These new men were students of English literature and of bibliography, and knew how to distinguish books and authors, and their relative importance in the market.

A glance over the catalogue showed Mr. Foote had been a discriminating buyer; and that while he had not confined himself to any one period or department of English literature, yet there were certain authors who were prime favourites, whose works he had used every endeavour to obtain completely in their original form. There was a very fair representation of the older writers, but by no means in importance and number so strong as several later periods. The Cavalier poets were all present, as well as others who wrote and published about the time of the Civil Wars and Commonwealth. Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, Corbet and Habington, Donne and his followers, Herbert and Crashaw, were all represented by fine and beautifully bound first editions. The Herbert's Temple deserves special mention as one of the two undated copies of the first edition. Mr. Foote's copy, formerly in the Brand, Daniel and Delaware Lewis collections, had been lost sight of in England, and the only other copy, Mr. Huth's, has been claimed to be unique.

Miltons there were in fine order—The Poems of 1645, Paradise Lost, 1667—first date, but some say second title, as though, forsooth, any one can surely tell whether the author's name was first printed in large or small type. Goldsmith—prime favourite with Mr. Foote, as with every one—was delightfully represented by eight lots, including the Vicar of Wakefield, 1766, The Deserted Village, 1770, and the two comedies. Gray's Elegy, 1751, and Odes; 1757, were there, of course, and passing on we come to one of the strongest portions of the collection, the marvellous set of Charles Lamb's works. It is certainly safe to say no such set as this for completeness or condition has ever been offered in this or any other country. It included A Tale of Rosamond Gray, 1798, in uncut state, as well as Prince Dorus, 1811, in a similar condition, and that greatest of all rarities to Lamb collectors, Poetry for Children, 2 vols., 1809. Only three or four copies of this book are known to collectors, and this is the only copy in America.

A full set of Keats in their original boards, uncut, is worthy of more than passing notice, while the collections of Mr. and Mrs. Browning and Tennyson were again unrivalled in their completeness. Even such rarities as Mrs. Browning's Battle of Marathon, 1820, and Robert Browning's Pauline, 1833, were not wanting, and the scarce Tennyson's Poems by Two Brothers was present in a large-paper copy. Many of Mr. Foote's books were presentation copies, or had interesting autograph matter inserted, which added greatly to their interest and value. Lot 88 was a fragment of 33 leaves of the original autograph manuscript of Pickwick Papers. Dickens' manuscripts of the more important works are all, with the exception of Our Mutual Friend, which is in the collection made by the late George W. Childs, in the South Kensington Museum. Thus the importance of this lot to any one desirous of possessing a portion of original manuscript by Charles Dickens is very apparent. It would be impossible to mention all the rare and desirable books in this catalogue, which comprised only 275 lots in all, without actually reprinting the catalogue itself.

We quote the prices realised for the more important lots at the sale which took place on the afternoons of January 30th and 31st:

Allot's England's Parnassus, 1600, $210; Barham's Ingoldsby Legends, 3 vols., 1840–42–47, $108; Braithwait's Barnabee's Journal (1638), $200; do., a Boulster Lecture, 1640, $85; Mrs. Browning's Battle of Marathon, 1820, $330; do., Prometheus Bound, a presentation copy to William Wordsworth, with his autograph, $75; Robert Browning's Pauline, 1833, $210; Robert Burns's Poems, 2d ed., 1787, with manuscript poem, $135; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1621, $76; Samuel Butler's Hudibras, original and spurious editions, 10 vols., $200; George Chapman's Iliad (1612), $90; do., Odysses (1614), $90; Churchyard's Chappes, 1578, $95; Sir Aston Cockain's small Poems, 1658, $140; Bishop Corbet's Poems, 1647, $60; Abraham Cowley's Poetical Blossoms, with rare portrait, 1633, $220; William Cowper's Poems, 1782, and The Task, 1785, 2 vols., $54; R. Crashaw's Steps to the Temple, 1646, $55; Samuel Daniel's Cleopatra, 1599, $55; Sir William d'Avenant's Gondibert, presentation copy, 1651, $37; Daniel De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, 1719–20, 3 vols., $309; Charles Dickens's Autograph portions of Pickwick, $775; John Donne's Poems, 1633, $60; William Drummond's Poems, 1656, $135; Lacrymæ Musarum, 1650, containing Dryden's first published poem, $60; Dryden's The Hind and the

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Panther, 1687, $50; George Gascoigne's The Posies, 1575, $110; do., The Steele Glas (1576), $160; Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefield, 2 vols., 1766, $340; The Traveller, 1765, $47.50; The Good-Natured Man, 1768, $40; The Deserted Village, 1770, $100; She Stoops to Conquer, 1773, $97.50; Gray's Elegy, 1751, $270; Odes, 1757, $35; Herbert's Temple (1633), $1050; Robert Herrick's Hesperides, 1648, $125; John Heywood's Woorkes, 1566, $60; N. Hookes's Amanda, 1653, $80; John Keats's Poems, 1817, $140; Endymion, 1818, $60; Lamia, 1820, $62.50; Charles Lamb's Rosamund Gray, 1798, $350; Tales from Shakespeare, 1807, 2 vols., $100; Poetry for Children, 2 vols., 1809, $420; Miss Leicester's School, 1809, $80; Prince Dorus, 1811, $240; Elia, 2 series, 1823–33, $155; R. Lovelace's Lucasta, 1649, $220 Posthume Poems, 1659, $140; Lydgate's Lyfe of Our Lady, 1531, $150; Massinger's Three New Playes, 1655, $75; John Milton's Poems, 1645, $370; Paradise Lost, 1667, $525; Paradise Regained, 1671, $75; E. Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum, 1675, with interesting letter of Charles Lamb inserted, $90; The Rump, 1660, $70; Thomas Stanley's Poems, $60; Sterling's Recreations with the Muses, 1637, on large paper, with the rare portrait by Marshall, $150; Sir John Suckling's Fragmenta Aurea, 1646, $50; Jonathan Swift's Gulliver's Travels, 2 vols., 1726, $85; Tennyson's Poems by Two-Brothers, 1827, $170; Poems, 1630, $115; Poems, 1833, $95; Poems, 1842, 2 vols., $140; In Memoriam, 1850, $80; Idylls of the Hunt, 1864, being proof-sheets of the work published as Enoch Arden, $225; Waller's Poems, 1645, large paper, $150; Walton's Angler, 4th ed., 1668, $140; Wordsworth and Coleridge, Lyrical Ballads, 2 vols., 1798–1800, with many alterations and additions in the Rime of the Ancyent Mariner, in handwriting of Coleridge, $200.

The sale was a great success, the attendance large, and the bidding spirited. The total amount paid for the 275 lots was $15,543.25, or the astonishing average of $56.52 per lot.

One of the daily papers said "it was about the most delightful triumph of bibliomania that New York has known." The fact has certainly been established that fine copies of the great books of English literature have a ready market in New York, and that a careful collector may be sure that in purchasing books of this character he is not throwing away his money on a mere "fad." The advance in values over the prices Mr. Foote originally paid is in some cases very great. For example, Herbert's Temple cost him $250 and sold for $1050. The Dickens Manuscript cost about $250 and sold for $775. Lamb's Poetry for Children cost $210 for the two volumes, and sold for just twice that sum. The Battle of Marathon cost about $75, and sold for $330.

Paradise Lost cost $75 and sold for $525. These are, to be sure, extreme cases, but generally all the prices show an advance over cost. The question will naturally be asked, "How about the buyers at this sale; will they do as well as Mr. Foote?" Probably not so well, though in the case of those dealers who bought, I understand they have already disposed of their purchases. Still I am convinced that the great masterpieces of English literature will ever be in demand, and when the very small number of copies in existence is considered, the result must be gradually advancing prices. While the commercial idea is the very last that should influence a bibliophile, it is, of course, a satisfaction to know that the volumes one prizes are not decreasing in value.

Beverley Chew.

A complete list of prices at the Foote sale, with names of buyers, has been printed in uniform size to bind with the catalogue by the publishers of THE BOOKMAN, *and will be presented to any subscriber desiring it. To others it will be sold at 75 cents.*

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1895.

The week immediately following Christmas naturally shows a large falling off in sales, and this season proved no exception to the rule. It is not, however, to be taken for granted that the dealer is by any means idle; on the contrary, he is extremely busy in putting things to rights and arranging his stock, scattered in almost hopeless confusion after the rush of the holiday trade. Many also use this time to take account of stock preparatory to the close of their fiscal year.

With the beginning of a new year several lines receive a renewed impetus, notably in text-book, periodical and library departments. The opening of new terms after vacation in the schools, particularly of a higher grade, is an occasion for introducing new courses of study; consequently the trade has been called upon to meet the demand.

Some of the best-received works in use at present are Montgomery's, Myer's, and Fiske's Histories; Warren's, Swinton's, Barnes', and Frye's Geographies; Wentworth's, Milne's, and Wells' Mathematics; Walker's, Hutchinson's and Blaisdell's Physiologies, and Allen and Greenough's, Harper's, Reed and Kellogg's, and Lockwood's Languages. In the last department there has been an increasing use of the best selections from standard authors, for supplementary reading, published in paper and board bindings, with notes and comments by authorities.

At this time, too, some of the magazines start new volumes, and the new serials, together with the extra advertising of the publishers, has increased the taking of subscriptions and renewals. There is a steady demand for the modern 10 and 15 cent monthlies, which seem to create their own field, without detriment to the steady sale of the established and more expensive ones.

Many libraries receive donations and appropriations now, so that there has been an almost continual receipt of lists to be priced, inquiries to be answered, and orders to be filled.

The new books, and those that are selling, in addition to those specially required for the above-mentioned purposes, have been largely confined to fiction, bound in cloth and published at 75 cents to $1.75; the small 16mo size, attractively made, and the larger 12mo, fully illustrated, being the popular styles.

The writings of A. Conan Doyle, Stanley J. Weyman, Captain Charles King, and F. Marion Crawford are still having a steady demand; also, owing to the recent death of their authors, the works of Robert Louis Stevenson and Oliver Wendell Holmes are having an increased sale.

There have been no especially prominent books issued during the month with the exception of the long-expected second volume of Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, revised and enlarged, and *The Ralstons*, the sequel to *Katherine Lauderdale*.

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The following list comprises the books most in favour during the month, as indicated by their sale:

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. $1.75.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Dolly Dialogues. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Slum Stories of London. By H. W. Nevinson. 75 cts.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Good Ship Mohock. By W. Clark Russell. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Ralstons. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols., $2.00.

The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce. Revised edition, 2 vols., $4.00 net.

Peter Ibbetson. By George Du Maurier. $1.50.

Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. $1.00.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.

Coffee and Repartee. By J. K. Bangs. 50 cts.

The Green Carnation. 75 cts.

The Ascent of Man. By Henry Drummond. $2.00.

Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Revised edition, $1.50.

The general condition of the trade for the last month can only as a whole be classed as fair. While representatives of publishers with popular new books claim good sales, others find that the old and standard works move slowly. Many of the retailers are outspoken as to dull times, and none is claiming more than ordinary sales. The jobbers do not find a decrease in orders, but say that the quantities are small, showing a certain amount of activity, but an evident tendency to caution. Still, with the renewing of stock after the February inventories, the business outlook promises well for the coming months.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1895.

The new year has opened up very satisfactorily, business this month having been very good and quite equal to the corresponding period last year. This is a better record than appears at first sight, for last year country orders were unusually good. Sales have been steady throughout the month, orders for the most part demanding new and standard works; but all kinds of literature have been well represented. The latest successful books have kept up their sales to an extent hardly anticipated early in the month. Upon the whole, 1895 has started very auspiciously.

It is almost too early yet to speculate on the outlook for the coming months, but judging entirely from present conditions, we ought to have a good steady trade right through the spring.

Trilby keeps up its phenomenal run and is still all the rage, and from what one hears on every hand of Trilby parties, Trilby concerts, etc., which are taking place everywhere, we may look for this extraordinary vogue to continue for some time. The next best selling new book is undoubtedly *The Manxman*. The sale of this book is all the more remarkable when it is known that no previous novel of Hall Caine's has been more than moderately successful in the West.

The demand for the best class of novels, books of travel, and biography is much more pronounced now than formerly, and a new book by a popular author is awaited with great eagerness by the reading public.

As a result of the revival of interest in the Napoleonic era manifested by the magazines and daily papers, books dealing with that period are finding a ready sale. The recently published *Memoirs* of Meneval are perhaps more inquired for than any other recent work, but even the older works, such as Abbott's and Headley's histories, are feeling the effect of the boom.

Books on the chafing dish are always greatly in request during the winter, but this season a greater number have been sold than heretofore. A new book, *The Chafing Dish Supper*, by Mrs. Herrick, is having quite a large call for a book of this kind.

Robert Louis Stevenson's death and the wide notice given his works by the press have given quite an impetus to the sale of his more popular books. Of his earlier books, *Treasure Island* is most in demand; of those more recent, *The Ebb Tide* is selling best.

Although each year brings out a large number of really good juvenile books, yet they do not seem to affect the demand for the old favorites, such as the Alcott, Elsie, Ewing, and Coolidge books, to any extent, for they certainly more than hold their own.

James Whitcomb Riley's new book, *Armazindy*, is still selling largely, as indeed are all his books. Owing to the present deplorable dearth of really good poetry, a new book by Riley is an event that is always welcomed in the West.

The following books lead the demand in sales at present:

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

Round the Red Lamp. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.

Sweet Clover. By Clara Louise Burnham. $1.25.

Under Fire. By Captain King. $1.25.

Pembroke. By Miss Wilkins. $1.50.

Coffee and Repartee. By John Kendrick Bangs. 50 cts.

Three Weeks in Politics. By John Kendrick Bangs. 50 cts.

A Kentucky Cardinal. By J. L. Allen. $1.00.

Traveller from Altruria. By W. D. Howells. $1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Indiscretions of the Duchess. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

England in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. $2.50.

A Bachelor Maid. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. $1.25.

The Chafing Dish Supper. By Mrs. Herrick. 75 cts.

Memoirs of Napoleon I. 3 vols. By Baron Meneval. $6.00.

My Study Fire. 2d series. By Hamilton W. Mabie. $1.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

There was good business done in the leading publications, as well as in standard works. Business is now much quieter, but is improving with

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the arrival of the earlier school-book orders. Foreign and colonial trade has been steady, with no distinguishing feature worth recording.

During the Christmas week *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* was the favourite, and sold in hundreds.

There is no appreciable break in the publishing season. It seems wonderful, indeed, that early in January at least a score of new books, and many of them important ones, should be published in one day.

Among magazines two new-comers, *The Minister* and the *Windsor Magazine*, each issued at sixpence, have attracted some attention. This is indeed an age of wonderful cheap periodicals. It is a marvel how, apart from an enormous circulation, they can be produced at the price.

From the list of leading books appended it will be gathered that novels are still in favour, although other branches of literature are by no means neglected. It is evident that the present is essentially an age of readers, if not of reading.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
The God in the Car. By A. Hope. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
My Lady Rotha. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
The Treasure Island. By R. L. Stevenson. 5s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Jungle Book. By R. Kipling. 6s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between January 1 and February 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Mme. Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. $2.00. (Drallop.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
6. Literary Shop. By J. L. Ford. $1.00. (Richmond.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. $2 00. (Drallop.)
4. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. American Commonwealth. By Bryce. $4.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Napoleon, Lover and Husband. By Masson. $2.00. (Merriam.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
4. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. God in the Car. By Hope. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Vernon's Aunt. By Cotes. $1.25. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
2. Century of Charades. By Wm. Bellamy. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Dolly Dialogues. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
6. Midst of Alarms. By Robt. Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Armazindy. By J. Whitcomb Riley. $1.25. (Bowen, Merrill.)
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Round the Red Lamp. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Lord Ormont. By Meredith. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Love Songs of Childhood. By Eugene Field. $1.00. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Bachelor Maid. By Mrs. B. Harrison. $1.25. (Century Co.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

HARTFORD, CT.

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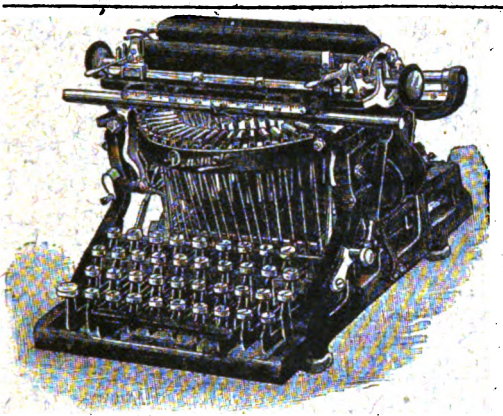
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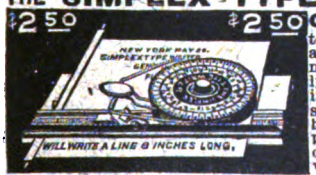
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VOL. I. MARCH, 1895. No. 2.

NEWS NOTES.

When Mrs. Burton Harrison was in England last year, she paid a memorable visit to Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. The account of her visit, which will appear in the next number of THE BOOKMAN, contains some interesting matter relating to Thackeray and *Henry Esmond*. This novel, as our readers are aware, is laid among the scenes and characters of old Virginia, peopled by that ancient and honourable English stock to which Mrs. Harrison belongs by birth.

❀

Mrs. Reginald De Koven will publish shortly her first long story through Stone and Kimball. It is spoken of as a society novel, which will create a good deal of interest, and is to bear the amusing title *A Sawdust Doll*. The same firm have in the press another society novel by Mr. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, entitled *Two Women and a Fool*. Miss Lilian Bell, who will be remembered as the author of the remarkably clever story *Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, published by the Harpers about two years ago, has written another book entitled *A Little Sister of the Wilderness*, also to be published at the Caxton Building.

❀

Professor John Fiske, who is now delivering a series of lectures in Chicago, tells us that he is hard at work on a new book dealing with the early history of Virginia, which he hopes to have ready for publication in the fall.

The World Beautiful, by Lilian Whiting, has gone into its fourth edition, and the publishers have been stimulated by this event to publish a volume of her poems.

❀

Among those minor bards who have been set rhyming by the death of Robert Louis Stevenson comes Richard Le Gallienne, with an elegy on Stevenson, prefixed to a new volume of poems which Copeland and Day will publish in conjunction with Mr. John Lane, of London.

❀

A gentleman in Boston disposed of the first volume of the *Chap-Book* the other day for $6.00, and still another sold his first number for $7.50.

❀

Mr. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, author of the *American Peeress*, and soon to be the author of *Two Women and a Fool*, has returned to Chicago after making further researches in the fashionable world—this time in Washington—which he will turn to account in another novel.

❀

M. Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is preparing a volume of critical essays on Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Leconte de Lisle, Octave Feuillet, and other writers. Mr. Bourget's *Outre Mer*, which has attracted so much attention in its newspaper form, will be published immediately in two volumes by Lemerre in Paris and by Meyer Brothers in New York.

❀

We hear that one of the features in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new magazine will be a serial story by Mr. Bret Harte.

❀

We hear that Mr. Chester Holcombe, whose book on *The Real Chinaman* is noticed in another column, has returned to China to take part, so it is reported, in the peace negotiations with Japan. It is to be hoped that he will have a happier experience than befell Mr. J. W. Foster, who was lately summoned by the Chinese Government for a similar purpose, but who soon discovered that he was wanted only to act as a sort of diplomatic stool-

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pigeon for the wary and tortuous Celestials.

❀

A correspondent who attended the Burns banquet this year, celebrated at the Holborn Restaurant, London, says it was rather amusing to find the first words of the song "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw," set down on the programme as "O a' the Arts," and "Scots wha hae" transformed into "Scots wae hae." Are there no Scotch printers in London?

❀

At the interesting meeting of the various learned societies, held at Philadelphia during the Christmas holidays, it was decided to take steps looking to the establishment of an American School for Classical Studies at Rome, on the general plan of the very successful one at Athens. The Committee then appointed have just issued a circular detailing the plans suggested for such a School, and asking for subscriptions for its establishment. It is intended to establish its headquarters in an old palace standing in attractive grounds with noble trees overlooking the city of Rome, and commanding an extensive view of the Campagna. The School would be affiliated in some ways with the American School of Architecture, opened in Rome last November, and its work would include not only the study of art and archæology (Italic, Etruscan, and Roman), but also Latin palæography and epigraphy, the Latin language and literature, and the Italic dialects (Oscan, Umbrian, and their variants). A circular giving more complete details will be sent to any one upon application to Professor A. L. Frothingham, Jr., Princeton, N. J.

❀

Mr. Zangwill's literary *causerie* of mingled humour, satire, keen observation, and worldly wise pessimism has become a rare treat to look forward to in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. "Without Prejudice," in the February number, has a delicious fling at the "zealous Scotchmen who cry 'Genius!' at the sight of a kilt, and lose their heads at a waft from the heather."

❀

A Paris newspaper says that M. Casimir-Périer intends to publish the story of his six months' Presidency in the form of a pamphlet, which he will prepare during his journey in the South. The ex-President, it is stated, has documents in his possession which are certain to produce a profound sensation.

❀

The recent rovings of Mr. William Dean Howells in the field of poetry are viewed with much interest by those who admire his prose writings, and also by those who do not. Mr. Howells' verse is imbued with the same indefinable discontent with the established order of things that has gone so far toward making his later novels unreadable. His last bit of verse is entitled *Society*, and it depicts the giddy rout as it stands revealed to the poet's clairvoyant vision, which discerns the dancers trampling upon human hearts, dashing their heels into infant faces, and staining the waxed floor of the ball-room with imperceptible blood. This seems a pity, too, but it has not yet been announced that Mr. Howells has withdrawn from society in consequence, and shut himself up hermetically in one of the flats about which he is so fond of writing.

❀

The logroller may be the darling of the author, but it would seem that the "slater" is the publisher's friend. A scathing criticism of Mr. Grant Allen's new novel, which appeared in a Sunday edition of the New York *World* on its appearance, promptly sent *The Woman Who Did* into a second edition a few days later.

❀

The interesting and apparently well-founded report comes from England that the Queen is considering a scheme for the establishment of a new Order for the recognition of literary merit. Some details of this proposed scheme are hinted at, and it is said that there are to be three grades—the first to consist of twenty-four Knights of the Grand Cross, the second of one hundred Knight Commanders, and the third of two hundred and fifty Companions. This is probably a revival of a similar plan suggested by Prince Albert not long before his death. Looked at from this distance and from a purely republican point of view, the new Order seems to be an admirable way of creating and stimulating literary jealousies One can easily imagine how,

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after the three hundred and seventy-four Knights, Knight Commanders, and Companions have been raised to their new dignity, the other stray thousands of their fellow-writers will begin to poke fun at them, and show what fearful mistakes were made in their selection. And the logrolling will become so intense that Fleet Street and Grub Street and Paternoster Row will resemble a logging camp struck by lightning.

❀

Mr. Henry Irving will then begin to clamour with renewed vivacity for an Order open to actors. He has lately been delivering one of his extraordinary addresses before the Royal Institution, in which he discussed literature, the plastic arts, and painting, and even dabbled a little in etymology, besides pouring forth a flood of bombastic declamation which is probably written for him by some penny-a-liner, and which he innocently believes to be eloquence. There are some signs that Mr. Irving, in his posing as a literary oracle, has about reached the end of his rope. In the *Saturday Review* for February 9th, a well-known critic who writes over the initials "G. B. S.," administers to Mr. Irving, *à propos* of this address, one of the most terrific castigations that we remember to have seen in recent literary history. Why will not Mr. Irving of his own accord come to his senses and recognise the very patent fact that on the stage he is a great dramatic artist, but that so soon as he mounts the lecture platform he becomes a grotesque and capering mummer who appeals only to the mirth of the unthinking and the grief of the judicious?

❀

Roberts Brothers are bringing out a life of William Ewart Gladstone, which is to be written by Henry W. Lucy. These publishers have been successful in securing the best likeness—a portrait recently taken by Mendelssohn—which we have yet seen of the honourable statesman.

❀

Mrs. William Claflin, wife of ex-Governor Claflin, of Boston, whose home has been for so long the centre of social and literary attraction, and where Whittier and Holmes frequently figured, is engaged in writing a book of personal reminiscences of famous people whom she has met. An interesting book of some value may be expected from Mrs. Claflin, as her recollections include such worthies as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, and the poets Whittier and Holmes. The probable title will be *Under the Old Elms*. Mrs. Claflin's little monograph on Whittier has been remarkably successful.

❀

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) writes that she hopes to sail from India on March 30th. She expects to be ready for much hard work on her return. Mrs. Harrison has been staying with a friend at Karachi in Sind, on the edge of the desert, "in air which seems to fill one with life and health."

❀

"I know India so well through books and through friends," she writes; "but things read and talked of and things seen are, after all, vastly different. And I find this a more wonderful, far, far more wonderful and picturesque land than I had dreamed of. I am enjoying myself greatly."

❀

Mr. Crockett is deep in engagements for stories. His arrangements for England and America carry him well within sight of the end of the century.

❀

Mr. A. P. Watt, "the great Napoleon of the realms of print," was recently asked, "What authors command the largest prices at the present moment?" "I have no difficulty in answering that," said Mr. Watt. "Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Besant, Mr. Haggard, Anthony Hope; and among the other sex, Annie Swan, Olive Schreiner, Mrs. Clifford, Mrs. Craigie, and Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet). Mr. Kipling, Dr. Doyle, Mr. Crockett, and Mr. Stanley Weyman are among the writers for whom I can get the largest prices, both here and in America."

❀

M. Léon Daudet has planned an extensive work on the social struggles of the future. It will be in three volumes. The first, which will appear in June, is to be called *The Forerunners;* the second, *The Fire-bearers*, and the third, *The City of Bread and Iron.*

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Miss Louise Imogen Guiney will soon issue her first published fiction. *Lovers, Saint Ruth's, and Three Other Idylls* is expected to meet with as wide an appreciation as her verse.

❀

Miss Alice Brown will publish a book of New England stories called *Meadow Grass*. Miss Brown's reputation in the literary world is a steadily growing one, and has been confirmed by her recent strong stories in the January *Atlantic* and in the February *Century*.

❀

"Christopher Craigie" is the pseudonym of a Harvard ex-professor, whose *Old Man's Romance* is now in the press of Copeland and Day.

❀

The director of the *Usine Génévoise de Dégrossissage a'Or* has sent to the Boston Public Library a copy of the fine medal of Count Leo Tolstoï, designed by M. Georges Hantz, a fac-simile of which appeared in our last number. It is regarded as one of the finest medals of modern times.

❀

Yet another illustrated monthly magazine is in preparation. The proprietors of *Answers* expect to publish the first number of the *London Magazine* at an early date. From what we hear, it will not publish serials, but each number will be complete in itself, as is the case with the *Strand* and the *English Illustrated*.

❀

Harry B. Robinson, whose story, *Men Born Equal*, is reviewed among our Novel Notes, is an Englishman by birth, but has been in America for the last twelve years. He started as a journalist on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, with which he was connected in the spring and summer of 1883, and many of his first efforts at fiction were published as short sketches in the columns of this paper. Mr. Robinson has written numerous articles for the magazines during late years, and is now the editor of the *Railway Age* in Chicago; but *Men Born Equal*, published by the Harpers, is his first novel.

❀

The Messrs. Scribner will publish this month a new work by Professor Boyesen entitled *Essays on Scandinavian Literature*. The same writer, it is understood, is preparing a *History of German Literature* to be written upon a novel plan, with especial reference to the connection between the literature and the social development of the people.

❀

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the favourite of Napoleon, the intimate friend of Rousseau, the precursor of Wordsworth, and the famous author of that Mauritian idyll, *Paul and Virginia*, has been received into the "Laurel Crowned Tales" emanating from the press of A. C. McClurg and Co. His merits are trumpeted forth in an introductory essay, biographical, critical, and biliographical, broken conveniently into eight sections, by Melville B. Anderson, of the Leland Stanford University, California, who also translates anew this popular story of the French Revolutionary period for American readers.

❀

In spite of Professor Anderson's spirited defence of Virginia's fatal step in the famous catastrophe where she dies rather than disrobe, there are critics whose robust sense of the eternal fitness of things will continue to find this sentimental. Augustin Birrell for one "cannot disguise" from himself his own dislike of *Paul and Virginia* when he comes to this rock of offence.

❀

This reference to the maidenly delicacy of Virginia, who sacrificed herself to a convention, recalls an analogous incident which happened to the daughter of Macklin, the famous actor, who, having made her success on the stage by appearing constantly in pieces which compelled the most liberal display of form and limbs to all the house and all the town, died of a slight injury to her knee, which she allowed to grow mortal rather than permit any doctor to look at the suffering place. It would be humouring the irony of fate if such sacrifices were to gain the homage which Professor Anderson in his introduction seems to expect of us.

❀

We hear that Mrs. Hinkson's forthcoming novel of Irish life has been christened *The Day of a Maid*. When the writer joined her in jest over the problem last December, it was suggested that *The Way of a Man with a Maid*

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would fit, and this she has evidently foreshortened. We wonder whether *The Way of a Maid* would not be better.

❀

Mr. Brander Matthews has been making a selection of his later essays, to be published in London this spring by Messrs. J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co., under the title *Books and Play-Books*. Although the volume will not contain any of his essays on speech and spelling, which might offend British readers, for whom it has been prepared, it will include a paper on the evolution of copyright, from the *Political Science Quarterly*, and that on certain parallelisms between ancient and modern drama from the Columbia College *Classical Studies in Honour of Henry Drisler*, as well as the more important of the essays printed in the second volume of Harper's "American Essayists," called *Studies of the Stage* and *Americanisms and Briticisms*.

❀

In an animated correspondence over the genesis of the dual idea in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, being conducted in the *Athenæum* by Andrew Lang and others, this bit of news comes out. "It may interest you to know," Stevenson wrote to his publisher in 1885, "that the main incident occurred in a nightmare; indigestion has its uses. I woke up, and before I went to sleep again the story was complete."

❀

"Claudius Clear," fully five years ago, happened to be writing about James Hogg's *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, and advanced the idea that in this book we have the germ of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Among many more of the same kind, he cited these two passages in evidence: "We are all subjected to two distinct natures in the same person. I myself have suffered grievously in that way." And, "Ye hae twa persons o' the same appearance, and twa tongues o' the same voice. The Deil whiles takes your own shape or else enters into you, and then you turn a deil yoursel'."

❀

Dictum overheard at the Players': "Hall Caine? Oh, he is the Wilson Barrett of literature." "And Wilson Barrett?" "He is the Hall Caine of the stage."

A very great work has just been made conveniently accessible to English readers in the translation by Annie Hamilton of the *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*, from the original German of Professor Ferdinand Gregorovius. Gregorovius was at one time Professor of History in the University of Königsberg, but becoming profoundly interested in the later history of the Eternal City, resigned his chair and went to Rome, where he spent some twenty-five years in the most patient and laborious research. The great history of the city, which he wrote to embody the results of his labors, first began to appear in 1859, and reached its fourth edition in 1886. It is a marvel of scholarship and critical ability; and is, moreover, what the work of a German professor is rarely found to be, enlivened by a picturesque and attractive style. Dr. Adams has well said that the author "thinks like a German, and writes with the clearness and the spirit of a Frenchman."

❀

The two volumes that are given in this translation cover that obscure period of the city's history when the gloom of the Dark Ages had descended upon Western Europe, and when the myriad artistic treasures of Imperial Rome were plundered and defaced by heathen and Christian alike; when the bronzes were melted down, and the priceless marbles fed to the lime-kilns; when the Forum became the grazing-place for buffaloes, and the Colosseum served as a woollen factory. It is to be hoped that the success of this translation will be such as to encourage the publishers to bring out a translation of the same author's *Wanderjahre in Italien*, which gives the narrative of his personal experience in the quarter century of his explorations.

❀

Mr. Andrew Lang is vigorously predicting the success of a novel that is to appear immediately from the press of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. It is published anonymously, with the title *The Jewel of Ynez Galon;* and though the title has a Spanish sound, the story is largely Welsh, dealing with buccaneers, buried treasure, and wild adventure, and suggesting in its general spirit both *Treasure Island* and *King Solomon's Mines*. It is, however, wholly original

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in its treatment, and contains a number of very curious things. A well-known American writer, who saw the book in manuscript last summer, confirms Mr. Lang's enthusiastic approval with his own.

❀

Mr. Lang, it will be remembered, assured the success of *King Solomon's Mines*, and incidentally established Mr. Rider Haggard's reputation by a very appreciative critique of that book in the *Saturday Review* on its first appearance. He also very early recognised Mr. Anstey's talent by a review of *Vice Versa* in the *Daily News*, at a time when that very clever skit had as yet found few readers. Mr. Lang's first impressions of a novel are apt to be rather intense; and his very picturesque account of how he first read *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is often quoted as a tribute to the power of the book. When he reached the part where the old lawyer decides to break in the door behind which the fiendish Hyde is grimacing and writhing, Mr. Lang was unable to bear it any longer, and throwing the volume down, rushed out of the room. Just why he should rush out of the room is an interesting psychological question, as he must have rushed into another room; and a non-existent person is one from whom no escape is possible. Moreover, Hyde was certainly not in room number one, and might very likely have been lurking in room number two, and so—but only a genius like Mr. Lang can follow this thing any further.

❀

Mrs. Gladwyn Jebb's *Life* of her husband, which was recently published in this country by Roberts Bros., has now passed through two editions in England. Mrs. Jebb, who still makes her home in Kensington, says that she is hard at work on a volume of Mexican stories.

❀

Mr. Theodore Wratislaw's brief, intense, and highly improper poem, in a recent number of the *Chap-Book*, makes one wish for something else from his pen just a little less burning, even though it be not wholly fit for the Young Person. The artistic finish of this poem is rare. By the way, a newspaper of this city, in reprinting it, adds another to our list of literary blunders, by transliterating the Greek title and writing it *Eros d' Agté!*

❀

A Boston poet with a very pretty turn for rhythmical prose thus characterises a well-known novelist of New York life whose sensitiveness is a proverb among his friends: "F—— reminds me of a human eyeball reposing on a gravel walk, where to remain still is impossible, and where every movement causes it exquisite agony."

❀

Professor Lanciani's two fascinating volumes on the recent excavations in Rome excited so general an interest in Roman archæology, both in England and this country, as to influence several of our universities to make permanent provision for archæological work. His many friends, and those of his charming American wife, will be glad to know that he has come out triumphantly from a cloud of misrepresentation and abuse in which the jealousy of some of his own countrymen in this country as well as in Italy enveloped him a year ago. He has lately been advanced to a full professorship in the University at Rome, and restored to his old office of director of municipal excavations. American visitors to Rome find his house always open to them with a cordial and unstinted hospitality.

❀

At the Authors' Club dinner, held in honour of Mr. Crockett recently, the guest of the evening protested that, in spite of appearances, he had not invented Galloway. He had not even created it. A gentleman had come to him the other day and said, "Your books, Mr. Crockett, have been a great delight to me. They have called up many happy recollections of my early life—in the West of Ireland!"

❀

Dr. Conan Doyle has been staying at the Hotel Belvedere, Davos Platz, a place, by the way, which is fast becoming associated with literary history. To the long list of books written or translated at Davos—a list which includes *Treasure Island* and *Ships that Pass in the Night*—must be added *Melting Snows*, to be published shortly by Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Miss Margaret Symonds, the translator of *Melting Snows* into English, still makes her home at Davos Platz, where her father died. For years the late Mr. Addington Symonds found in his daughter his most trusted literary helper. A friend who spent some weeks at Davos last December says that Miss Symonds is the idol of society there.

❀

À propos of the recently published biography of Symonds, Mr. William Sharp, in the *Academy*, relates this bit of Stevensoniana: "When he (Symonds) was visited at Davos by Robert Louis Stevenson, he asked his guest what was the dizziest height he had ever climbed to; what, in all his experience, had made him most fearful. Stevenson replied (I quote only from tradition): 'The giddiest height I ever climbed was Mount Ego. I reached the summit and looked down. I have never got over that dismal purview. I scrambled down again ignominiously, and went and idled in a sunny place, and swore that except as a sleepwalker I would never again peer over that crest.' Then, after a silence, he added significantly: 'I wouldn't advise *anybody* to do it. Some day one would overreach one's self, and topple in.' 'And then?' asked Symonds eagerly. 'Oh, then there would be the devil to pay.'"

❀

One of the choice things in the March *Century* is Mr. H. C. Bunner's protest against "Cheating at Letters." Mr. Bunner tries to work a serious vein, but his irrepressible humour is too much for him. There are touches of sarcasm in it which seem to reverberate with the thunder of the *Literary Shop*.

❀

The eleventh edition of Mr. Kidd's *Social Evolution*, in paper covers at twenty-five cents, will be a novelty in that it is a really cheap edition for the general public. We may safely predict for it an enormous sale. It is worthy of note that this edition contains the author's latest revisions and an entirely new preface not to be found in any pirated edition.

❀

D. Storrar Meldrum, author of *Margrédel*, is engaged upon a new story.

Mr. Rider Haggard's *Colonel Quaritch* has been translated into French, and is about to be published by Hachette.

❀

M. François Coppée is to spend some time at Cannes and Milan.

❀

The following strange paragraph appeared in the "Petite Chronique des Lettres" of the Paris *Figaro* of February 8th: "A former sporting editor, Mr. Lang, who has become one of the most popular professors at Oxford, has just completed a work on Positivist Philosophy, entitled *Myths and Religion*, which will shortly appear in French at Paris."

❀

The paragraph caught Mr. Andrew Lang's eye, and he straightway made humorous use of it in a *Daily News* article on "Errors." The only particle of truth in the statement was the fact that one of Mr. Lang's books is being done into French.

❀

Ibsen's *Little Eyolf* is being translated into French by Count Prozer, and is almost ready.

❀

The Impregnable City, a new novel by Max Pemberton, will be published shortly by Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. Pemberton has been a successful journalist and editor, but has recently severed his connection with *Chums* and other journalistic work to devote himself entirely to literature. He will edit a new series to be issued by Cassell and Company akin to the "pseudonym," and the first volume of the series will be a new story by Percy White, the author of *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, and editor of *Public Opinion*, entitled *A King's Diary*.

❀

Dr. Robertson Nicoll contributes a poem in *Blackwood's Magazine* upon Robert Louis Stevenson, which he calls "Home from the Hills." The theme is the returning of Stevenson's spirit to Scotland. He says:

Let the weary body lie
 Where he chose its grave,
'Neath the wide and starry sky,
 By the Southern wave;
While the island holds her trust
 And the hill keeps faith,
Through the watches that divide
 The long night of death.

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But the spirit, free from thrall,
Now goes forth of these
To its birthright, and inherits
Other lands and seas :
We shall find him when we seek him
In an older home,—
By the hills and streams of childhood
'Tis his weird to roam.

❀

Bliss Carman has also written a Threnody on Stevenson, entitled *A Seamark*. It is a little *brochure* of some twenty-four pages, handsomely printed on good paper, and is to be published by Copeland and Day, at twenty-five cents. We are permitted to quote some lines of the poem :

And there where time will set no mark
For his irrevocable rest,
Under the spacious melting dark,

With all the nomad tinted stars
About him, they have laid him down
Above the crumbling of the sea,
Beyond the turmoil of renown.

❀

No story that Mrs. Burton Harrison has yet written has brought her so many letters—many from territories in the wide West which are geographically unknown to her—as *A Merry Maid of Arcady*, published in the February *Harper's*. Though Mrs. Harrison enjoys writing the novels of American social life which began with *The Anglomaniacs*, she still has a hankering affection for the first loves of her literary life, *The Belhaven Tales*—which, like the first work of most authors, received much of her own experience—and the *Flower de Hundred*, which is the most accurate and authentic picture of the old South that has yet been published.

❀

Mrs. Harrison inclines to the idyllic sweetness and vague charm of certain authors, and as these are the inherent qualities of her early books, this may account for her partiality to these stories and for her literary passions. When she read *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter*, by Walter Raymond, she was one of those who hailed him as another Thomas Hardy, "without a smut upon him." *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* was sent to her by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and both Mr. and Mrs. Harrison have been delighted with it, especially after spending so many months last summer in the Scottish Highlands.

Scotland has fairly captured Mrs. Harrison's imagination, and it will not be long before we have a novel from her which will draw its inspiration from the kilt and the heather. Mrs. Harrison's second son accompanied his mother on her trip last year, and a series of bright, readable sketches on the famous Bens which he climbed and the fish he angled has been appearing in the pages of the Yale *Lit.* An older son, Mr. Fairfax Harrison, who is a lawyer, is a frequent reviewer in the *Critic*, where he may be easily recognised by his fresh, unhackneyed style.

❀

The influence of the daily press in literary affairs has been demonstrated recently in a very direct manner. A friend of ours tells us that a few weeks ago, when she called at an uptown branch of the New York Circulating Library for a copy of Mr. Kidd's *Social Evolution*, there were fifty-one applicants ahead of her. The librarian told her that a few weeks previous they had seventeen copies lying on the shelf without demand ; but on the same day that a lengthy review appeared in one of the New York dailies the demand set in, and has continued since then, with a long roll of names in arrears. This would also seem to show that the book trade does not suffer so much from a dearth of book-readers as from a lack of book-buyers.

❀

It is, we believe, an open secret that the lady to whom Mr. William Heinemann's little play, produced at the Independent Theatre, London, and now published in book form, is dedicated, is Miss Elizabeth Robins of Ibsen fame.

❀

Mr. Anthony Hope's new serial, shortly to commence publication in the *Idler*, has been pronounced by two or three most competent judges and editors to be the best story for serial purposes which has been written for four or five years.

❀

In response to a general demand from booksellers and others, Dodd, Mead and Company have decided to publish an American *Book Prices Current*, which will correspond with the English publication bearing this name. It will be uniform with Mr. Stock's Annual, and

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will date from the beginning of the present year.

❀

Professor James Schouler, of Boston, has so far revised and rewritten the first two volumes of his *History of the United States under the Constitution* as to necessitate the making of new plates. The remaining volumes have also been revised preparatory to printing a new edition of this popular work, which will be issued in April, with the addition of maps. Professor Schouler's final volume on the Civil War, completing his original plan, is now in active preparation.

❀

Rudyard Kipling's somewhat saturnine reputation in Brattleboro society is offset by the description of one who saw him at a little hotel in Gloucester last summer. There he showed himself most modest, ingenuous and companionable. He read some unpublished jungle stories to the guests, and not only entertained, but gave himself up agreeably to entertainment. He was especially pleased by the performances in negro dialect of a Southern girl. One song, an almost incommunicable jargon, he got her to repeat ; and the next day, when every one else had quite forgotten it, he surprised the company by singing the ditty from beginning to end with a sly twinkle and the drollest imitation.

❀

Here is a story he told of himself : "One day I was sitting in my bachelor study in London when suddenly a gentleman appeared at the door unannounced, followed by two young ladies. 'Is this Rudyard Kipling?' inquired the gentleman. 'Yes,' I answered. I turned round. 'Girls, this is Rudyard Kipling.' 'And is this where you write?' he continued. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Girls, this is where he writes.' And before I had time to offer them tea," said Mr. Kipling, "they were gone, girls and all. I suppose they had all literary London to do in that way."

❀

"I confess a certain contempt," says George Saintsbury in his recently published *Corrected Impressions*, "for any one who cannot get excited over print and paper." Quotation has its uses, and in the present instance enables us to boldly lay ourselves open to the charge of ex-



GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

uberance of feeling at the sight and touch of Mr. Mosher's fastidious reprints of poetry and prose to be issued monthly as *The Bibelot*. Mr. Mosher's laudable plan is to garner in the hidden corners of scarce editions for those rare exotics of literature which do not find a wide or ready audience, and to present them to book-lovers in an elegance of artistic setting which shall more widely extend the love of their exquisite literary form. The January and February numbers contain *Lyrics* from William Blake and *Ballades* from François Villon. The March issue will comprise *Mediæval* (*Latin*) *Students' Songs*. Fifty cents will secure the numbers for 1895.

❀

A story which, if it be not absolutely *vero*, is at any rate sufficiently characteristic to be considered *ben trovato*, is now going the round of the clubs at the expense of a well-known poet and critic, who is not so hypercritical as to be unable to appreciate his own distinguished services to literature. It appears that the Poet, in the company of Mr. H. C. Bunner, Mr. Laurence Hutton, and Mr. Frank Stockton, having visited the play, dropped in at Del-

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monico's for a light repast. The only tables left unoccupied in the café were those intended for two persons ; but the Poet observed that two young men were seated at one of the tables meant for four, and going up to them, he asked whether they would be willing to take one of the smaller tables and let him and his friends have theirs, a request to which they very politely acceded.

❀

From the casual remarks dropped by the two young men during the next half hour and overheard by the *partie carrée*, it was discovered that they were Harvard undergraduates down from Cambridge for a day or two. Coffee and cigars having now been reached, the Poet in the goodness of his heart, and having in mind the courtesy of the young men, thought to himself what a kindly act it would be to let them know how distinguished a group they had accommodated. It would be an experience memorable in their life history, something to tell their grandchildren about in after years. So going over to the contiguous table, he invited the amiable youths to join his party and finish their coffee in his company.

"And it gives me great pleasure to introduce ourselves," he remarked in his most genial manner. "I am Mr. So-and-so, and this is my friend, Mr. Bunner, the editor of *Puck*. This is Mr. Laurence Hutton, and this is Mr. Frank Stockton."

A faint and inscrutable smile stole over the faces of the ingenuous youths. Then one of them slapped the Poet on the back.

"My dear fellow," he said, "*so* glad to know you all. And it gives me great pleasure to make ourselves known to you. I myself am Kaiser Wilhelm ; and this," touching his companion lightly with a cheese-stick—"this is my friend, Fürst Bismarck !"

❀

Mr. R. H. Sherard is writing an authorised Life of Madame Sara Bernhardt. By his lives of Zola and Daudet, Mr. Sherard has already proved himself a successful biographer, and the work on which he is now engaged in Paris promises to be exceptionally interesting. It may not be generally known that Mr. Sherard is a great-grandson of William Wordsworth.

We hear, on authority that should be good, that a contribution from Mr. George Meredith may shortly be expected within the boards of the *Yellow Book*.

❀

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher promises an edition of *Homeward Songs by the Way*, by A. E., which was recently issued by "Whaley, Dublin"—said to be the most mysterious publishing house in the British Isles. The poems will be printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper, and bound in Japan vellum in the style of the Bibelot Series ; and the decorative work will be done by a young Western designer who still remains incognito.

❀

Vanity, the new weekly record of society life, has been conceived by Mr. Nugent Robertson for the purpose of proving that a bright, up-to-date society organ can be successful without the aid of scurrilous innuendo and tea-cup scandal. We do not envy Mr. Robertson his attempted Herculean task to cleanse the Augean stable of the society press. The paper as it has appeared so far is timely and fresh in its reviews of the new books of the week, of the drama, and of music and the arts. While it is doing well to keep all uncleanness out of its gossipy pages, it must look to it that they do not suffer from lack of vivacity and sparkle. Meat is wholesome, but the palate craves a certain quantum of mustard and piquant sauce to give it relish.

❀

We have the best reasons for stating that Mr. Andrew Lang's new book, *A Monk of Fife*, will reveal an entirely new phase of the writer's powers. The opening chapters in the *Monthly Packet* are full of vigour and historical imagination, and may well make some of our younger romanticists look to their laurels. Mr. Lang has chosen the period concerned with Joan of Arc ; a period which he has made particularly his own. The opening of the story is powerful and original, and the demon monk, Noirofle, both historical and dramatic.

❀

It has been ascertained that Miss Christina Rossetti has left no manuscripts behind her, nor has she retained letters written to her. She was evidently in the habit of destroying them when

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read. Among her books have been found a good many copies of a very scarce little pamphlet containing a poem by her sister, Maria Francesca Rossetti. It was thought that only two or three copies of this booklet, which was issued at the same time as Christina Rossetti's privately printed verses, were in existence.

❀

Mr. George Gissing's new novel, *Eve's Ransom*, will, on its completion in the *Illustrated London News*, where it is running serially, be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

❀

We have it on good authority that the leading characters of *The Woman Who Did* are founded on distinguished personages who figure prominently in English society.

❀

Notwithstanding that certain magazines are said to be "down on low life," a few intrepid writers have invaded the press with picturesque sketches drawn at first hand from the life of the "great East Side," and have met with unwonted success. What Mr. Townsend, in his burlesques of the Bowery and Chimmie Fadden, has done for New York, Mr. Nevinson, in his *Slum Stories*, has accomplished in a more serious fashion for Shadwell and Mile End in London. Yet another and more powerful writer of the East has arisen in Mr. Arthur Morrison, whose *Tales of Mean Streets* in London has just met with the disapprobation of Messrs. Smith and Mudie's Libraries, and is probably, for that reason, the most-talked-of book of the hour. Roberts Brothers will bring out an American edition toward the end of the month.

❀

Mr. Morrison is a young man of thirty-one, whose literary experience has been a happy one. For some years he was secretary to an old Charity Trust whose operations caused his residence and employment among the meanest districts of East London. There he gathered material for the sketches which have appeared from time to time in the *National Observer*, the first and introductory chapter having been published in *Macmillan's Magazine* October, 1891, entitled "A Street."

When Mr. Morrison severed his connection with the Charity Commission five years ago, he joined the staff of a well-known paper in London, but soon grew tired of journalistic routine, and set himself to do leisurely the work he felt he was best fitted to do. His detective stories have recently been collected and published under the title *Martin Hewitt, Investigator*, and the series is being continued as "The Chronicles of Martin Hewitt," in the new *Windsor Magazine*. Mr. Morrison is at present thinking of writing a novel of East London, and has also a new "Tale of a Mean Street" nearly ready.



ARTHUR MORRISON.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of journalistic enterprise would seem to be reached by Mr. Bok in a forthcoming attempt to settle the nice shades of meaning that differentiate the word "woman" from the word "lady," which is to be discussed—more's the pity—by three eminent American writers, Margaret Deland, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mrs. Burton Harrison. We presume this will be followed by an analysis of the words "man" and "gentleman" by three male authors, whose names will also lend weight to this atrocious trifling with the ends of literature.

❀

We learn, as we go to press from a friend in England, that a complete manuscript volume, entitled *Letters to a Boy of Twelve*, has been discovered among the unpublished manuscripts of Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THE OTHER ONE.

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair ;
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair,
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none ;
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sleet of the winter storm ?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
But deep is the drifting snow to-night,
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine ;
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine ;
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,
Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
Sorrow comes to us all, I know ;
Better perhaps for her to stay
Under the drifting robe of snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done ;
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one !

Harry Thurston Peck.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. JOHN DAVIDSON,

AUTHOR OF "FLEET-STREET ECLOGUES," "BALLADS AND SONGS," ETC.

Mr. John Davidson, whose *Ballads and Songs*, published by Mr. John Lane in England and by Copeland and Day in America, may be described without exaggeration as the poems of the hour, was born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, Scotland, on the 11th of April, 1857. His father was an Evangelical Union minister, and his mother was the daughter of the parish schoolmaster at Elgin. His early childhood was spent in Glasgow, where his father was for two years colleague to Dr. James Morison. At the age of fifteen he became a pupil teacher at Greenock, and till 1889 he was engaged in teaching in various Scottish towns. In 1890 he came to London and embarked on a literary career.

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Although only thirty-seven, Mr. Davidson has already written ten books. Besides his *Plays*, I may mention *Perfervid*, which had a curious history. It was written at Crieff, and under the title *Like Father, like Son*, went the round of the publishers. It was returned with the remark that the title was already copyrighted. Mr. Davidson next called it *Bred in the Bone*, and sent it on a second wandering, only to be reminded that Mr. James Payn had written a novel of that name. "In despair," he remarked, "I fixed on the utterly impossible title of *Perfervid*, and one consequence is that the book has never had a large sale."

To return to the list of Mr. Davidson's writings, his first real success was achieved in 1893, when he published *Fleet-street Eclogues*. He told me how this volume originated.

"When I was a teacher in Scotland, I had the idea of writing a kind of teacher's calendar on the plan of the old Shepherd's Calendar, but this idea was never carried out. When my father died, however, among the books that came into my possession was a copy of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. As I read it the old idea revived, but I was in London now, and the journalists of Fleet-street seemed closer friends than the teachers of my younger days. So I wrote a journalist's calendar, under the title of *Fleet-street Eclogues*, and every morning, before sitting down to my desk, I read a chapter of Gibbon."

A Random Itinerary is another well-known work. It gives a series of travel sketches. Mr. Davidson travels round London as Xavier de Maistre travelled round his room, noting everything with the discriminating eye of the poet. As far as mere distance goes, his travels are all before him. When I asked him about the scenery which has entered most deeply into his poetry, he named the district of the Ochills, where as a boy he used to spend his summer holidays, and the scenery of the Firth of Clyde. "When I am alone and not preoccupied, the sweep of the coast between Helensburgh and the entrance to Loch Long comes before me, and however far I may travel in the future, no other coast can be so deeply graven on my memory."

Mr. Davidson knows parts of England very intimately, such as the Chilterns and the old Cinque Ports. Readers will remember his beautiful poem, *A Cinque Port*, which expresses so well that spirit of melancholy which broods over towns like Rye and Winchelsea, which now, with the salt wind murmuring through their streets, remember long-departed glories, and "Await the end that shall betide." The most careless traveller, as he climbs the streets of Rye on an autumn evening, must have felt this burden of the past; but no one has expressed the feeling so well as Mr. Davidson.

In reading *Ballads and Songs*, nothing impressed me more than the evident influence of Goethe, an influence, however, which nowhere obscures the strong individuality of the poems. I was much interested to learn from Mr. Davidson that Goethe has long been one of his favourite writers. He does not read German, but in translations he made himself familiar years ago with the work of the greatest of modern poets. Carlyle, who with Scott and Shakespeare was the author he studied most deeply in boyhood, showed him the way into the world of German poetry.

"The later writers," said Mr. Davidson, "whom I have read most are Tennyson, and, recently, Ibsen. I don't mean that you could trace Ibsen in my work, but he has certainly had a considerable influence on my thought. It would be well worth while to study Norwegian in order to read him in the original. Swedish, too, I should much like to learn, for the writings of Strindberg and Ola Hansson can hardly be appreciated in English. By the way, I may mention that Ola Hansson's wonderful book, *Young Ofeg's Ditties*, has been translated by George Egerton, and will shortly be published by Mr. Lane."

I asked Mr. Davidson whether he considered London a good home for a poet.

"Better than any town in Britain," he replied. "I at least can work quite as well in London as in the country. If I can get a quiet room, no matter how near the city's roar, I can work steadily for two or three hours every morning."

We spoke next of the poetry which is not only written in London, but has London for its subject. There are poems in Mr. Davidson's new book, as well as many passages in the *Itinerary*, which show how he has been caught by the fascination of the city. There is no one whom Londoners would welcome more

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gladly than a poet who could transfigure the scenes and incidents of their common life, and such a poet they have in Mr. Davidson. Whether he stands on Primrose Hill, showing how, far off in the sunlit distance,

> "Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
> Afloat upon ethereal tides,
> St. Paul's above the city rides,"

or strolls down the noisy main street of Aldgate, crowded with waggons and choked with passengers, he is always able to see how above dim London,

> "Close as a roof and like a jasper stone,
> Lit by the Lamp of God,"

there hangs a new and more wonderful city, the creation of a poet's fancy.

Although Mr. Davidson published four books last year—*A Random Itinerary*, his collected *Plays*, *Baptist Lake*, a novel issued by Ward and Downey, and the *Ballads and Songs*—he has no idea of taking a rest from work. On the contrary, the appreciation of the public, which is making up in cordiality for a tardiness of which Mr. Davidson does not complain, has encouraged him to new and more important efforts. This year he hopes to give us further ballads and eclogues.

"Do you think," I asked, "that 'booming' does an author much good?"

"Yes, I think it does from the commercial standpoint. People need to have their eyes opened to new writers."

"May I ask if any one has a right to claim that he 'discovered' you?"

"Well, no," said Mr. Davidson, with a smile, "I 'discovered' myself; but I may say that I have never met a more sympathetic and appreciative man than Mr. Grant Allen. He has an open mind for everything new, and does not, like some critics, keep back his kind words till an author no longer requires them."

Mr. Davidson did not conceal from me that he had found his four years in London something of a battle. "When I first came to town," he said, "I tried every kind of pot-boiling, without being able to realise a sufficient income. My mainstay was reviewing, and my chief source of income the *Speaker*. Sir Wemyss Reid gave me my first chance in London."

The reception of *Ballads and Songs* is proof sufficient that brighter days are in store for Mr. Davidson. Until lately, he was the idolised poet of a small and select coterie; now, by one of the sudden turns of fortune's wheel, he has become one of the most popular and most fashionable of our younger poets.

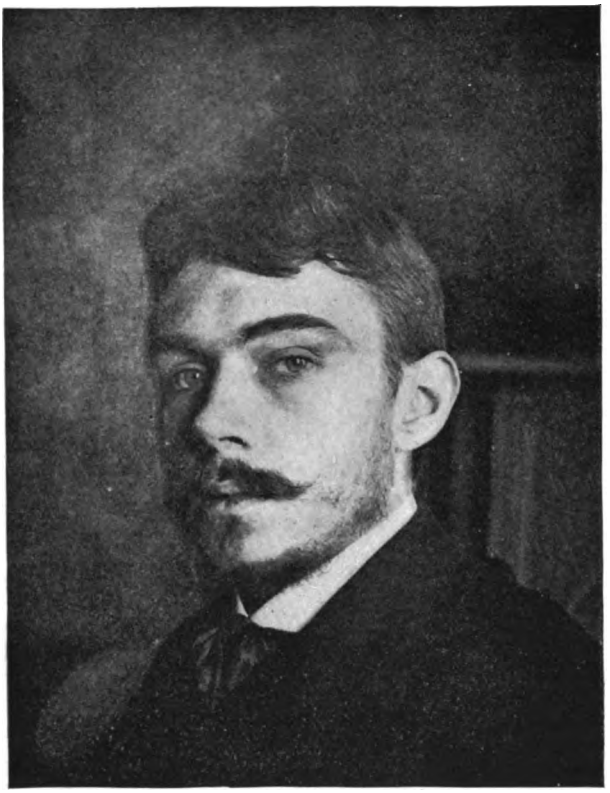
Jane T. Stoddart.

THE EDITOR OF "THE YELLOW BOOK."

The great amount of criticism of all kinds called forth by that unique publication, *The Yellow Book*, has led many residents of New York to brush up their recollections of its editor, Mr. Henry Harland, who now for some years has expatriated himself and become a confirmed Londoner.

Henry Harland, the literary editor of *The Yellow Book*, was born in this city just thirty-four years ago. He was graduated from the College of the City of New York, and subsequently went to Harvard, where, however, he did not remain to take a degree. He afterward set out on a pleasure trip through Southern Europe, and spent a winter in Rome. From 1883 to 1886 he was in the office of the Surrogate, where his literary career was really begun. He was then living at his father's house in Beekman Place. During this time he had formed a definite literary plan, which his hours at the office did not allow him the necessary leisure to carry out. It was, accordingly, his daily habit, pursued through all one winter with the utmost conscientiousness, to go to bed and to sleep immediately after dinner; at two o'clock in the morning he rose, and, fortified with black coffee, he then wrote undisturbed until it was time for breakfast, preceding his start down-town to his labours in the Surrogate's office. The fruit of his winter's work, in which there is not even a remote suspicion either of pre-prandial

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Yours always sincerely
H. Harland

coffee or of midnight oil, was his first novel, *As It Was Written*, a story of Jewish life in New York, published in 1885. This and others of his first books appeared under the pseudonym of "Sidney Luska," a name that he only gradually sloughed off for his own legitimate appellation, which, in point of fact, is apparently of the two the real *nom de guerre*.

The subjects of his subsequent stories, *Mrs. Peixada* (1886)—in which year he left the Surrogate's office to devote himself wholly to literature—*The Yoke of the Thorah* (1887), *My Uncle Florimond*, and *Mr. Sonnenschein's Inheritance*, both in 1888, were, like his first novel, taken from Jewish life, and, like it, they were all characterised by a refreshing newness of material and novelty of treatment. Harland well recognised at this time that he had opened up a new vein, and he consciously worked it. He was led, however, to the choice of subject by his own personal predilections. He had many friends among the Jews, and he had a sincere admiration—or asserted that he had—for the Jewish character. At any rate, Jewish life in all this early work has never been more sympathetically treated. This is even the case in *The Yoke of the Thorah*, which evoked some protest on the part of the Jews themselves, who called upon Harland to vindicate his position, as he did in a public address in one of the city synagogues.

This first subject, however, was never more than a passing phase that has not since been recurred to. *Grandison Mather*, published in 1889, in which year he went to Europe, is largely autobiographical. This was followed, the same year, by *A Latin Quarter Courtship*; the succeeding year by *Two Women or One?* and *Two Voices*; in 1891 by *Mea Culpa*; in 1893 by *Mademoiselle Miss*, a collection of short stories. Since 1889 he has not been in America, but has oscillated between Paris and London, where his real residence is, in Cromwell Road.

Henry Harland's own work on *The Yellow Book* has been altogether on a higher plane than that of his contributors, whose selection in many cases is entirely inscrutable. When all is said, whether to its advantage or disadvantage be here apart, *The Yellow Book* has undoubtedly attracted attention. Whatever Aubrey Beardsley may or may not be considered to have done for it in an artistic way, Harland has undeniably given it by his editorship a by no means insignificant literary place.

William H. Carpenter.

NOTE.—This portrait is reproduced from a plate made for the new edition of the Library of American Literature, by courtesy of William Evarts Benjamin.

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THE FRENCH SYMBOLISTS.

I.

It may be seriously questioned whether great poetry is ever found in any school of poetry. When France produced her great lyric singers she knew of no such school. Sturdily independent were Lamartine, Béranger, Alfred de Musset; and although the Romantic poets who followed the lead of Victor Hugo were so dazzled by his genius as to conceive of no beauty save in imitation of him, they can hardly be considered to have formed a school; and, moreover, from their midst nothing great came save the works of the great master who stood at their head and out of their circle because so far above them. But as soon as the great masters disappeared or began to rest, schools began to appear—that is, rules began to be laid down, the strict observance of which, more than the sincere and powerful expression of internal emotion, came to be considered, by a small circle at least, the stamp by which a work of art was recognised.

Le Parnasse—this was the not overmodest name given to their group by the men who tried to create a new poetical code by turning into imperative laws some of Hugo's spontaneous practices. The "sonorous echo" which Hugo claimed his soul to be had little attraction for them. The fulness of his rhymes, the abruptness of the rhythm in some of his stanzas, the dazzling *éclat* of some of his words, the rich coloring and the sharp outline of his metaphors they admired above all, and were determined to reproduce in their own works. Already Leconte de Lisle and Théophile Gautier, one with the fervour of an apostle, the other with the cool head of a pleasure-loving sceptic, had shown them what could be achieved in that direction. They followed, hardly ever equalling them, these masters of patiently constructed verse. With them the poet's study became a regular workshop; they toiled with hammer and chisel; they knew how to hew, and carve, and polish marbles and stones of all descriptions, and their hand acquired such skill as to enable them to find a snug corner for chips of every possible size and shape. And all this was done without in the least relaxing the severity of the old rules of French poetry. To sum it up in a phrase which is familiar to all students of French art theories, the Parnasse was the school of *la difficulté vaincue*. The *Parnassiens* went so far that one of their youngest disciples, in 1866, openly declared war against . . . inspiration!



PAUL VERLAINE AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX.

Oh! l'Inspiration superbe et souveraine,
L'Egérie aux regards lumineux et profonds,
Le Genium commode et l'Erato soudaine,
L'Ange des vieux tableaux avec des ors au fond!

* * * * *

Ce qu'il nous faut à nous, les Suprêmes Poètes
Qui vénérons les Dieux et qui n'y croyons pas,
A nous dont nul rayon n'auréola les têtes,
Dont nulle Béatrix n'a dirigé les pas,

A nous qui ciselons les mots comme des coupes,
Et qui faisons des vers émus très froidement,
A nous qu'on ne voit point aller jamais par groupes
Harmonieux, au bord des lacs et nous pâmant,

Ce qu'il nous faut à nous, c'est, aux lueurs des lampes,
La science conquise et le sommeil dompté,
C'est le front dans les mains du vieux Faust des estampes,
C'est l'Obstination et c'est la Volonté!

* * * * *

Libre à nos inspirés, cœurs qu'une œillade enflamme,
D'abandonner leur être au vent, comme un bouleau,
Pauvres gens! l'Art n'est pas d'éparpiller son âme;
Est-elle en marbre ou non, la Vénus de Milo?

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Strange to say, the young poet who sang these lines was soon to be hailed as the leader of an uncompromising reaction against the Parnasse; he was to glory in the name (was it not a nickname at first?) of *décadent;* and more perhaps than any French poet of our time he has since then *éparpillé son âme.* He was then only twenty-two years of age; he is now past fifty. His name is Paul Verlaine.



PAUL VERLAINE: SKETCH BY HIMSELF.

This transformation, however, was not a sudden one. There are two very distinct periods in Verlaine's poetical career, and they are separated from each other by a long interval. During the first period he is simply a very clever and very brilliant *parnassien.* In his *Poèmes Saturniens* (1865), in his *Fêtes Galantes* (1869), in *La Bonne Chanson* (1870) no sign can be detected of any revolutionary purpose. All the rules of French versification are strictly obeyed, and as much attention is paid to the quality of rhymes as in the poems of even Théodore de Banville. The poet thus far had remained true to his first utterances; his lines were the productions not of spontaneous overflowing emotion, but of patient labour. The labour, moreover, was not unrewarded. No lover of French poetry could fail to discover real music in several of the songs of *La Bonne Chanson,* for instance. Already Verlaine made charming use of the decasyllabic metre, so admirably handled by Alfred de Musset in his *Conseils à une Parisienne,* in which poem, however, the poet of the *Nuits,* afraid, as it were, of his own boldness, intermingled pentasyllabics with his decasyllabics. Verlaine moves one step further, and merrily sings:

L'hiver a cessé; la lumière est tiède
Et danse, du sol au firmament clair.
Il faut que le cœur le plus triste cède
A l'immense joie éparse dans l'air.

Between *La Bonne Chanson* and *Sagesse* eleven years elapsed. The Verlaine of *Sagesse* is, to all appearances, a new man and a new poet. He has suffered, sinned, repented, fallen again, and begun a strange series of oscillations between God and Satan. Several years have been spent by him in a pious retreat at the "Chartreuse" of Montreuil-sur-mer; he has acquired the habit of introspection. Language he now values, not as some plastic material out of which to carve any shape that may suit his fancy, but simply for the expression of his joys and sorrows, of his hopes and terrors. No man ever more conscientiously burned what he had worshipped and worshipped that which he had formerly destroyed. The painstaking industry of the versifier he despises no less than he hates the light-hearted scoffing of his former utterances. In his revolt against the set rules which might interfere with the free expression of his various moods, he goes so far as to reject even the rhyme which Banville, the law-maker of the *Parnasse Contemporain,* had declared to be the generating element of French verse. All lovers of poetry in France now repeat his famous tercets:

O mon Dieu, vous m'avez blessé d'amour,
Et la blessure est encore vibrante,
O mon Dieu, vous m'avez blessé d'amour.

Voici mon front, qui n'a pu que rougir,
Pour l'escabeau de vos pieds adorables,
Voici mon front qui n'a pu que rougir.

Voici mes mains, qui n'ont pas travaillé,
Pour les charbons ardents et l'encens rare,
Voici mes mains qui n'ont pas travaillé.

* * * * *

Dieu de terreur et Dieu de sainteté,
Hélas! ce noir abîme de mon crime,
Dieu de terreur et Dieu de sainteté.

Vous, Dieu de paix, de joie et de bonheur,
Toutes mes peurs, toutes mes ignorances,
Vous, Dieu de paix, de joie et de bonheur

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Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela,
Et que je suis plus pauvre que personne,
Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela.

Mais ce que j'ai, mon Dieu, je vous le donne.

It happened, when Verlaine published *Sagesse*, in 1881, that a number of young men were trying to break away from the old restraints of French poetry. They were first and last individualists. They would submit to no rule ; and as many a line, many a stanza in *Sagesse* was full of combinations which Boileau and Banville—far as they are from each other in their theories—would have agreed in condemning as unpardonable sins, these young poets united in greeting Verlaine as their chief and idol. One point, however, they overlooked, though of the greatest importance. All their labours had for their objects the discovery of new poetical forms, of new modes of expression, while Verlaine simply sought to relieve his heart, whether in its sorrowful or happy moods, of a load of emotion which he could not retain within. They are not without their excuse, since Verlaine himself indeed welcomed them, and wanted to become their spokesman and sponsor before the public.

They were all young save one, whom perhaps at heart they admired a great deal more than they did Verlaine ; a poet whose verse was a good deal more formless than anything in *Sagesse*, whose utterances had nothing of the clearness of



PAUL VERLAINE AT HOME. (BY VANIER.)

Verlaine, whose poems and manifestoes were at times—for the public at large at least—strings of unintelligible riddles. We refer to Stéphane Mallarmé, whose *Après-midi d'un Faune* and *Petite Philologie* had been published in 1877 and 1878, and who had just edited Beckford's *Vathek*.

It is just about that time that a hostile critic taunted them with being nothing but poets of decay, and that they took up the name of *décadents*, flung at them as an insult, insisting on making it a glorious title, claiming that *décadence* is simply a more advanced form of civilisation. In this they showed the influence of Charles Baudelaire, which was beginning to act powerfully upon them, and to which Verlaine himself soon after submitted.

Adolphe Cohn.

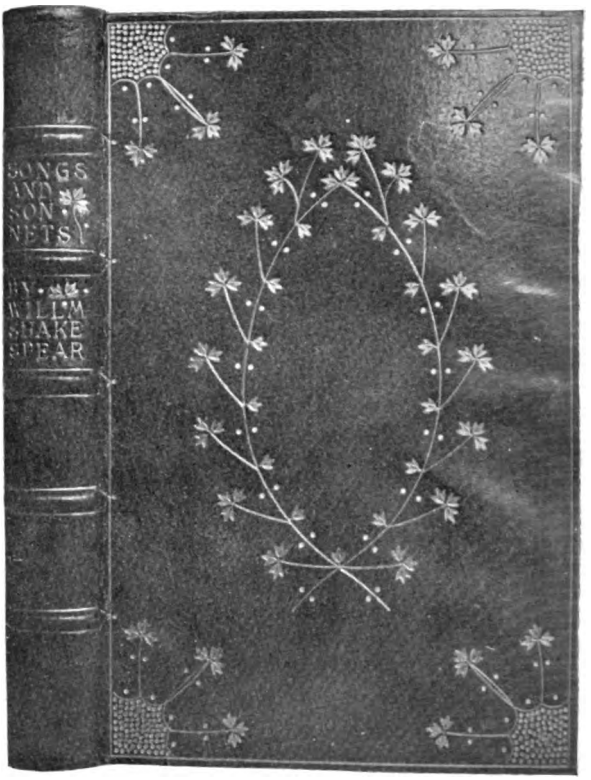
THE FIRST EXHIBIT OF THE CAXTON CLUB OF CHICAGO.

The notable feature of the exhibition of book-bindings at Chicago, conducted under the auspices of the Caxton Club, is the modern section—the *fin de siècle* bindings. The Committee on Selection undoubtedly had a hard task to decide what should be left out without giving offence to would-be exhibitors, many of whom would consider any book dressed in leather as a fine binding. Do the best it could, there was still a preponderance of Zaehnsdorfs and Ringers. There are some very creditable specimens of Zaehnsdorf, however, among which should be mentioned a Shelley's *Prometheus* in green morocco, with an elaborate border of mitred fillets and curves, and doublé with tasteful floriation ; and a Kelmscott Keats in a rich *fanfare* design. The best example by Mr. Ringer is undoubtedly a copy of *Etching and Etchers* in green moroc-

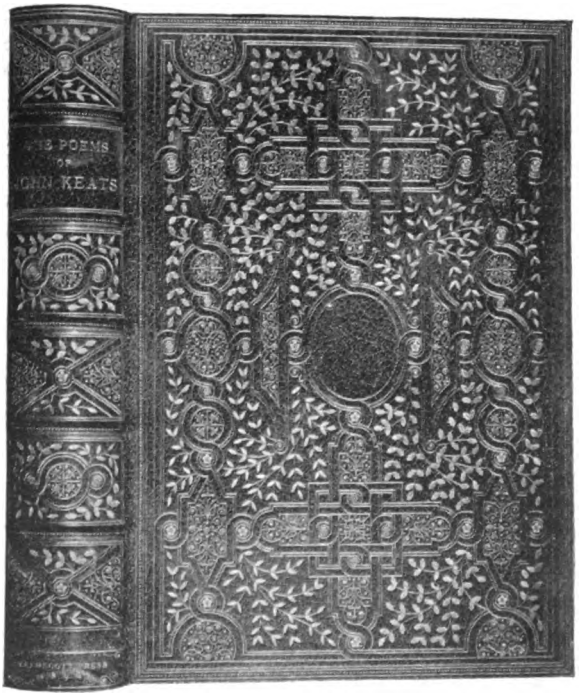
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co, with *dentelle* borders and inlays in the manner, but hardly with all the grace and symmetry of Derome. There is also a goodly sprinkling of examples by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson and the Doves Bindery. A copy of Rossetti's *Germ* is in his early manner; a Ruskin's *Two Paths*, in brown morocco, and a *Prometheus* (Shelley) in green are in his best style. A dainty bit of symbolic decoration is displayed on a little book of selections, *Sayings of Our Lord Jesus Christ*, from the Doves Bindery. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson affects certain shades of green, which are the delight of the ladies, but they can hardly prove lasting in brilliancy with long exposure to Chicago atmosphere.

Aside from the interest of the exhibit centred on bindings, there are many notable specimens of Americana included, several of which in uncut condition are thought to be unique. A number of illuminated manuscripts and missals claim attention—an *Al Koran*, done at Constantinople about the middle of the seventeenth century, in stamped Oriental binding; and another manuscript of much earlier date in old worn brocade and silver covers, making one wish that glass doors did not stand in the way of a more intimate acquaintance.



BOUND IN LIGHT OLIVE GREEN MOROCCO BY T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON.



KELMSCOTT KEATS. BOUND IN DARK GREEN MOROCCO BY ZAEHNSDORF.

Mr. Kemeys, the sculptor, figures as an author and book-binder in this exhibition. His Indian legend of *Little Panther* is engrossed by himself on vellum, with Indian ornaments, and the binding is unique. The covers, of morocco, are inlaid with large copper electros, made direct from his own models, the figures in relief being bold and striking.

In the historical section there are an original Grolier, several Le Gascons, and Deromes, Padeloups, and Simiers, Trautz-Bauzonnets, and others bearing the arms of the several French Louis and their queens and other royal ladies.

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IAN MACLAREN AT HOME.

AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."



IAN MACLAREN (REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A.).

It was in a suburban Surrey book-room that one evening in the October of 1894 I received from the editor of a great daily journal a parcel of literature to be tasted and testified upon for the enlightenment—or otherwise—of those readers by whom the literary verdicts of the journal in question were regarded as words of authority. It was a somewhat miscellaneous parcel, though fiction of various kinds was the predominating constituent; so being in a mood for work with a minimum of irksomeness, and being acquainted with the fact that short stories are at any rate less fatiguing than long ones, I chose from the little heap the one volume which seemed to contain food convenient for me. It was called *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, which seemed a pretty though not specially appetising title; and Ian Maclaren, the name of the auctorial Bushman, had no associations whatsoever; but the book was evidently broken up into compassable portions, and therefore, in that lazy hour, it was clearly the book for me.

So I began my reading, calmly and indifferently enough, and soon a strange thing happened. It is a matter of common experience that sympathetic tears and laughter do not come easily in loneliness—they come less easily, in fact, than in the presence of even a silent companion—and it was therefore not an everyday experience when, after half an hour with *The Bonnie Brier Bush*, I heard the silence broken by my own audible chuckles; and, oftener still, had to stop that I might get rid of thick-coming tears or to catch a quick breath when my chest rose and fell spasmodically, and the lump came in my throat. How many times I broke down utterly during the reading of those three hundred pages I shall never be able to say. One thing, however, I can say—and I say it as one who has been reading and reviewing fiction for a quarter of a century, and who ought by this time to be case-hardened—that never during all those years have I read a book which moved me so constantly and profoundly as I was moved on that October evening during three hours or thereabouts spent in the vicinage of the bonnie brier bush.

A series of perfectly natural but then wholly unforeseen occurrences, too trivial for narration, had this outcome—that in less than a month I found myself in Liverpool, sitting face to face with Ian Maclaren, who, in the interval, had been revealed to the world as the Rev. John Watson, of the English Presbyterian Church, Sefton Park. Concerning a

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great personage in the world of letters with whom I had some slight acquaintance I was once asked—it is needless to say that it was a lady questioner—"Does he look literary?" Now this is a very difficult question to answer, because a literary look, save in extreme cases—like that of Lord Tennyson, for example—is not always readily recognisable; but were I pinned down to a definite statement in this particular instance, I think I should say that Mr. Watson does *not* look literary. But he looked something else which was perhaps equally to the purpose. Tall, strongly built, with cleanly carved, decisive features, and the steady, alert eyes which testify to a firm will and a perfectly poised nervous organisation, Mr. Watson struck me at once as being one of those born leaders and helpers to whom a man or woman in what is colloquially called "a tight place" might go with a sure expectation of receiving aid, guidance, comprehension, sympathy.

We had been talking—or rather I had been talking—of the unanimous welcome given by the press to *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and the author had been celebrating what he called "the wonderful kindness of the critics to an unknown writer," when I said, "I gather, then, that the book contains your first completed experiments in story-telling, and that it had no tentative predecessors?"

"That is so. With one exception, about which you shall hear, they were absolutely my first attempts."

"But, of course," I inquired, "you must have been collecting and arranging your materials for some time, and looking forward to the publication of this, or some similar book, at a suitable opportunity?"

"No," replied Mr. Watson, "not even that. The existence of the book was entirely unpremeditated. It is as great a surprise to me as it is to any one; I can't even yet get over my wonder at it. Nothing could well be further from the lines of activity in which I had deliberately set myself to travel."

"Then how did it come about?"

"Ah, that's a very odd story. You perhaps know that Dr. Robertson Nicoll and I have been acquaintances for some time, and I have contributed to his magazine, the *Expositor*, a number of articles on my own class of subjects. Well, Nicoll is a wonderful man; he sees what nobody else can see; he's just 'no canny.' I forget how long it is since he began to bother me to write some sketches of Scottish life—he knew I could do it—so he said—and I must do it for him. He kept on—talk, talk, talk—in that queer, quiet way of his, and I answered nothing, because there was nothing to say. Then he began to write letters, and finally to send telegrams, and then I said, 'This is growing serious; I must put a stop to it.' And, you see, there was only one way of putting a stop to it; so I just followed the example of the unjust judge in the parable, and I sat down there and then and wrote a story which I sent off to him. I have every reason to believe that it was a very poor story; but it was all the better on that account, for it seemed that I could only convince him of my penury by exhibiting my rags. But oh, that man! as I said just now, he really is 'no canny.' I got the manuscript back, and with it a letter. I wish I had kept that letter; I should have liked to show it to you. But it ran something like this: 'I shall not print this story. It is not what *I* want, and not what I know that *you* can do. Write something else in your true vein, and send it to me soon.' You see Nicoll didn't know when he was beaten, but I knew when *I* was beaten.

"There was nothing for it but to give in, so I thought of some types of character which I had known in my Scottish parishes when I was a young minister fifteen years or more ago, and I selected one or two of them, and wrote 'Domsie,' which, you remember, is the first sketch in the *Brier Bush*. And, by the way, there is just one point which I should like to mention now. Some people seem curious about the 'originals' of this and that character in the stories. If the book continues to interest people I should like it to be known that there are no originals—that there is not a single portrait in the volume; the people are simply individualisations of types that are familiar to every minister—or, for the matter of that, to every layman—in any Highland or semi-Highland parish. But I was telling you about 'Domsie.' This time I didn't receive the manuscript back again. I simply got a letter from Dr. Nicoll, the

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purport of which was that 'Domsie' had affected him much in the same manner that you were kind enough to say it had affected you. It was just what he wanted, and should appear in an early number of the *British Weekly*. Then he wanted more, and somehow the other stories came into shape, till finally the book was published. And there it is; but, as I have said, it is a surprise to me still."

"But," I said, "surely by this time you must be convinced that you have the power to move people intensely. Even the general tone of the reviews is enough to make you sure of this."

"Oh, yes; the reviews have been most encouraging; wonderfully so, seeing that they were dealing with the work of an inexperienced beginner—an amateur. And I have received a good deal of external testimony from all kinds of



MR. WATSON'S STUDY.

"Well," I said, "I think that is one of the most curious histories of an imaginative work that I ever heard. The story most like it is that of how George Eliot was induced by G. H. Lewes to try her hand at fiction; but it is clear that when the idea was suggested to her she took to it much more readily and kindly than you did. The ordinary notion of imaginative creation is that it is the outcome of an irresistible impulse."

"It wasn't so in my case. I was not conscious of any power in that direction; and even now that the book is published, and you and other kind critics have said all sorts of pleasant things about it, I feel as doubtful about myself as ever."

people as to the way in which they have been touched by the stories. I met a neighbour of mine the other day, and he said, 'I owe you a grudge.' When I asked what it was, he said, 'Why, I spent the whole of yesterday evening making a fool of myself over your book;' and I have received a perfect shoal of letters saying the same thing."

"I don't very well see," I answered, "how they could say anything else. I think the reader who did not break down, or feel like breaking down, over some things in the book, would be pretty nearly invulnerable."

"There is one thing," remarked Mr. Watson, "respecting communications of this kind, both by letter and in conversation, which has struck me as very

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curious. The book seems to have produced a much stronger and more general emotional effect upon men than upon women, who are generally supposed to be much more susceptible. So far as I can judge from what I have heard, I should be inclined to think that the contrary view is the true one."

I said that it was a rather difficult problem, but that I thought the most probable solution was that men being, as a rule, stronger in imagination than women, they are probably more sensitive to pathetic appeals made through an imaginative vehicle. Of course they are moved by such scenes, for example, as the deaths of little children in the books of Dickens, but there the maternal and child-loving instinct—always strong in a true woman—is directly appealed to; to say nothing of the fact that the pathos is accentuated by artful rhetoric, instead of being, as in *The Bonnie Brier Bush*, left to make its own impression.

"For instance," I said, "you know that in my opinion one of the most pathetic things in the book is the story of the Highland fling performed in the middle of a field by the two elderly men, Dr. Maclure and Drumsheugh, after their successful fight with death over the body of poor Saunders; but the incident, in itself, is pure comedy; it derives its pathetic quality from its antecedents, and it is this indirect, suggested pathos which makes a demand upon the imagination."

Mr. Watson said he thought this might be the explanation of what had seemed to him very curious, and then returned to the letters. "The oddest of them were from kindly correspondents who had become so warmly interested in the course of the stories that they were anxious to control—or at the very least to be comfortably assured of—their *dénouement*. I cannot tell you how many people wrote imploring me to bring Flora Campbell home again."

"Isn't it," he said, "just inexplicable—that people should agitate themselves in this fashion about a simple story? Now, Mr. Noble, you are a man of literary experience, and I have none at all, and you can tell me whether this kind of thing is at all usual."

"Well," I replied, "you must remember that I have had no experience in writing stories, and I don't know much about it. I should think that it is not usual, but then, as you know, I don't think *The Bonnie Brier Bush* is exactly the usual kind of book. Dickens said that he had numberless letters begging that little Nell should not die, and at any rate *your* letters show that you have made people feel very intensely."

The impression stamped upon my mind by *The Bonnie Brier Bush* had inspired what I thought was a natural and legitimate curiosity concerning the author's future literary plans, and in response to my interrogation, he said, "I have already written additional Drumtochty sketches which will fill about a third of a volume similar to the *Brier Bush*, and I see my way to the other two thirds. When that volume is finished I shall finally abandon Drumtochty, because I shall have exhausted the available types; and to go on would be to make bricks without straw. I should like to write a story dealing with the darker side of Scottish life—and there is a darker side that I have not yet touched—but that is a big task and a difficult one. In the meantime, I shall try my hand at other stories, dealing with phases of English life, quite different from anything in the book; but I can't at all tell whether I shall succeed with them. Only this morning I have received the proof of one of these new experiments, or rather of the first chapter of it—there are only two chapters in all—and I do not in the least know whether I have done what I was aiming at."

At my request the printed chapter was read by its author, and whatever doubts he may have had about it, I had none. I did not hear—nor have I had an opportunity of reading since—the second chapter, in which I could foresee that the emotional interest would reach its poignant climax; but in the chapter that was read to me there was a letter from the wife to the husband which, in the pathos of its selfless love and its beautiful unconscious self-abnegation, stamped on the mind of one hearer an impression not less deep than that struck by the most moving passage in the volume. Of one thing I could not but be certain—that I had been listening to a master, to one who instinctively controlled all the springs of profound emotion.

James Ashcroft Noble.

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BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

II. TIME AND PLACE.

To get at the heart of Shakespeare's plays, and to secure for ourselves the material and the development of culture which are contained in them, is not the work of a day or of a year; it is the work and the joy of a lifetime. There is no royal road to the harmonious unfolding of the human spirit; there is a choice of methods, but there are no "short cuts." No man can seize the fruits of culture prematurely; they are not to be had by pulling down the boughs of the tree of knowledge, so that he who runs may pluck as he pleases. Culture is not to be had by programme, by limited courses of reading, by correspondence, or by following short, prescribed lines of home study. These are all good in their degree of thoroughness of method and worth of standards, but they are impotent to impart an enrichment which is below and beyond mere acquirement. Because culture is not knowledge but wisdom, not quantity of learning but quality, not mass of information but ripeness and soundness of temper, spirit, and nature, time is an essential element in the process of securing it. A man may acquire information with great rapidity, but no man can hasten his growth. If the fruit is forced, the flavour is lost. To get into the secret of Shakespeare, therefore, one must take time. One must grow into that secret.

This does not mean, however, that the best things to be gotten out of books are reserved for people of leisure; on the contrary, they are oftenest possessed by those whose labours are many and whose leisure is limited. One may give his whole life to the pursuit of this kind of excellence, but one does not need to give his whole time to it. Culture is cumulative; it grows steadily in the man who takes the fruitful attitude toward life and art; it is secured by the clear purpose which so utilises all the spare minutes that they practically constitute an unbroken duration of time. James Smetham, the English artist, feeling keenly the imperfections of his training, formulated a plan of study combining art, literature, and the religious life, and devoted twenty-five years to working it out. Goethe spent more than sixty years in the process of developing himself harmoniously on all sides; and few men have wasted less time than he. And yet in the case of each of these rigorous and faithful students there were other and, for long periods, more engrossing occupations. Any one who knows men widely will recall those whose persistent utilisation of the odds and ends of time, which many people regard as of too little value to save by using, have given their minds and their lives that peculiar distinction of taste, manner, and speech which belong to genuine culture.

It is not wealth of time, but what Mr. Gladstone has aptly called "thrift of time," which brings ripeness of mind within reach of the great mass of men and women. The man who has learned the value of five minutes has gone a long way toward making himself a master of life and its arts. "The thrift of time," says the English statesman, "will repay in after life, with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature beyond your darkest reckoning." And Matthew Arnold has put the same truth into words which touch the subject in hand still more closely: "The plea that this or that man has no time for culture will vanish as soon as we desire culture so much that we begin to examine seriously into our present use of time." It is no exaggeration to say that the mass of men give to unplanned and desultory reading of books and newspapers an amount of time which, if intelligently and thoughtfully given to the best books, would secure, in the long run, the best fruits of culture.

There is no magic about this process of enriching one's self by absorbing the best books; it is simply a matter of sound habits patiently formed and persistently kept up. Making the most of one's time is the first of these habits; utilising the spare hours, the unemployed minutes no less than those longer

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periods which the more fortunate enjoy. To "take time by the forelock" in this way, however, one must have his book at hand when the precious minute arrives. There must be no fumbling for the right volume; no waste of time because one is uncertain what to take up next. The waste of opportunity which leaves so many people intellectually barren who ought to be intellectually rich, is due to neglect to decide in advance what direction one's reading shall take, and neglect to keep the book of the moment close at hand. The biographer of Lucy Larcom tells us that the aspiring girl pinned all manner of selections of prose and verse which she wished to learn at the sides of the window beside which her loom was placed; and in this way, in the intervals of work, she familiarised herself with a great deal of good literature. A certain man, now widely known, spent his boyhood on a farm, and largely educated himself. He learned the rudiments of Latin in the evening, and carried on his study during working hours by pinning ten lines from Virgil on his plough—a method of refreshment much superior to that which Homer furnished the ploughman in the well-known passage in the description of the shield. These are extreme cases, but they are capital illustrations of the immense power of enrichment which is inherent in fragments of time pieced together by intelligent purpose and persistent habit.

This faculty of draining all the rivulets of knowledge by the way was strikingly developed by a man of surpassing eloquence and tireless activity. He was never a methodical student in the sense of following rigidly a single line of study, but he habitually fed himself with any kind of knowledge which was at hand. If books were at his elbow, he read them; if pictures, engravings, gems were within reach, he studied them; if nature was within walking distance, he watched nature; if men were about him, he learned the secrets of their temperaments, tastes, and skills. If he were on shipboard, he knew the dialect of the vessel in the briefest possible time; if he travelled by stage, he sat with the driver and learned all about the route, the country, the people, and the art of his companion; if he had a spare hour in a village in which there was a manufactory, he went through it with keen eyes and learned the mechanical processes used in it. "Shall I tell you the secret of the true scholar?" says Emerson. "It is this: every man I meet is my master in some point, and in that I learn of him."

The man who is bent on getting the most out of life in order that he may make his own nature rich and productive will learn to free himself largely from dependence on conditions. The power of concentration which issues from a resolute purpose, and is confirmed by habits formed to give that purpose effectiveness, is of more value than undisturbed hours and the solitude of a library; it is of more value because it takes the place of things which cannot always be at command. To learn how to treat the odds and ends of hours so that they constitute, for practical purposes, an unbroken duration of time, is to emancipate one's self from dependence on particular times, and to appropriate all time to our use; and in like manner to accustom one's self to make use of all places, however thronged and public, as if they were private and secluded, is to free one's self from bondage to a particular locality or to surroundings specially chosen for the purpose. Those who have abundance of leisure to spend in their libraries are beyond the need of suggestions as to the use of time and place; but those whose culture must be secured incidentally, as it were, need not despair; they have shining examples of successful use of limited opportunities about them. It is not only possible to make all time enrich us, but to use all space as if it were our own. To have a book in one's pocket and the power of fastening one's mind upon it to the exclusion of every other object or interest is to be independent of the library, with its unbroken quietness. It is to carry the library with us; not only the book, but the repose.

One bright June morning a young man, who happened to be waiting at a rural station to take a train, discovered one of the foremost of American writers, who was, all things considered, perhaps the most richly cultivated man whom the country has yet produced, sitting on the steps intent upon a book, and entirely oblivious of his surroundings. The young man's reverence for the poet and critic filled him with desire to know

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what book had such power of beguiling into forgetfulness one of the noblest minds of the time. He affirmed within himself that it must be a novel. He ventured to approach near enough to read the title, holding, rightly enough, that a book is not personal property, and that his act involved no violation of privacy. He discovered that the great man was reading a Greek play with such relish and abandon that he had turned a railway station into a private library! One of the foremost of American novelists, a man of real literary insight and of genuine charm of style, says that he can write as comfortably on a trunk in a room at a hotel, waiting to be called for a train, as in his own library. There is a good deal of discipline behind such a power of concentration as that illustrated in both these cases; but it is a power which can be cultivated by any man or woman of resolution. Once acquired, the exercise of it becomes both easy and delightful. It transforms travel, waiting, and dreary surroundings into one rich opportunity. The man who has the *Tempest* in his pocket, and can surrender himself to its spell, can afford to lose time on cars, ferries, and at out-of-the-way stations; for the world has become an extension of his library, and, wherever he is, he is at home with his purpose and himself.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

GERMAN AND SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE IN 1894.

II.

That among the multitude of historic physiognomies which have been subjected to fresh scrutiny, that of Goethe stands forth pre-eminent is a matter of course. Thus we have a very precarious piece of research entitled *Faust vor Goethe*, by Dr. J. W. Bruinier, who attempts to prove that the alleged mediæval puppet play of *Faust*, edited by Engel, is a fabrication made up, like a mosaic, of various versions, with an admixture of independent invention; and that accordingly there is no evidence of any German Faust-play antedating Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, which by this author is held to be the original of the puppet plays. An ambitious but utterly futile contribution to the Faust literature is V. Valentine's *Goethe's Faust-dichtung in ihrer künstlerischen Einheit dargestellt*, which learnedly and elaborately explains what is in no need of explanation, but leaves the dark places as dark as they were before. Exactly the opposite judgment would apply to Professor Erich Schmidt and Bernhard Suphan's edition of the *Goethe-Schiller Xenien*, which (like all the previous publications of the Goethe-Gesellschaft) is a model of accuracy and painstaking scholarship. Ottokar Lorenz's *Goethe's Politische Lehrjahre* is a mere pamphlet, but full of interesting information. To the Goethe literature belongs also the deplorable revival of the inquiry regarding Goethe's relation to Frederica Brion, the daughter of the parson at Sesenheim. Only a German who has a depression in his cranium as a substitute for the bump of humour could possibly perpetrate with a serious face anything so appalling as Gustav A. Müller's *Urkundliche Forschungen zu Goethe's Sesenheimer Idylle und Friederikens Jugendschichte*. Think of *Urkundliche Forschungen* into the question—not to put too fine a point upon it, as Captain Cuttle would say—of the virginity of a young girl who died eighty years ago. For amazing as it may seem, that is what the whole affair resolves itself into. And not content with having, in one volume, wrought murderous havoc, trampling with heavy, hobnailed boots upon the delicate flowers of the Sesenheim idyll, the excellent Herr Müller publishes a second volume entitled *Sesenheim wie es ist*, in which, with the same clumsy, thoroughgoing conscientiousness, he tries to destroy the poetry of one of the loveliest episodes in the life of Germany's greatest poets. Well, such are the penalties even of an accidental fame. Poor Frederica!—a mere unhappy fly immortalised in amber. Have, then, the dead no rights which the living are bound to respect?

Amid the unending stream of Goethe literature I note a new *Life*, by Dr. S. M. Prem, which is not without value.

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It contains nothing that is positively new, but it is agreeably written by a man who is familiar with the territory he is traversing, and breathes its atmosphere with ease and comfort—which is more than can be said of nine tenths of the biographers.

Among the minor poets whose dust has been disturbed in 1894, Friedrich Hölderlin deserves at least a sigh for his unhappy fate. Herr Müller-Rastatt dedicates to him an elaborate plaint, a sort of prose elegy, which would seem a superfluous thing to do in view of the fact that Litzmann's *Life and Letters* supplies nearly all the information which is here offered. For a very beautiful edition of the letters of Achim von Arnim and Clements Brentano (with most excellent and artistic portraits) we are indebted to Professor Hermann Grimm and Reinhold Steig. How spacious life was in those days, when people had time to pour forth their overflowing emotion in such mile-long confidences! This is indeed, as far as Brentano is concerned, what Lessing called a rescue (Rettung) —*i.e.*, a rehabilitation of a much-aspersed reputation. That sturdy old Martin Luther should be in need of such a "rescue" would scarcely occur to any one not a Catholic; but for all that two well-meant and not uninteresting books have recently made their appearance, one devoted to clearing up his relation to the Seventh Commandment (or the German Sixth) and the other to elucidating the many dark points in his journey to Rome. The author of the former work calls himself Lutherophilus, and that of the latter is A. Hausrath.

Out of the wilderness of notable biographical and autobiographical works I have only space to refer briefly to those of *Gervinus; Franz Liszt*, by L. Romaine; *Hans Sachs*, by R. Genée; *Sandro Botticelli*, by H. Ullmann; and *Novalis*, by J. Bing. Of all the publications of the year in this line nothing has attracted public attention in the same degree as Theodor von Bernhardt's posthumous collection of letters and diaries, entitled *Unter Nicolaus und Friedrich Wilhelm IV.* and *Die Anfänge der Neuen Aera*. This is indeed the very stuff that history is made of, and in point of importance and brilliancy does not fall behind the rather disappointing *Memoirs* of Talleyrand.

If Germania stands defiant and drunk with victory, her Scandinavian half-sister, Saga, as behooves one whose greatness is in the past, sits lost in melancholy brooding. It is thus the painters and sculptors represent her, with the ancient Saga-book resting upon her knees, and her large, sad eyes gazing with a vague, reminiscent fire into the dim future. She might, however, take a more cheerful view of the situation. Though her sons no longer go marauding through her world, as in the olden time, at least three of them—Ibsen, Björnson, and Edward Grieg—have made notable conquests during the last decades. Ibsen's last play, *Little Eyolf*, which has appeared, or is announced to appear, in a dozen languages, is for the moment puzzling the critics of the same variety of tongues. Nevertheless it is one of the least mysterious of the riddles of the great Sphinx. Is has less symbolism or general obscurity than *Hedda Gabler* and *The Master Builder*, and it shows a stronger grip on character and situations. Björnson, too, has added a fresh and beautiful leaf to his laurels in *Absalom's Hair*, in which he touches his high-water mark as a story-teller. Deeper, subtler, and more marvellously complex psychology than this tale displays I have never found in any modern author. Jonas Lie, the third in the literary triumvirate of the North, has given us a drama, *Lystige Koner* (*Merry Wives*), and Arne Garborg has given us a biography of Jonas Lie, which is far better, cleaner, and sweeter than Garborg's coarse and nasty novels. In these he gives himself great airs as a *fin de siècle* cynic—a *blasé* man of the world—from Jaederen. A comparatively new author, the Rev. Konrad Dahl, who is chaplain to the penitentiary in Christiania, has undertaken in his novel *Arne Livaag* to trace the ancestral influences and contemporary environment which in their combination go to the making of a murderer; and complex though the problem is, he has here made an admirable contribution toward its solution.

In Denmark the year has, as regards literary production, fallen considerably below the average. For all that there is no lack of literary workers in this land. Some sixty odd of them have just joined hands and formed an authors' union; and there are yet some left out in the cold. Among the publications of the year, *Vice-Admiral Just Juel's. En Reise i Rusland under Tsar Peter*,

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ved Gerhard Grove lays claim to more than ordinary interest on account of its vivid pictures of Russian life in the eighteenth century. Another antiquarian labour of great merit is Dr. Ludvig Larsson's critical edition of the Frithjof Saga, the fame of which Bishop Teqnér spread over the world. Unhappily Danish literature, since Hans Christian Andersen died, rarely reaches beyond the boundaries of the shrunken and reduced little kingdom. The smallness of their audience has naturally a depressing effect upon the authors, some of whom, notably Sophus Schandorph and Holger Drachmann, are worthy of a better fate. The latter's *Völund Smed* (*Weland the Smith*) is a vehement revolutionary manifesto in ringing verse. The poet has flung away finally and forever his silk beaver of Philistine respectability and donned the Jacobin cap of his youth. There are very few people in Denmark nowadays who have the courage to do anything so wildly imprudent.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

LONDON LETTER.

Vacant Places in the Literary World.

There were never so many men and women employed in literature as now. The production of books increases, though with comparative slowness, while the number of periodicals grows almost every day. There is no reason to suppose that the limit of demand has been reached. Changes in the education and the tastes of the people may affect the quality of what they ask for; but however that may be, the number of readers grows, and is likely to grow. Successful authors, or some of them at least, have a way of depreciating the rewards of their profession and warning off beginners. The most eminent of the older novelists wrote to the most brilliant of his younger fellow-workers, when the latter was beginning his career, one of the most pathetic dissuasives against the literary profession I have ever seen. Yet, though it may be a bold thing to say, I am convinced that we have not too many good writers, and in certain departments there is assured fame and success awaiting those who will take up the work. I shall try in the present letter to indicate some of these vacancies, and it will be understood that I am speaking solely at present from the editorial point of view.

Although women writers abound, it is very hard to find young ladies who can write the domestic and religious story in an interesting and graceful way. Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. Hutchinson, and the other publishers who have issued the literature of the new woman are constantly discovering recruits of promise. Those, on the other hand, who have confined themselves to fiction, where marriage and the home are exalted, and where the great Christian assumptions are made, find it very hard to supply the place of writers leaving the field or losing their popularity. For example, where is there nowadays a writer of Miss Muloch's type, with equal popularity and genius? I should not know how to answer this question. There are two ladies of this school, and only two, so far as I remember, who have it in their power to increase the sale of a magazine, and whose books run into twenty thousand and beyond it. Then, when we come to the religious novel, as distinguished from the theological novel, our perplexity is still greater. Some twenty years ago the Church of England was represented very ably by Miss Yonge, and the Nonconformist churches by Emma Jane Warboise. Miss Yonge, happily, still survives, and is doing excellent work; but it cannot be expected that she should retain the ascendency of her prime. Mrs. Warboise has been dead some years, and, although great efforts have been made, no one has been found to take her place. An Anglican or Nonconformist lady in full sympathy with the religious tenets of her church, and with the power of writing agreeable and fluent narrative, would have an enviable position, and might exercise a great influence. There are perhaps few Eng-

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lishwomen in middle life or beyond it who have not read the works of Elizabeth Wetherell, a writer with a real vein of genius; but even in America there has been no one to succeed her, so far, at least, as popularity in this country is concerned. The truth is, that the spread of higher education among women seems to have for the time weakened their adherence to Christianity. They write as ably as ever, but the proportion of decided agnostics among literary women is very much greater than the proportion among literary men. It does not follow that the popular beliefs have altered. The religious public is as large as ever, and when a book combines literary merit with strong faith, like the *Bonnie Brier Bush*, it springs at once far ahead of the newer fiction. Indeed, there are many signs that the neurotic school is losing what hold it had, and the question is, What is going to take its place?

A notable feature of the literary activity of the time is what Mr. Andrew Lang has called the "parochial novel." The Scotch parochial novel has been preeminently successful in the hands of a few men. But men like Mr. Queller Couch have done the same service for parts of England, and with equal delicacy and power. Why the *Delectable Duchy*—the most beautiful of Mr. Couch's books, and one of the most beautiful books written for many years—has not had a great popular success it is difficult to understand. Still, there are large and inviting regions which have been barely touched. I refer particularly to London. The idyllist of London has not yet appeared. Mr. H. W. Nevinson, a young writer, has just published a book entitled *Neighbours of Ours* (published in America under the title *Slum Stories of London*), which deals with the East End, and shows very considerable promise. But who has dealt with South London, the South London which Dickens knew so well? Again, while Scotch Nonconformity has been most ably and sympathetically depicted, English Nonconformity—a still more stubborn-principled and heroic thing—remains without adequate portraiture. The same thing might be said of the Church of England. Idylls (I am using the term in the loose popular sense) cannot be written at all save by a man of heart, and I am tempted to say that they cannot take a real hold of the community unless the author is also a believer in Christianity. There are many signs, however, that the cynical indifference of the last twenty or thirty years is passing away and giving place to a mood represented by Mr. Balfour, whose new book has been received with such extraordinary warmth and gratitude. Should this temper prevail, we shall doubtless have notable additions to our literature.

Another kind of novelist is wanted—a successor to Wilkie Collins. In their desire to escape from themselves, people are now buying and reading eagerly books of adventure. This is very well, but it cannot continue for an indefinite period. The amazing popularity of *Sherlock Holmes* proved that readers would warmly welcome a revival of the old mystery story. It is reported with great persistency that Dr. Conan Doyle is ashamed of the popularity of *Sherlock Holmes*, and prides himself on his historical novels. If that is so, it is only another proof of the incapacity of authors to judge their own productions. *Sherlock Holmes* is the one book of the kind among the many published of recent years which will live with Edgar Allan Poe's *Tales* and the *Woman in White*. There is no price that magazine proprietors would not be willing to pay to any one who would write another.

To turn to another department of literature. There is a great opportunity for medical men who can write. People are now keenly interested in their health, and that not in an unwholesome way. They have come to understand at last how much the value of their life work depends on their carefully observing the laws of health, and in consequence the average term of life has not only been prolonged, but rendered happier and more useful while it lasts. The standard of medical education has been considerably raised, and research in every department goes forward vigorously. But there is no great doctor to act as an interpreter between the profession and the general public. There is no one, in short, to carry on the work of Dr. John Brown. It would not be easy to find a man of Dr. Brown's genius and accomplishments, but it is surprising that there is apparently no one who can speak with authority and at the

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same time clearly and simply, and who can help those who are suffering under troubles of the body and the mind. People are endlessly interested in the conduct of life, as eager as ever to learn the experience of others and to profit by it. But is there no successor to Arthur Helps and Philip Gilbert Hamerton? I do not know of one. The ideal writer on the conduct of life nowadays when the connection between body and mind is so much better understood, would be a physician of large experience, assured convictions, wide sympathies, and, above all, a command of lucid and pleasing English.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, February 25, 1895.

NEW BOOKS.

SAINTSBURY'S "CORRECTED IMPRESSIONS."*

A common complaint nowadays is that in this age Literature is out of favour, not as compared with the other arts, but as compared with Business. Our age is practical, utilitarian, and material. Those thinkers and writers, therefore, who are occupied with the things of the mind are teachers who should have a wide recognition. Such a one is Mr. George Saintsbury in the volume before us. This accomplished and erudite man has set himself in this work a task somewhat different from any he has attempted hitherto. The plan of it was suggested by some remarks of Mr. Arthur Balfour at the Literary Fund dinner of 1893 in London. In that speech Mr. Balfour declared himself to have been brought up on the recent admirations, and intimated that he was not in such complete sympathy with the most popular favourites of the earlier Victorian period as he should like to be. It has occurred to Mr. Saintsbury that he might produce an acceptable contribution to literary discussion by going back over the last thirty years, and describing the impressions which have been successively made upon his own mind by the contemporary English authors he has been reading during that period. The result is the present volume. The essays are upon Thackeray, Tennyson, Carlyle, Swinburne, Macaulay, Browning, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot and Trollope, and William Morris and Ruskin. As the object of these sketches is to show "how it struck a contemporary," Mr. Saintsbury's own personal impressions and experiences are given somewhat fully, and this quality no doubt adds interest to the volume.

It may not be impertinent and trivial to remark that Mr. Saintsbury's experiences, like those of many another English literary man, have a connection with the public parks of London. It was, for instance, under the following circumstances that he first read *Pendennis*.

"I took it, I remember very well after thirty years, out of a certain school library, and I read it, or began to read it (an exceedingly reprehensible practice) on my way home, which lay through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. If any of the persons into whose arms I walked are still alive, I humbly ask their pardon. Even if they had not now mostly been changed long ago for others, it would be superfluous to extend forgiveness to the Park seats, which avenged these innocents on my own knees."

He tells us also that his enrolment among the sacred band of the lovers of Tennyson dates from the day "when I turned through the Marble Arch into Hyde Park and took *Enoch Arden* out of my pocket on that summer day." The essay on Tennyson strikes us as one of the best. Mr. Saintsbury intimates that it is possible he may have been born somewhat too late to be a thorough-going appreciator of Tennyson's poetry. Mr. Balfour said at the Literary Fund dinner that he may have been born at too late a day to admire as he should the verse of Tennyson and the prose of Carlyle. That would have been the view which Mr. Balfour's elders would probably have taken. We have heard Mr. Lowell say that no man could appreciate the "real sweep" of

* Corrected Impressions. By George Saintsbury. With portrait in photogravure. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

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Carlyle who could not remember the thirties. We should imagine that the period at which Tennyson was read with the greatest passion was the forties and the early fifties. Mr. Saintsbury tells us that he is three years older than Mr. Balfour. He was, therefore, somewhat too late for this period. But he was very little too late. People whose Tennysonian period fell in the early sixties well remember how they read,

> "The splendour falls on castle walls,
> And snowy summits old in story."

To them, as to their predecessors of a decade earlier, he appeared the perfect poet. His manner, which we now see to be, although so great, so individual and peculiar, to those young people appeared the truest and the perfect manner. Mr. Saintsbury was very soon inoculated with some of this sentiment. He finds, as most of us do, the real charm and distinction of Tennyson to exist especially in the early poems, although claiming that this charm reappears in subsequent works down to the very period of "Crossing the Bar," Mr. Saintsbury has some happy remarks to make about the special quality of Tennyson. He finds it to be in the slow melodiousness of his verse. He says:

"I am sure at least that I myself read Tennyson and liked him (for I always liked him) for several years before his peculiar and divine virtue dawned upon me. It has never set or paled since, and I am as sure as I can be that if I were to live to be a Struldbrug (which Heaven forbid), one of the very last things of the kind that I should forget or lose my relish for would be this."

We turn with especial interest to read Mr. Saintsbury upon Swinburne. Mr. Saintsbury was at Oxford in the sixties, and is able to give us his recollections of the impression which Swinburne's poetry and personality made there at that day. He had just gone up to Oxford, when the *Poems and Ballads* came out, and had to make a visit to London to get the book, coming back with three copies of the precious volume. Mr. Saintsbury says:

"I do not suppose that anybody now alive (I speak of lovers of poetry) who was not alive in 1832 and old enough then to enjoy the first perfect work of Tennyson, has had such a sensation as that which was experienced in the autumn of 1866 by readers of Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*."

There was this difference, however, between the Tennyson of 1832 and the Swinburne of 1866. In 1832 Tennyson was known only to a very small circle of admirers. He had yet to undergo the castigation at the hands of Lockhart, and a long period of silence was to precede the day when he should enter upon the fulness of his fame. This was not to be till ten years later. But in 1866 Mr. Swinburne's name was on everybody's tongue, and such verses as "Between the Sundown and the Sea" in everybody's ear. Yet at no time, of course, has he ever had the hold upon the public consideration of the great genius and character to whom we owe the 'Idylls of the King.'"

We should be glad to have space to follow Mr. Saintsbury in the other chapters of this volume, which are as full of entertainment as those upon Thackeray, Tennyson, and Swinburne. He is, as a rule, a kindly and appreciative writer, although in certain instances his admiration is subject to many qualifications, as in the case of Matthew Arnold and Trollope.

We like his title, *Corrected Impressions*. Opinions upon literature, like those upon other subjects, are all the better for having matured and become mellow with ripening age. Mr. Saintsbury is as entertaining as he is erudite in his literary criticisms, and he is a man of nice taste and discernment as well as of acquisition and wide reading. Even when the reader may not find that his own views agree with those of Mr. Saintsbury, he is nevertheless sure to be stimulated by contact with a mind so full of literary knowledge and of such lively literary sympathies. The volume is a beautiful piece of book-making.

E. S. Nadal.

LATIN POETRY.*

The lectures delivered by Professor Tyrrell at Baltimore, and in part repeated by him at Richmond, Chicago, and New York in the spring of 1893, are

* Latin Poetry. Lectures delivered in 1893 on the Percy Trumbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. By R. Y. Tyrrell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

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here reprinted with some few omissions (chiefly passages of a personal nature, addressed to his audiences) and augmented by some paragraphs relating to Petronius and by an appendix which contains some very acute criticisms on the recent translators of Vergil. With these exceptions the lectures are published as they were originally delivered.

Professor Tyrrell is the Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin, and he is, besides, the author of valuable commentaries on certain plays of Euripides; yet his most important work, the great edition of Cicero's correspondence, and his Plautine studies, show that Latin is probably nearer to his heart. The present volume, so sympathetic, so critical in the truer sense of that much-misinterpreted word, and so clearly the result of unceasing labour in a thoroughly congenial field, gives another proof of the same unacknowledged preference.

The lectures themselves, apart from their immediate interest to the lovers of Latin literature and of literature in general, may well commend themselves to those who like to study the manifestations of what may be called comparative scholarship—that is to say, the comparison of different types of scholarship. Here is seen the very best possible example of that elegance and æsthetic appreciation that characterise the classical learning of England, blended with a grace and geniality and wit that belong to the Celtic mind, and which connect Professor Tyrrell in a literary relationship with the classicists of France—with Martha, Boissier, and Patin, to whom Professor Tyrrell acknowledges his own obligations. A certain audacity in his judgments suggests also the point of view of M. Goumy.

The plan adopted in this charming volume is to present the most interesting features of Latin poetry, and to express the personal opinion of the author. Professor Tyrrell says very frankly that he does not expect to gain the assent of his readers to many of these opinions, but hopes "to stimulate the play of consciousness on important and fascinating topics, even though it should take the form of criticism." This is a form that it will most assuredly take with regard to a number of his dicta, of which three stand out as especially noticeable.

The first is his view of Cicero's poetical compositions, in dealing with which Professor Tyrrell sets himself in opposition not only to the great body of modern critics, but to the practically unanimous verdict of Cicero's own countrymen—a verdict that finds expression in the gibes of Juvenal and Martial and in the serious criticism of the prose writers, though Plutarch, a Greek, styled him not merely the greatest orator but the greatest poet of the Romans. Professor Tyrrell's able defence of Cicero's verse of which, unfortunately, so little has been preserved, is entitled to a respectful consideration, coming as it does from one who is himself a past master of Latin versification; and it gives, indeed, a view that has much to commend it. Without sharing in the extravagant opinion of Plutarch, it is unreasonable to assert that a consummate artist in language such as Cicero was, a maker and shaper of Latin usage, and one whose prose, as compared, for instance, with Cæsar's, is all aglow with poetical colour, should, in writing verse, descend to the level of mere doggerel, and make himself ridiculous. Even the stock line, which excited Juvenal's mirth by its mingled egotism and assonance, and the other line, which Cicero himself quotes with a certain hesitation, are not, in Professor Tyrrell's judgment, censurable; and the numerous translations by Cicero from the Greek poets that are sprinkled through the pages of his prose works are justly brought forward as proofs of a splendid and vigorous poetic style. It is odd that his defender does not clinch his argument by appealing to the nobly picturesque passages that abound in Cicero's *Aratea*, some of which have a magnificence approaching the finest lines of Lucretius or of Vergil, yet which Professor Tyrrell barely mentions.

There is certain to be a very general dissent from his most heterodox teachings as to Horace. Briefly summarised, Dr. Tyrrell's opinion is that Horace was an amiable writer of *vers de société*, with a gift of musical language, but destitute of real inspiration; one who wrote verse because he was poor and needed friends and patronage; who was thoroughly insincere; whose love of nature was assumed; and who perpetually sins against the canons of good taste. In his Satires he is held up to scorn as a mere modern-

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iser and revamper of Lucilius. Now, to discuss these points at length is impossible within the limits of a book review; but as Horace is the most read of all the ancient authors, Greek or Latin, a few words may be permitted. The consideration of a single one of Tyrrell's criticisms involves the validity of several of his assertions. The famous Second Epode, in which Alfius the usurer dwells with a yearning fondness upon the sweet simplicity of a country life, and then with a sigh goes back to his money-grubbing, is put forward by Dr. Tyrrell as "a clear proof of the poet's insensibility to those pleasures," and he calls it "an elaborate piece of ridicule, directed against those who were then prone to become ecstatic about the country." But does it not rather involve a most subtle comprehension of the human heart, and of the great truth that only in those who have shut themselves out from all that is sweet and noble and refined can the most heart-piercing desire for sweetness and nobility and refinement be found in its fullest intensity? It is the lost souls groping in the blackness of darkness to whose minds the splendour of Paradise blazes brightest. And hence it is that the most passionate cry of religious longing in our own times has come from Paul Verlaine in the interval between two of his wallowings in swinish debauchery. Professor Tyrrell might well recall the tremendous line of Persius, *Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta.*

As to Professor Tyrrell's Lucilian hypothesis, scholars have long been familiar with his views from his earlier publications. Like the Neronian hypothesis in Persius and also in Petronius, such a view seems to have a fascination for those who once take it up until they finally go mad over it. Let it be granted that Horace modelled his Satires upon those of Lucilius—a natural thing for him to do, since Lucilius had created Satire, and was its great exemplar; but this does not prevent us from still viewing the work of Horace as essentially original. Persius shows as many borrowings from Horace as Horace does from Lucilius, and yet the whole motive and treatment of the Satires of Persius are utterly unlike those in Horace. Juvenal, again, has many lines that recall Persius, yet he is a satirist of a distinctly different type. Should we not rather hold that Satire, being a thing of Roman creation, acquired a certain conventional form and a vocabulary which all satirists largely employed, yet without in any way cramping the individuality of their own treatment? As to the lack of taste that Professor Tyrrell accurately detects here and there in Horace, is it in reality Horatian, or is it Roman? A careful reading of Latin literature will, we think, absolve Horace from sinning in this respect more than his countrymen, whose æsthetic standards certainly lacked much of the refinement of modern times. In Vergil (Professor Tyrrell still writes the name Virgil) there is no lack of passages that offend our nicety of taste; and the author himself (p. 153) cites certain scenes and incidents that disgust the modern reader.

The opinions so far quoted from the lectures, in the main relate to matters of taste, as to which it is proverbially dangerous to be dogmatic; but Professor Tyrrell has laid himself open to criticism by another dictum, where the question involved is one of fact. One of the additions which this volume makes to the original text of the lectures is, as noticed above, the inclusion of several pages on Petronius. Just why these should have been added in a work dealing with Latin poetry it is hard to see. Petronius, to be sure, wrote some poetry; but Professor Tyrrell here deals with him almost entirely as a prose writer, translating a long passage from the *Cena Trimalchionis*. The truth probably is that this was added because the author thought it a popular sort of thing, with its specimens of plebeian Latin and Roman slang, and so dragged it in by the head and shoulders under cover of a mention of Petronius's verse. It is wholly an excrescence, and its introduction is doubly unfortunate, since it led Professor Tyrrell to make the following remark:

"Broadly, the Latinity is on the verge of Low Latin, a fact which must be insisted on because the purity of the Petronian Latinity has often been praised. Even Lipsius has styled Petronius epigrammatically, but surely erroneously, *Auctor purissimæ impuritatis.*"

To find such a judgment as this put forth by a Latinist of Professor Tyrrell's almost unrivalled eminence fairly takes one's breath away. Has he really read Petronius? And, if so, can he lay his finger on any plebeian Latin contained in the *Satira* other than that put by

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Petronius into the mouths of his characters who are drawn to the life, down to the very slang they talk? And if Professor Tyrrell were writing the *Satira* over, what sort of Latin would he have the slaves and freedmen and semi-Greeks of Campania talk? Ought they to speak as Cæsar spoke, or as Cicero? And would Professor Tyrrell rank Thackeray among those ignorant of good English because, for example, the great Mr. Morgan informs Major Pendennis that he is "in possession of certing infumation," or because Mr. Morgan's *protégé* asks for his "candig apinium," or because of the delicious Phaynix Pork locutions of the immortal Captain Costigan?

There is great need at the present time of a general history of Latin literature written from the standpoint of comparative literary study; one that shall explain the historical relation of Roman letters to modern prose and verse. The present volume leads one to hope that Professor Tyrrell may at some time be induced to undertake the task—a task most congenial to his temperament, and for which no one has a riper and more perfect preparation. His mind is richly stored with the lore of Rome; he has a most sympathetic and genial literary style; and his writing abounds in those happy touches and bits of illustration that are so necessary to put the modern reader in touch with one who treats of such a theme. But before taking up this work, let him read Petronius once more!

H. T. Peck.

BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE.*

Mr. Walter Besant has not added to his reputation by the altitude of a chopine in publishing his novel *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice*, although it is a diverting book and cleverly conceived withal. But reputations are kittle cattle, and the novelist who is as justly "popular" and as uniformly prolific as Mr. Besant should not be expected to give us his best work every two years. Admirers can go on admiring when once they have the *flair* for a good thing, even though a critical sense is occasionally awakened, and one cannot alway proceed to mere indiscriminate adoring. Mr. Besant's pleasant and healthy, if somewhat *bourgeois* view of life, his affable style and utterly contemporary *milieu*, have given him as friendly a public as an author could well wish. When he was lately in America we welcomed him as more than a mere celebrity—he was a Cause; and we Americans, in our simple and republican delight in titles, are now zealously hoping that if the Queen fulfils her recent promise and establishes the literary order of merit of which Thackeray used to talk in that humorous suggestion which Disraeli never could appreciate, that Mr. Besant will be the very first Knight Grand Cross.

In the present novel we find Mr. Besant labouring to complete his 336 pages, though author never had a better central idea for a story. His muse seems to be forever driving him to vain repetition. We can hear him crying out to her "*Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem*" with all the pathos of Partridge in *Tom Jones*, for he can but know that his volume progresses much more rapidly than does his story. We are introduced to the megalomania arising out of the advertisement for heirs of a vast estate, the sixty millions accumulated by an intestate miser. The book opens rapidly, and with enchained attention we meet the claimants as they come forward, each in turn. Some are from New Zealand, a distinguished family of colonials. From Tewksbury, Mass., a town where "the girls take all the places, berths, and appointments, and do all the work at half the pay; wherefore the men—the few men who are born in this town—go away West, and the women, thus achieving their independence, are happy," comes, naturally enough, an American girl. There is a young gentleman who follows that interesting if anomalous profession of "Amuser," and, like his kind, goes to great houses either on a visit or for the evening, and is treated as a guest but is paid as a professional—a professional "Amuser;" and there is a diabolical old woman out of an almshouse, who remembers all the scandal and crime and wretchedness which make all these people kin, and bring them together from the far parts of the earth, and who is as implacable in rehearsing it all whenever occasion offers as a Greek chorus moralising on the hereditary sins of the protagonist.

Mr. Besant is vastly entertaining in

* Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

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his characterisation of all these people, and in suggesting his plot. He tells with an easily enthralling art of the excitement created throughout all the world by this vast unowned fortune, of the curious and elaborately criminal history of the family which had amassed it, of the furnishing of pedigrees to find a kinship through which a claim might be advanced, and of many things which readily might and which have actually happened under similar circumstances, and of which the Tichborne case is an example in common knowledge. For one hundred pages the book goes with a rush in Mr. Besant's happiest manner, but after that, as we have said, it drags. Not even the picture of the gentlemanly genealogist, who can—and does—link any family to a royal line for a consideration, as Professor of Family Ascents, and who considers it a great advantage to start unhampered by facts, or the comic songmonger, who thinks in verse and regards life as a subject too great for prose, like Mr. Bayes in the play, can altogether redeem the greater part of the book from (it must be said) dulness.

The *dénouement* of the story is the discovery of the lost will, with its provisions so exactly within the lines of the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden, for which New York must ever lament the intricacies of the law, that we cannot help wondering at the complacent way in which all the claimants sat down and accepted it. But when all is said, here is a book by Walter Besant, and we have all owed much real pleasure to Mr. Besant in the past. It would seem to be ungracious to cavil now, even if many better books than this were now published, which is decidedly not the fact.

It may be noted, in conclusion, that Mr. Hyde's drawings for the illustrations do not enhance our pleasure, as, for example, the frontispiece, wherein a butler is represented as presenting a dish to the colonial claimant's lady *on her right hand*. Surely butlers do not do that, even in New Zealand.

Fairfax Harrison.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.*

Professor Paulsen's account of the history and character of the German universities, as originally printed, formed the introductory part of the work, *Die deutschen Universitäten*, published under the direction of the German Government as an accompaniment to its educational exhibit at Chicago in 1893. The present book is an admirable translation of Paulsen's work by Professor Edward D. Perry, who has made it still more comprehensible to English readers by explanatory foot-notes. It is prefaced by an introduction by Professor Nicholas Murray Butler on the relation of the German universities to the problems of higher education in the United States. The work is by far the most systematic and intelligible account of the development of the German university, of its external relations, and of its internal conditions as a whole that has yet been written. There is an abundance of detailed material already at hand in the histories of the different universities, and in monographs, magazine articles, and addresses, from Schleiermacher and Savigny down, on the separate phases of the German system, which is often described much more in detail than is here possible. The present book gives us, however, not only a well-rounded view of the whole, but one that perfectly preserves the proportions of the parts. Those of us who have learned intimately, on the ground, the interior workings of the German university, must be struck both by the perspicacity and the fairness of statement. It is possible from the author's descriptions to learn not only what the German university is, but, what is of equal importance, what it is not.

The author in his first chapter discusses the general character of the German university. The principle of the union of scientific investigation and scientific teaching he finds to be inherently German; it is characteristic neither of England nor of France. The university "is at once the workshop of scientific research, and an institution for the highest scientific instruction." As a matter of fact, the German universities are the principal seats of scientific work in the country, and all university teachers are presumably scientific investigators. Paulsen justly sees a most fortunate condition in the fact that the great men

* The German Universities. Their Character and Historical Development. By Friedrich Paulsen. Authorized Translation by Edward Delavan Perry. With an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

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of science have always been as well the teachers of the academic youth. "The German youth," he says, "coming into immediate contact at the university with the spiritual leaders of the nation, receives here his strongest and most lasting impulses."

The historical development of the universities in Germany is traced from the earliest foundations in Prague and Vienna, in 1348 and 1365, to the present time. As worked out under the influence of Humanism and the Reformation, it is divided into three periods: the period, to the end of the seventeenth century, of denominational universities controlled by the established churches of the several States; the period, covering the eighteenth century, of the invasion of the universities by modern philosophy and culture; the period, coincident with the nineteenth century, of the greatest influence of the universities on the thought and life of the nation. The theological faculty was, naturally, in the first period the most prominent; in the second, the philosophical faculty and the faculty of law acquired an increasing importance; in the last, the present period, the philosophical faculty stands plainly in the foreground. The succeeding chapters of the book consider the relations of the universities in turn to the State, the Church, and the community; teachers, and teaching in all its phases; students, and the pursuit of study; and, lastly, the unity of the university. In this last chapter the thesis is maintained of the superiority in importance and dignity of the unified university, with the faculty of philosophy as its centre, to the isolated faculties. "The unified university, by its very organisation, holds constantly before the eyes of all its members the unity of science." The intimate relations, too, between the faculties are not less important for the student than for the instructor. "Few German students leave a university without having heard some courses of lectures, or at least visited them now and then, outside of their own faculty." "The unity of university training," says the author, finally, "helps largely to inspire, in the classes who have enjoyed it, a feeling of unity and solidarity, a feeling that they form an aristocracy of intellect which is destined to counterbalance the aristocracy of birth and of money."

Paulsen's book, and this is, of course, the real *raison d'être* of the English version, furnishes most valuable material for comparison with American conditions. Professor Butler in his brief introduction, which forms by no means the least valuable part of the book, makes use of it in this way to indicate the position of the German university in our own problem of the higher education. Of one hundred and thirty-four universities, so called, in the United States, according to the *Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1890–91*, Professor von Holst has pointed out that there is not as yet a single university in the German sense of the word. While it would require a spirit particularly chivalrous to attempt a defence of the integrity of the whole one hundred and thirty-four, it still remains a fact that it is neither an essential nor even a desirable thing that there should ever be in America a single university in the German sense. The American university, where the term is legitimately applied, is not the German university, and there should be no desire to make it so; until our social life and institutions coincide with those of Germany, it can never with profit nor permanence be made to conform to the details of organisation of its foreign counterpart. Although the German system has rightly been our acknowledged model because of its undoubted excellencies, the American university, through the force of circumstances of development and environment, is working out a characteristic form on lines in many ways its own. There are, however, pitfalls to be avoided, as insidious as they are dangerous to the ultimate efficiency of an organisation that, when all is said, must still be regarded as unsystematic and in many ways purely experimental. It is a most evident fact that our whole educational system is in a condition of violent transition. In the face of such conditions it would be worse than folly to deny the supreme importance of the lesson that may be learned by a reference to the history of the highest education of that nation "whose scientific leadership," according to a remark quoted by Paulsen from a monograph by Ferdinand Lot, a Frenchman, "in all fields without exception is nowadays acknowledged by all nations."

Professor Paulsen has written his book

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as the exposition of a system, but with primarily scarcely a sense of making foreign propaganda for the German system of higher education. That, however, now that we have it in translation, must be its actual result. There is in it not only abundant food for reflection for the professional educator and the student of institutions, but for every one who has at heart the proper unfolding of the intellectual life of the nation.

W. H. C.

SLUM STORIES.*

For one thing, if for no other, these two volumes of short stories are remarkable; they have dared to overleap the "barbed-wire fence" which separates the nice people of our literary Vanity Fair from the low life of the great Unwashed, and to draw on the slums for their material. Not even the captious critic of the "low" and "vulgar" can fail to find these sketches full of colour and picturesque effects. The admirable vigour of their descriptive quality is unspoiled by melodramatic rant or wearisome detail. Both writers have brought to their work a keen, observant faculty, a vivid power of characterisation, a fine sense of humour, and an appreciable understanding of the life they have depicted, which an admirable facility of diction has enabled them to render with graphic fidelity. But here the analogy stops. A writer's point of view determines to a great extent the literary result of his observation of life. It is only fair to state that the contrast between these two volumes begins when the individuality of the author steps in. One has an eye for the grotesque, the comic, the burlesque; while the other is attracted by the shadows and the ugly penalties of dirt and sin as much as by the accidental lights and humours of human nature in the grip of vicious surroundings. One views life in part and provokes a light-hearted mirth which, with no deeper feeling underlying it, is evanescent; the other sees life as a whole, and brings into play some of our deepest emotions, and leaves an enduring impression. Further, we begin to recognise that betwixt *Chimmie Fadden* and *Slum Stories of London* there flows the Rubicon which keeps the shores of journalism and literature forever apart.

Life as a reporter sees it and pourtrays it is a thing of shreds and patches, and though faithful to the mere facts of life, he errs in exaggerating details out of all proportion to their true perspective. The author of *Chimmie Fadden* is a working journalist who has been through the grinding-mill of newspaper work, and his varied experiences have provided him with ample material for his eclectic faculty to work upon in giving these sketches to an appreciative public. "The New Editor," for example (now published for the first time), is a veritable account of his adventure in that exciting *rôle* in a backwoods village. Out of such material it is possible to weave romance; but Mr. Townsend has been content to give the bare facts and to trust to the simple narration of their extraordinary occurrence for any startling effect they may make on the reader. If we were to philosophise about his method we should say that he does not go deep enough nor far enough; but this is foreign to his purpose, and it would be unfair to judge him by what he has not done. Mr. Townsend does not go beneath the surface; he has a keen scent for eccentricity and caricature as they strike lightly on his nimble wit and fancy, but there is no deep-resounding note of pathos or of tragedy such as we meet with in Mr. Nevinson's *Slum Stories:* Chimmie Fadden is, indeed, in his way "crackristic," and something more than merriment stirs strangely within us when he relates Miss Fanny's little act of kindness. "She didn't say nothin' t'me, but she shook hands wid me. I was glad she did dat. I never touched her hand before." Also when homesickness overcomes the lad of the slums in the country at the thought of the Bowery. "Dat's de trouble wid everyting what's far from de Bow'ry; it ain't near it." Chimmie is an irrepressible pagan, and in this *rara avis* Mr. Townsend has gone beyond mere portraiture—even if it be a caricature, it is an inimitable creation. All these sketches which describe Chimmie when he "useter sell poipers on Park Row;" as "walley to 'is Whiskers what's Miss Fanny's father;" as the chivalrous defender of

* Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories. By Edward W. Townsend. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Slum Stories of London (Neighbours of Ours). By Henry W. Nevinson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.

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Miss Fanny, who is "a torrowbred, and what she says goes;" on through the comic vicissitudes of his courtship and marriage with the "Duchess," Miss Fanny's maid, are full of irresistible humour and provoking mirth. Chimmie on the stump in his moment of triumph is a *tour de force* of side-splitting burlesque. It is in these stories the writer lays claim to any originality he has: Major Max is clever, but not convincing; we have met him before somewhere. Major Max is the scum as Chimmie is the sediment produced by the same sort of life, a life that is gay and careless and without thought or meaning. Nothing in these stories is of unalloyed excellence except the fun, which is more witty than humorous in Major Max, but more humorous than witty in Chimmie Fadden, and therefore more genuine and contagious.

Something more than the skill of a clever journalist has gone to the making of *Slum Stories of London*. While in *Chimmie Fadden* you remain an amused spectator, in *Slum Stories* you are being constantly brought to feel the burden of the mystery of poverty and vice that hangs over the mean, sordid lives passed in Mile End and Shadwell. Mr. Nevinson has that simple power of telling a story of every-day occurrence which even as he tells it stirs in your blood and imparts that touch of wonder, or of thrill, as the author of *Marcella* would say, which transforms the ordinary into the extraordinary. The material is sometimes still crude when it leaves his hands, and the realistic force of some of his scenes has a terrible poignancy of humour, as, for instance, in "A Man of Genius." "My pore 'usband, why, 'e ain't 'ardly to be called a man," says Amy, "'avin' nothink only a genius and a wooden leg." Sam comes home late one night with "a bit o' drink on 'im." "Next minute Sam's wooden leg 'ad carried away the lock, and 'e was in the room ragin' about like a quodded explosion . . . and yer could 'ear the clo's shriek as 'e pulled 'em in 'alves bit by bit."

"That's all right," says the woman from the floor above, "'e ain't only breakin' up the things. That's a mercy for 'er. 'E's got a good 'eart, same as my own man, as 'ud break all the bits o' things in the 'ouse sooner nor lay a bloomin' finger on me. It's a blessin' to 'ave a man with a good 'eart." And when Amy is rescued from her attempted suicide in the Thames with insurance coupons stuck about her person, which in her ignorant, misleading affection she had believed would be dowered on her brute of a husband, and she is brought home to Sam and the accident is explained to him, "'Oh!' 'e says, still with 'is eye on the Invention. 'Accident? Really? Yer see, Jacko, it's almost finished now. Money's all I want. With a bare 'undred I'd make it fit for 'eaven!'" The picture of the sordid, heartless selfishness of the man who is wrapped up in the absurd musical Invention which he plies at night and day, except when he goes off on a holiday with Beamin' Nelly, is softened and relieved by the patient figure of the woman who with doglike fidelity believes in her husband, and counts herself better than her neighbours because "'e 'as genius and is interestin'." But the ghastliness of the humour of this sketch, though true to life in all its bitterness and irony, cannot be gainsaid, and bites like acid.

While the work of selection has not been always rigorously done, there are some of these *Slum Stories* which could not be better, and show the hand of a master. There is a rare self-restraint and reserve power in the author lying behind the spokesman of these tales, the ubiquitous coster, Jacko Britton. "Little Scotty," though somewhat irrelevant in this collection, we are almost tempted to say is a masterpiece, and the tragic story of "The 'St. George' of Rochester" demonstrates that Mr. Nevinson is capable of covering a wider canvas and of more sustained effort in fiction. For sheer humour nothing could be better than "Mrs. Simon's Baby;" as "An Aristocrat of Labour" is, on the other hand, the most touching. "In the Spring" is a beautiful idyll, told with a poetic simplicity almost Wordsworthian. Old Groun'sel has been "had up" before the magistrate for an alleged attempt at burglary in the house of Mary Whitmore, "widder, three times married and left comfortable." In his defence the simple-minded old man—"a 'armless lunatic"—says, "I was in the forest yesterday evenin' gatherin' up my plants, and on a sudden there comes over me the smell o' the May, layin' thick like a sweet-smellin' mist, the air bein' still and

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warm. All smells is good for the memory, but there ain't no smell in the world so good for it as the smell of the May. So I says to myself, 'Every time as you smell that there May, you kind o' seem to go back to that Whitsun with Mary, as then was. Now, it bein' like that with you, ain't it likely enough as she'd go back after the same manner? If she got a smell o' the May, p'r'aps she'd call you to mind, for all you bein' a bit older nor what you was then.'" But Mary was not amenable to May blossom, and she resents the reference to her early love-makin', "me a widder of three 'usbands as 'as always kep' 'erself respectable." The case is dismissed, and next morning old Groun'sel is found "layin' quite dead, curled up as if fast asleep in a cart under one o' the railway arches."

Both volumes show that the authors have gone to the fountain-head and have discovered for themselves new scenes and characters in the territory they have explored; and, moreover, in these revelations of a condition of human life that is so near and yet so far removed from ours, they have sternly recalled to us the fact that in their blood and bones these "low" people are "neighbours of ours," and are of like passions with ourselves. It has been asked whether the enduring novel of New York or London of the future will take this form of art, and one of these authors at least has gone far to decide the problem in the affirmative.

J. M.

DEAN CHURCH.*

This is an admirable and most interesting biography. Dean Church, although he had strong views, and never shrank from expressing them, had no enemies, and one might almost say no critics. The notes of moral beauty in his character were so unmistakable that he conciliated men of all opinions. Besides, his sympathies and his culture were unusually wide. Perhaps he was the only great Tractarian who was a student of science. He never professed to be an expert, but he watched with keen and critical interest the developments of knowledge. Dr. Church's long intimacy and correspondence with Dr. Asa Grey were equally honourable to both, and we have heard that at one time he took a course of Anatomy at Oxford under Sir Henry Acland. When *The Origin of Species* appeared, Church at once recognised its great significance. When one remembers how Samuel Wilberforce criticised the book in the *Quarterly Review*, it becomes easier to give Church the credit he deserves.

It was, however, as a humanist that Church was best known to the general public. No more ardent and accomplished student of literature has adorned the English Church. His essay on Dante, written so long ago, is not yet by any means superseded, and his studies of Spenser and Bacon are distinguished in quality, although neither is implicitly to be relied upon. But the greatest and the best part of Dean Church's writing is buried in the files of the *Guardian* and the *Saturday Review*. It is the one defect of Miss Church's beautiful biography that she gives too little prominence to the literary side of her father's work. He was *par excellence* a journalist, and his style is seen at its best in the thoughtful and polished essays which he contributed so often to certain weekly papers. Perhaps he touched his highest point when he was dealing with subjects midway between literature and theology, but even as a theologian he was by no means to be despised. While never professing to be an expert, he only discussed such subjects as he understood, and he knew where to look for facts. There is no evidence that the great critical movement ever really touched him. Of German he seems to have read little, but with characteristic sagacity he perceived that the modern reconstruction of the Old Testament was neither to be pooh-poohed nor denounced. And while eminent clergymen who were his close friends were repeating the blunder of Bishop Wilberforce, Church ranged himself unhesitatingly with those who pleaded for faith and patience.

While Dean Church was one of the greatest leaders and ornaments of the High Church party, their most characteristic teachings hardly appeared in his writings at all. His sermons might be preached by religious men of every school. It would not be correct to say that he was a Broad Churchman. The great dogmas of supernaturalism were passionately believed and preached by

* The Life and Letters of Dean Church. Edited by Mary C. Church. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

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him, but most men who hold certain central dogmas firmly hold along with these many subsidiary dogmas. If they lose faith in the latter, they commonly find the main part of their faith greatly weakened. It was not so with Church; he was one of the men, very few in any age, who with unerring precision selected certain articles of faith by which he was content to live and die, leaving the debatable to be debated. His master through life was Newman, but there is much in his writings that Newman did not teach him.

W. R. N.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES.*

There are more points than one in Mr. Churton Collins which make him an interesting critic. In the first place, he knows his classics; and though it is not customary nowadays to endorse Dr. Folliott's iteration of "Greek, Greek, Greek," as the *unum necessarium*, if it is necessary anywhere it certainly is in criticism. He knows at least some parts of English literature very well, and is something of a specialist in Italian, an acquirement not so common as it used to be, and for that very reason specially useful to a critic of English in past days. Also Mr. Collins writes well and carefully, though rather hardly and with something of lack in ease, springiness, unction. But what makes him particularly interesting is his maintenance in full reality of a critical attitude which is now mostly a tradition. It is not exactly that Mr. Collins is more opinionated than other people; other critics would probably not have to go far from their own doors to find his equal, at least, in that respect. But his opinionatedness is of a kind which is not just now fashionable. Nowadays we are most of us rather apt to say, with more or less politeness, according to nature and education, "I give this as my opinion; it is only my opinion, of course, and has no other value; but, privately, I think any one but a fool will take that value as a gilt-edged security." The older fashion was not ostensibly to give the critic's personal warranty, but to assume that his opinion was that of the *orbis terrarum*, that there was no possibility of salvation outside of it, and that anybody who did not choose to accept it ought to be delivered over to the secular arm. Of these two attitudes (which of course the foregoing sentences designedly exaggerate and caricature) the latter, beyond all question, is that to which Mr. Churton Collins is most inclined. Thus, for instance, he speaks of "the wretched cant now so much in vogue about 'art for art's sake.'" Now, of course, you *may* cant about anything. But the doctrine of "art for art's sake" is neither more nor less cant, or liable to cant, than any other doctrine or position which admits of argument for and against, which is capable of being overstrained and misapplied, but which, rightly held and intelligently limited, contains, like most doctrines, its portion of truth. But it would not suit Mr. Collins to allow this. Indeed, in his way of criticism, there are very few allowances, provisos, or guards. He is entirely free from that malady of "thinking what the other fellow will say" which we have heard charged against critics of a stamp different from his, even when they had the repute of being tolerably sure of themselves. And, indeed, if you have made up your mind that "the other fellow" is a wretched canter, why bother yourself about him?

Of this method or attitude the essays given in the present volume (with the exception of the very agreeable paper on "Menander" with which it concludes, and which is rather a *compte rendu* than a controversial or dogmatic discourse) give excellent examples, sometimes charged less, sometimes more, with the main peculiarity. The opening paper, that on "Dryden," is one of the best. When it appeared, now a good many years ago, everybody who knew anything about the subject recognised it as an admirable piece of work of its kind. It has indeed both the merits and the defects of Mr. Collins's special model, Macaulay, who, though he has been sometimes more closely imitated in mere tricks of style, has never had so faithful a follower in spirit and in the whole scheme of essay-procedure. There are the carefully arranged lists of names and dates, the little excursions or episodes of reading or allusion, the set-pieces at intervals. There is, too—and this seems to us, as far as purely literary criticism is concerned, one of Mr. Collins's least admirable parts or points—the trick of

* Essays and Studies. By John Churton Collins. New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.00 *net*.

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depreciation in order to enhance, of stepping back in order to make a spring. But, on the whole, the article seems to us not merely one of the best things Mr. Collins has done, but one of the best on the subject; one certainly not to be missed by anybody who is studying that subject. For which reason its extraction, with some corrections, from the limbo of an old Review is much to be welcomed.

The next paper, on Mr. Symonds's *Predecessors of Shakespeare*, exhibits Mr. Collins's method, and his scholarship to Macaulay, at much greater disadvantage. The book criticised, though an interesting one, was of course vulnerable enough, exhibiting as it did its author's disorderliness of arrangement and his floridness of style at nearly their worst. But why bolt out of the course to make a desperate charge of six pages on the critical style, not of Mr. Symonds, but of Mr. Swinburne? And why, except in corrupt following of quarterly (not merely *Quarterly*) reviewers in general, and of Macaulay in particular, attack so violently a book and author which and who, after the first diatribe, are quietly put aside altogether in order that Mr. Collins may give his own sketch —and a very well-informed, if not always well-opinioned, sketch too—of the subject? There is to be observed, also, in this essay, as perhaps in some others, a fault to which this type of critic is specially liable—the fault of violently denouncing or magnificently pooh-poohing opinions which a little later, and with a very little change, the critic restates himself as the only true and catholic faith on the subject. Thus, here on p. 109, Mr. Collins speaks with scorn apparently too deep for words of some unnamed writer who "gravely compares Marlowe with Æschylus." It will occur to most people who know both their Æschylus and their Marlowe well that the poor wretch, whoever he was, might have done worse. But they will certainly rub their eyes when they come to Mr. Collins's own account of Marlowe, and find urged with much energy and eloquence his claim to most of those things which we recognise as Æschylean —"passages approaching as nearly to the style of the Greek masterpieces as anything to be found in English" (was this said "gravely"?) "delineations of the superhuman," and so forth. Mr. Symonds himself is chidden for laying too much stress on Marlowe's "Amour de l'Impossible." Mr. Collins is permitted to say practically the same thing in six sentences on p. 157 and in nine sentences on p. 158.

In the two other long essays—"Lord Chesterfield's Letters" and "The Porson of Shakespearian Criticism"—there being no intrusive entity to whom the critic has to say, "*Ote-toi, que je m'y mette*," Mr. Collins's method is again seen to better advantage. We do not, indeed, think that either the unfavourable view of Chesterfield or the unfavourable view of Theobald which he combats has been quite so universal as he seems to think. Pope's very Popian spite against Theobald has always been understood by people of any instruction; and we cannot believe that anybody who counts has ever been prejudiced against Chesterfield by Dickens's absurd and wooden caricature in Sir John Chester. But both essays are good examples of vigorous championship not undeserved, and the latter is a well-informed and well-arranged exposition of fact. Of the "Menander" we have already spoken.

It would perhaps be unfaithful to close this review of a very interesting and very typical, as well as learned and energetic, book of criticism without noting one or two slips into which the critic's method, as much as anything else, has led him. That method, as is well known, almost requires, and at least certainly induces, long, confident sweeps of generalisation, assertion, illustration, and parallel. But these are extremely dangerous things. Even Macaulay, with his wonderful reading and matchless memory, fell sometimes into the net that he spread; and Mr. Collins has not been more fortunate. For instance, he says, in an *obiter dictum* on Ronsard, "between 1630 and 1858 he was so completely ignored that, if we are not mistaken, during the whole of this period no edition of his poems was called for." Now, if *we* are not mistaken, there was an edition of *Œuvres Choisies* in 1840. But this does not matter much. For at least thirty years before 1858 Ronsard had been studied and ransacked for metrical models by the whole Romantic school of French poetry, which was then at its prime; and this is a very odd way of being "completely ignored." As for

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another slip, it is one which we should think it illiberal to mention in a man who might possibly have committed it through ignorance of Greek. Mr. Collins writes of some error that "it may now be said to hold a conspicuous place among *pseudodoxia epidemica*." It is, of course, *not* possible that he can take *pseudodoxia* for a neuter plural instead of a feminine singular, or think that the common English short title "Vulgar Errors" is a translation of the Greek one. It is possible that he wrote *pseudodoxa* (though even this would be odd) and that the printer played him a trick; or the thing may be merely "one of the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil," of which all who write have had experience.

George Saintsbury.

NOVEL NOTES.

HIPPOLYTE AND GOLDEN BEAK. Two Stories. By George Bassett. New York: Harper and Bros. $1.25.

If any experienced taster of contemporaneous fiction, before seeing the title-page, were to read these two stories and were then to guess at their author's name, it would be impossible for him not to cry out "Norris!" The first tale is absolutely Norrisian; the second relatively so. And this is high praise; for the Norris suggested by them is the earlier and better Norris; the Norris of *Thirlby Hall* and *Matrimony*, and not the Norris of *The Countess Radna;* the delineator of character, and not the producer of pot-boilers. A contemplative Englishman of middle age, with a good deal of *insouciance* and the gift of saying things epigrammatically; a second Englishman of excessive insularity; various foreigners, male and female; and the Riviera for a background—these are the ingredients of some of the most characteristic novels of Mr. Norris. The style and manner are Norris himself. The likeness is perhaps less noticeable in the very curious story *Golden Beak*, in reading which we can forgive the improbability of the incidents in our delight at the verisimilitude of the characters who figure in them. It is, for example, too much to ask that we should accept as possible a Japanese cook, who follows an American girl all over the world, and finally strangles her on the bank of a quiet English river, within call of her friends, and by means of a bronze helmet whose construction the author does not make altogether clear. But this apart, Mr. Bassett draws his figures to the life. The nineteen-year old *divorcée* from San Francisco and her naïve chatter on the deck of a Pacific steamer are delicious. Her description of her friends in San Francisco is a masterpiece in its way. Listen to this of Charley Hart, the "society leader," who is in the insurance business, and leads the german everywhere:

"When a young lady first goes into society in San Francisco, if he isn't on her side she can't do anything at all. He is asked out to dine every night, and of course it all helps his business, because he is agent for both life and fire companies, and lots of people who are trying to get into society do their insuring through him. Well, everybody thinks he has such a lovely time, but he isn't so very happy after all. He is nearly forty now; and last fall he began to get so fat that it was awful for him to have to dance; so he had to go without eating lots of things he likes. . . . After the theatre we would go up on the car together to my flat and eat pickled limes and lady-fingers; that's about the only thing he can eat for supper."

Temehichi, the Japanese "boy," who was Mrs. Potwin's servant (Mrs. Potwin is the *divorcée*), and who was of noble family, took umbrage at Charley and his by no means sybaritic banquets. He loved Mrs. Potwin, and broke forth as follows:

"You see, Golden Beak, I sweep your floor, I clean the mat when dog-Charley wipes his feet—and you laugh. You laugh, all of you. You say, 'Oh, very clean; oh, very good boy.' When Charley-dog have dinner here, I spit in his soup. You think I am a broom; you think I am an iron to stir the fire with; but all the while I am a man, Golden Beak, and all the while you are a woman. And I love you, bad woman!"

Mr. Bassett is a most admirable story-teller, as strong in his way as Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and with a very keen eye to detail. Probably the one thing that he could not succeed in would be the pathetic, and this he wisely does

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not attempt. One curious and repeated blunder we notice—an occasional Americanism in the mouth of a Briton and an occasional Briticism in the mouth of an American. Thus Mrs. Potwin describes the sea as being "as calm as calm," which she could never have done in life, unless she had just risen from a perusal of Anthony Trollope; while the narrator of the story (supposed to be a typical Englishman) indulges in the adjective "shiftless," which he would never do unless he were fresh from the study of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And do Americans really speak of a piebald horse as a "paint horse"?

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND. A Story of the Wild Northwest. By John Mackie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 75 cents.

The insinuating part which this title and the frontispiece, "His Satanic Majesty making a move," will play in capturing a certain class of readers is easily foreseen. But alas! they will be doomed to disappointment. Although the game is played with the decalogic "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," the partners are strictly withheld from dalliance by the conventional leash of conscience, and only for one brief moment does it seem as if the devil would win the stakes. It is the old and washy tale of a man and woman parted by lies and swept from each other to the nethermost parts of the globe only to meet again (after the woman has married another man in the interim) to find themselves still lovers, and lovers who rightfully belong to each other after all the blind, cruel years of misunderstanding on both sides. Dick Travers fills the *rôle* of the tragical cynic-in-ordinary, who has allowed a woman to spoil his prospects in life, to stereotyped perfection; and the sudden meeting with Chrissie, now Mrs. Tredennis, and their confinement in a cave during a three days' blizzard on the Devil's Playground, are drawn with due melodramatic effect. After her enforced imprisonment with Travers, Mrs. Tredennis returns with a conscience void of offence to make her husband happy in his way for the rest of their drab-coloured married life; and Dick, cured of his affection for Chrissie, falls comfortably in love with his beautiful nurse, who brings him riches as well as youth and beauty. Verily—so the moral runs—it pays to be good! The open advertisement of being good for the sake of the spoils is in glaring contrast to Emerson's statement that it is by the strength of its silent virtue mankind continues to exist at all. It is a fine conscience-story of cynic fortune, to be recommended by maiden aunts to the consideration of their young friends. Mr. Mackie brightens up the tame fiction by his fine descriptions of the Canadian prairies, Dick's splendid race against time and fire, and the fierce blizzard in the Bad Valley. But the pure enjoyment of these is spoiled by the constant dragging in of the story, which is the most artificial thing in the book, as his descriptions of nature are most free and unrestrained, and therefore most pleasing. The author is not even satisfied to let the actors play their virtuous parts as foreordained by him, but is continually garnishing his pages with the tags of moral commonplaces, and that with a strange incongruity sometimes, as, for example, when he says, "There is nothing like the touch of the devil in man or beast, after all; and a wise Providence helps those who help themselves." The gruesome title is superfluous, for the game is not worth the candle; it is the sinners that God or man or devil goes after, and not the righteous.

DISCORDS. By George Egerton. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

Discords is a collection of stories with a purpose—namely, to probe the surface of modern life and describe how its conditions affect women. Of the present evil "George Egerton" has a powerful and, we think, morbid impression in her mind. Her doorway to redemption is mistily seen, but to halting vision, in such complexities, no reproach can reasonably attach. The school of art by which her form and some of her spirit have plainly been modelled has taught her plain speaking. But it should be remembered by those who reproduce, say, French, or, as here, Scandinavian models in English, that the mere dictionary equivalents do not give the quantitative or qualitative result correctly. We may easily produce a cruel, brutal, and false effect when intent on a merely truthful one. And literal translation of inspiration, doctrine, or sentiment can end in a far worse travesty than literal translation of words. *Discords* is distinctly inferior to the author's *Keynotes*,

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but of her ability, the force of conviction that underlies her work, there should be no hesitating recognition. The book stands head and shoulders above its class—a class, by the bye, to which the others here grouped with it do not belong. "George Egerton" can write with vigour, can describe with vividness. Not one story in the book has carried intellectual conviction to this reader's mind: not a sentence has suggested a doubt of the writer's sincerity. So strong a faith in her talent is perhaps the reason why critics may be uneasily eager not to leave her alone, but rather to reason with her on several points—notably on one. Whatever respect one may feel for her hot convictions on the wrongs of her sex is in danger of being undermined on every other page by an altogether unworthy habit of sentimentalising over her fellow-women. Let her burn, fight, plead for them, but leave the sentimentalising to men. When one woman talks to another in her stories, we feel nausea or amusement. Let the conversation between the girl who had dared, without any justification of strong passion, so far as can be seen, to be particularly selfish, and who took great credit to herself therefore, and her old schoolfellow, who had been driven to an unhappy marriage, serve as example. When the social outcast clasps the martyr to false respectability to her heart, and calls her "poor big woman," sympathy is dissolved in sniggering. One more thing: but very likely it is vain to remonstrate. *Keynotes* was a better book mainly because it contained fewer sermons. Preaching is the stumbling-block of women's career in art. That the Church is not manned by women is one of the many mistakes of the tyrant sex. George Sand preached, and so did George Eliot. By so much are their worth and glory less. So now "George Egerton," for pages and pages. The Brontës did not. Jane Austen did not. By so much are their worth and glory more. For the rest, the author of *Discords* and *Keynotes* is a woman of ability, with a passionate desire to make the lives of other women fuller and saner and happier by her pictures of life. Is it impertinence to suggest that she is on the wrong road, and that a sedative would be the best preparation for her next adventure? The exhibition of unstrung nerves will not do her work. In fiction, at least, her work will only be done surely, done without danger of hideous reaction, by those faculties unchanging in their potency through all the ages, imagination and humour.

A WOMAN OF IMPULSE. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. The Hudson Library. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Mr. McCarthy has been accused of producing another replica of a certain London legend which has already been attempted, for good or evil we say not, in Mr. Benson's *Dodo*. Indeed, the title of the English edition of this novel, *A London Legend*, is nearer the mark. Variety of sensation, spiced with incidents of every complexion from the antique and modern worlds, bristles throughout the book and exercises an excitation of nervous tissue not always healthy, but courted by sufferers from *ennui*. Brander Swift all of a sudden seemed to have grown old. The days of his youth were indeed eventful enough to have brought about this abnormal lapse into the sere and yellow leaf. A traveller in Europe, a student at a German university, an apostle of social reform, an authority on labour problems, the comrade of workingmen!—was not his book, the *Cry for Liberty*, one of the bibles of the Cordeliers' Club and the armoury of so many of the leaders and thinkers and speakers of the new movement?—little wonder that this phenomenal Vivian Greyish young man felt like an Atlas weighted down by insuperable burdens at three-and-twenty. But the face of a girl can change all that in the twinkling of an eye, and the *blasé* youth with the love potion circulating in his veins after a sight of his Marguerite, becomes young again to learn, Faust-like, the bitter but wholesome lesson that all work whatsoever without love at the heart of it is of no avail. Mr. McCarthy might have had Stevenson in mind when the latter says: "The first lesson of youth is to learn to the dregs our own ignoble fallibility," so inevitably does the undoing of Swift's doctrinaire theories follow in the track of his illuminating love. "Every man," says Budget, speaking of Swift, "makes some blunder early in life which he has to pass the rest of his existence in maintaining not to be a blunder. With most men this cross takes the form of marriage. With Swift

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it is the *Cry for Liberty.*" The "woman of impulse," who is a certain incarnation of the She of the London legend, has been bitten with the radical rabies of Swift's book, and out of this circumstance emanates the serio-comic issues of the loves of Swift and Candida *alias* Dorothy Carteret. One feels that the conception of the story, though clever, lacks vigour and coherency in the handling; the plot is a sort of joke, and several episodes quite unnecessarily are introduced to relieve its prolixity. Around the fates of the lovers twine the fictive verities: Greek art; Socialism; snake charming; a contested election; a mysterious Indian, who inhabits an old house in Camden Town full of snakes, and protected by a door with secret springs. The hero, a Socialist *littérateur*, and the heroine, an heiress of the realm, playing "As You Like It" with the hero in British Museum coquetry, common lodging-house *camaraderie* and Richmond Hill bohemianism are a pair of amusing lovers not to be met with every day. One thing to be truly thankful for is that in these days, when stories of whining pessimism multiply beyond number, *A Woman of Impulse* is as fresh and agreeable as life itself when it is most free and careless of aspect. Mr. McCarthy ought to avoid such smart affectations as "he hurried out to salute the afternoon," or "I am possessed of a spirit of quotation to-day, and talk in the tags of another's thought."

THE LONE INN. By Fergus Hume. Unknown Library. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. 50 cents.

The latest accession to the Unknown Library is from a well-known writer of "mystery" tales, which one and all show the same constructive hand at work, with a slight variation of detail in the evolution of plot and the analysis of crime. Of all the mysterious stories that Mr. Hume has written, *The Lone Inn* approaches more nearly the ironic play of circumstantial evidence and the baffling pursuit of the criminal object sustained until the climax is reached at the end, which gave *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* a notorious popularity. To be sure, the whole interest and interplay of conflicting evidence rests on a well-worn and hackneyed stage property: Felix and Francis Briarfield are twins, and a pair of Dromios whose close resemblance and mistaken identity lead to the tragedy of errors which emanate from the murder of one of the twins—which, Felix or Francis? is a conundrum—at the Lone Inn. The construction of the story is such as to beguile the ingenuous reader during the first half into a superior sense of sagacity at the apparent transparency of the plot, and he begins to give himself airs with his author. But at a single turn of the wheel, hey, *presto!* the reader is off the track, groping in the fog into which he has been unsuspectingly inveigled. There are no loose threads in Mr. Hume's work; the shuttle of his loom works noiselessly and without a break. One may smile sometimes at the simple devices to which he palpably resorts in joining his threads together, but these inartistic flaws, while they would be serious defects in the fine-spun fabric of Sherlock Holmes' scientific brain, are of much less consequence in the coarse web of Mr. Hume's weaving. *The Lone Inn* is masterly of its kind, and, better still, is an excellent relaxative for the tired mind pressed hard by the *Zeit-geist.*

THE WOMAN WHO DID. By Grant Allen. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

"Written . . . for the first time in my life wholly and solely to satisfy my own taste and conscience." So runs a prefatory inscription to this story, which has been looked forward to with some curiosity. The word "taste" puzzles us, unless we run it into the next substantive, "conscience," and give it a purely moral significance. We take it this story was not written to satisfy Mr. Allen's artistic conscience. It is of the pamphlet order, a tract for the times, using the popular means of illustration—dialogue and anecdote. At his peril does a tract writer exemplify his principles by real, living, complicated human beings. It is more convenient to dress up models of abstractions, pull strings to make them move in the proper direction, chop up theories into fairly short paragraphs, and ventriloquise these into and out of the mouths of the dummies that fall limp and mute when he lets them out of hand. Therefore, if we may be allowed to regard the book merely as a tract, we shall not quarrel much with the fact that Herminia Barton, the "Woman Who Did," is not,

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till the last act, at least, a woman at all. She is an automaton used for an object lesson. She is the answers to the questions in the Catechism of the Ideal Dissoluble Marriage of the Future. Mr. Allen has another purpose in view than the creation of a personality, and he seeks success outside the bounds of creative literature. Yet we are interested in certain facts related of that beautiful theory-casket, Herminia, and not so inconsistently either, for we want to know whether they support the final purpose of the book. "The Woman Who Did," at twenty-two, has formulated a daring revolutionary scheme of life, which presupposes a knowledge of good and evil that would seem comprehensive enough in any human being of forty. Is Mr. Allen right? Does the modern young woman justify his citing Herminia as even an extreme type? All our experience goes to deny it, and we were just going to condemn, when we remembered that, for ulterior purposes, she has to talk, and expound, and utter a great many uncompromising generalities; she has to put the case with burning eloquence. "You forget," she says, "it is the outcome of my life's philosophy." A life's philosophy at twenty-two! The very absurdity puts Mr. Allen in the right. The high-flown simplicity of her lengthy discourses stamps her with youth. She would have been so much less a cock-sure exponent at forty, and so much less fitted, therefore, to illustrate the tract. Genuine human interest awakes in the last act, where Herminia is deserted and reviled —with a crude barbarity, however, not very probable—by her daughter. The only free child born into the world thinks her freedom disreputable. Mr. Allen here touches fact. Those who lead the race—grant for the moment Herminia's leadership—to greater liberty, not unseldom drive their children according to the flesh into vulgar reaction.

Now for the pamphlet. Its purpose is to describe an ideal union for men and women, where love and respect shall be the only bonds of permanence. There are no ugly suggestions to attract the baser kind of reader. It is a perfectly straightforward, serious book, written in a more obviously instructive tone than we have been accustomed to since our perusal of the religious fiction put into our hands in youth. Mr. Allen says good and true things in it; and, indeed, he never wrote a book—even those that have not satisfied his conscience—whose final purpose was not a generous one. But he has not advanced his end by a step. He shirks the whole difficulty. The permanence and experiences of such a union he refuses to test, killing the man before it is a year old. And in great things and small he betrays a strange misunderstanding of human nature. He has our experience in revolt at every turn. To take a small matter—his impression that Girton girls think and talk of "nothing else on earth except Herodotus, trigonometry, and the higher culture," is harmlessly absurd; but it is one of many evidences of superficial observation. Such an appalling generality as "All honest art is of necessity pessimistic," is, perhaps, harmless too and also superficial. But his glorification of the mere brute instinct of mating, and his denial of the worth of those in whom it is repressed till it is tempered and ennobled by a sense of the responsibilities of life, is a senseless and shallow slander of human nature. In this one point, *The Woman Who Did*, an entirely unconvincing but honest book, is calculated to do not a little harm.

MEN BORN EQUAL. By Harry Perry Robinson. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

One of the most remarkable signs of the times is the advent of the reporter into suburban literature. Not that many arrive within the gates of the Eternal City itself, for strait is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be that enter in. For the most part the literary product of the pressman is a sort of glorified journalism, which oftentimes bedecks itself with the borrowed plumes of literature. It cannot well be otherwise where there is

> No leisure to grow wise,
> No shelter to grow ripe.

The tranquillity and solitude which are essential to art are withheld from the hard-working journalist, and it is seldom that he has self-denial to forego the exigencies and temptations of his profession to devote himself to better work, even when he is confident of his own ability. *Men Born Equal*, however, must take rank in this category with distinction. For a first novel by a journalist

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it is distinguished among its fellows who dwell in the suburbs of literature by the excellence of its craftsmanship and the value of its contribution to the popular discussion of labour problems.

Nothing could be more gratifying to the lovers of law and order, as well as to those who are interested in social evolution, than the evidence of a growing consciousness of higher ideals and a deeper sense of rectitude in handling social questions, indicated by the increasing number of young writers in the field of journalism who are giving their best thought and attention to the pressing topics of the time. The author of *Men Born Equal* is one of these, and we recommend his book to the earnest consideration of every reader who ponders on these things. The fact that the great camping-ground of street railway strikes, to which Brooklyn is but now giving forcible illustration, provides the novelist and the thinker with material for a love story and a sociological study which are so welded together as to inculcate the same fundamental truth, imparts a large and timely significance to this volume. Macaulay's quatrain,

> When none was for a Party,
> But all were for the State,
> And the Rich man helped the Poor,
> And the Poor man loved the Great,

adorns the title-page, and the pages following voice the sentiments of the arch-Whig. The conviction of Judge Jessel that "it is not through Populism that salvation will come; it is more likely to be through the reaction against Populism," would appear to be the writer's hope for the political dawn not yet at hand, but it is rash to harness what one of his characters says to the author's political horse. There is no mistaking the meaning of these words, however: "The man who goes straight goes far," says Tim Sullivan; "it isn't brains that makes a man govern men, nor education, nor money—it's the *man* of him!" But no review can do full justice to the book. There are pages of solemn rhetoric charged with an earnest pleading for the cause of "the voiceless millions all over the world—or, if not voiceless, they might well be so, for they are spent with labour and weak with lack of food, and their voices reach only to ears that are deaf, on which they beat in vain;" there are descriptive scenes and incidents of a street railway strike which surpass the verisimilitude of mere journalism, because of the fusion of details in the solvent of imagination and the austerity and restraint which the writer has exerted over his "copy," for his revelations of newspaper practice prove that he writes from the inside. Then there is some splendid fooling with Tim Sullivan, the good-natured Irish politician, and Barry, who wears the foolscap as a foil to his neighbour Horace Marsh, who takes things rather too much in earnest for his own and everybody's good for a time. The frequent use of apt and well-chosen quotation and a habitual way Horace Marsh (who strikes us as being a subjective character study) has of buttressing his statements with references to certain authors, show that while deeply concerned with politics, the author has by no means neglected literature. If we are to have our theology and science and politics served to us in a simple and popular fashion, we can conceive of no better medium than that which Mr. Robinson has rendered so ably and so delightfully in his first venture—one which we shall hope to see him repeat.

THE HONOUR OF SAVELLI. By S. Levett Yeats. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Among a batch of novels which arrived the other evening for critical vivisection, something tempting in the title and in the look of the opening sentences of *The Honour of Savelli* elected that novel to the privilege of precedence. As a further bait to a jaded appetite consequent on a week's dull reading, the novel in question purported to be written after the manner of Mr. Weyman. Truth to tell, we were somewhat sceptical at the outset; but let us say at once in amends that not since reading *A Gentleman of France* have we been so engrossed and captivated by the work of a new writer. The book was taken up at first as a foil to the pleasure of a cigar, but soon the "ambrosial weed" lost its flavour, and was forgotten. The spirit of other days and another clime took possession of us, and the bright embers in the grate turned a dull red and then an ashen gray. But still the spell was on us, and with breathless haste we followed the fortunes of the swash-buckler Di Savelli through escapades and ambuscades, court intrigues and love adventures, until we saw him safely through

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all his encounters, retired and happy, as so brave and honourable a knight deserved, in his castle of Aquila, among the Sabine Mountains, with the haughty Lady Angiola by his side. Seldom have we read a first novel with such genuine pleasure and gusto. Not that by any means the new-comer is equal in all respects to "the Dumas of the hour," as Mr. Weyman has been lightly called. There is a deeper and more varied knowledge of human nature, a finer analysis of motive, and a more masterly constructive skill in *A Gentleman of France;* but the creator of Ugo Di Savelli can break a lance with him who conceived Gaston De Marsac as a *raconteur* of exciting episodes, hairbreadth escapes, and magnificent sword play, and as a story-teller who is fired with "the spirit of the true Romance," and who can bear us on the rapid tide of a rattling narrative, which hurries us onward unresting until the happy *dénouement* is reached. The author has taken Dumas for his model, and this is evinced in the spirited action of dialogue and subtle movement, in the alertness of the characters, and in the adroitness with which he holds all the issues at stake and carries them on with growing interest till they reach their common goal.

The story, which it would be unfair to spoil by tracing here, is laid in that period of Italian history when Alexander VI. was Pope, and the infamous Borgias were tottering to their fall. We are introduced to the Duc De Tremouille, to the French king, to Cesare, Alexander, and to Lucrezia Borgia, to the Chevalier Bayard, and to Machiavelli; and some vivid pictures are drawn of the life of the court at Florence and Rome, and of adventurous peril in the career of a knight of the road at that agitating period in history. The main current of the story recalls *A Gentleman of France*, with its introduction of a mysterious political mission, but the motive-play of the leading figure, who is also the narrator, is altogether different, and gives an exaltation of character to Di Savelli which is lacking in De Marsac, though both have a common attraction for us in their manly and courageous virtues. Some of Mr. Yeats' scenes compare favourably with dramatic incidents in *A Gentleman of France*, though the latter surpasses the former in the variety and complexity of intricate plot and arrangement. But, for a first novel, *The Honour of Savelli*, as a whole, promises well. Nor can we impute the charge of imitation to him, for although coming after *A Gentleman of France* in point of time, Mr. Yeats assures us that the book was written before he had read Mr. Weyman's brilliant novel. To him belongs, as much as to Mr. Weyman, the credit of the daring originality and bold conception which characterise both novels. *The Honour of Savelli*, we fear, has raised another vexed ghost on the horizon of Mr. Boyesen's troubled vision, and is a further outcome of that romantic movement which Mr. Zangwill holds responsible for setting so many writers "brooding on blood and writing in the reddest of inks."

TALES OF MEAN STREETS. By Arthur Morrison. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

This is an unmistakably strong book. The East End and its dwellers have never before been painted from the same standpoint, nor in so vigorous and independent a fashion. That it gives the inevitable picture which sojourners in the neighbourhood must carry away, we certainly do not assert. It is distinctly limited, but limited because its point of view is individual, its purpose scrupulously truthful. Mr. Morrison's intention has been to tell just what he has seen, idealising nothing and keeping back little. He has carried it out with a frankness which no doubt some readers will term brutal, and which certainly wants some courage to face. They are pictures of misery, cruelty, sordidness, he gives us for the most part, pictures rather than descriptions; the moral showman never appears at all to pull a long face, or shake his head, or say "How pitiful!" or "How wrong!" The reader is left to make his own reflections, and they will not be comfortable ones, on "Lizerunt," "Without Visible Means," and "On the Stairs." Mr. Morrison has plainly a bias; and who has not? With the right or wrong of that bias literary criticism has nothing to do, provided he give it logical and forcible expression. It is, however, perfectly legitimate to take objection to the long monotony of dreariness, which the slight facetiousness of "The Red Cow Group," the comic mixture of rascality and hysteria in "A Conversion," the patient pluck in "Three Rounds," and

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the grim independence of "Behind the Shade," are not enough, and hardly of a kind, to relieve. It is fair to say that there is something wanting in his picture—something pertaining to rational happiness and unselfish endeavour, which experience has led one to expect in streets however mean. We need not accept his as the whole picture, but who will dare to say it is not true in great part? The book is far from heartless; indeed, possibly it is just because the observer's feelings were not of that easy kind that can be relieved by mere words of pity that his stories are so grim and so ungenial. So much for the effect of the tales on our emotions. Regarded merely from the point of fiction, they are the work of an unusually vigorous writer, whose vision is clear and whose dramatic sense is vivid, and who, in putting his scenes and pictures into words, invariably takes the best and shortest way. An introduction has been written for the American edition; and a portrait of Mr. Morrison will be found among our News Notes.

A BUNDLE OF LIFE. By John Oliver Hobbes. Unknown Library. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. 50 cents.

It is being rather hard on a really able writer to call her first affectedly cynical, and bent chiefly on making a sensation, and when she drops that tone to say she is dull. Yet perhaps that is the kind of judgment that will be commonly meted out to the authoress of *A Bundle of Life*. John Oliver Hobbes is very clever, and she is giving promise of development in unexpected directions. She is trying to fly thitherwards now, but her flight is not yet very sure. Her former style was the epigrammatic-psychological. Now she seems to have discovered that epigram is hardly agreeable to psychology, and the epigram has to a large extent been dropped. Yet dull the story is not; there is a great deal of freshly expressed wisdom in it. The satire on Lady Mallinger, the beautiful and heartless, empty-souled, yet aspiring coquette—that women like her "have to die young to be understood"—is masterly. Sir Verity, Sidney Wyche and Teresa, all interest us; but the writer has before now made better portraits than theirs. As to the plan of the story—well, it is just a bundle of life, a bundle hardly selected, and very loosely bound together. But though one may admit that a little formlessness may give fiction a greater appearance of real life, one cannot help protesting against the pretence of form in the introduction of a prologue which would be quite as much in place were it bound up in any other equally able story of society life. The tone of this book is not so knowing as the writer's earlier ones, but perhaps it is wiser. It is certainly more sympathetic.

NOÉMI. By S. Baring Gould. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

In striking off *Noémi* after *The Deserts of Southern France* Mr. Gould is guilty of killing two birds with one stone. To change the metaphor, which is not a happy one, the student of research has thrown his professional toga aside with the publication of his investigations in Aquitania, and has taken relaxation in a novel grounded on material furnished by his sojourn in the land of the Aquitanes. The time chosen for the story with which Mr. Gould has worked off his surplus energy is that disturbing period when French and English rule and misrule so quickly alternate that no clear vision of events enacted then are possible. In the haziness of history there is refuge for the storywright, and Mr. Gould's imagination is equal to the task. The attention is riveted on the movement of the tale at the outset in no perfunctory manner. The dramatic element is always strong in Mr. Gould's work, even if it sometimes runs to melodrama. Noémi, a bandit's daughter, is introduced playing fast and loose with the surging passion of Jean del' Peyra, the son of a poor seigneur. As their course of true love careers on its troubled way the interest of their story gathers force from the account of the peasants' oppression, their insurrection and uprising against the bandits, at whose hands they had long suffered the direst cruelty and persecution. The story is well handled, and the interest never flags till a just retribution overtakes the oppressors, and we are left with a comfortable feeling that "all's well that ends well."

IN THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. By George Gissing. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 3 vols.

What Mr. Percy White sketched with a light touch and more than a sugges-

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tion of burlesque in *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, Mr. Gissing has limned with remarkable completeness and power in this, the most notable novel that has come to us this year. The life of the English *bourgeoisie* in an unfashionable London suburb has never been set forth with such fulness, such graphic precision, and such pitiless realism. Mr. White's Surbiton was rather amusing than otherwise, with its social strivings and the vendetta of the Muirhead-Salters and the Bailey-Martins; but Mr. Gissing's picture is of another kind, unlovely in its details, and ruthlessly repulsive. The stolid Philistinism of the prosperous members of the lower middle classes is here relieved with scarcely a touch of humour. The lives they lead vary between the most sordid money-grubbing on the one hand, and vulgar dissipation on the other. Dullards, fools, and debauchees are the leading characters of Mr. Gissing's novel, which is therefore by no means pleasant reading, though the great ability of the writer and the moral hideousness of the picture fascinate one and compel attention. Still it may be questioned whether the impression made be really an impression of the truth. Each character is, no doubt, a type, and studied from the life; yet an aggregation of types may give a result that is far from typical. In other words, one may entertain the hope that Mr. Gissing has consciously or unconsciously left out some of the light, and thus darkened and deepened the shadows of his impressive delineation; and that, as a very able English reviewer lately said of him, he is in reality an idealist of the new school—an idealist of ugliness.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE AIMS OF LITERARY STUDY. By Hiram Corson, LL.D. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.

A few years ago the writer remembers reading one of those erratic little books which are the sporadic outgrowth of an earnest thinker's brooding over truths that have become commonplace in their embodiment in living forms. The one in question bore the startling title, *The Lost Truths of Christianity*, which, after all, was meant for satire. Professor Corson's warm protest against the scholastic methods of studying literature might well be called *The Lost Aims of Literary Study*. While primarily addressed to the literary educators of youth, and indirectly to the students themselves, it is a book that we should wish to see in the hands of every young man and woman of thought and intelligence. Carlyle's famous saying that the best college for a youth is a collection of books gains emphasis from the forcible presentation of its truth and practicability in these ably written papers. Not by intellectual gymnastics nor by textual analyses is the student trained to appreciation of the "perennial masterpieces," as Balzac styles them, but by spiritual apprehension and inspiration. Literature, according to Professor Corson, being the expression in letters of the spiritual, co-operating with the intellectual man, needs sympathy of spirit to divine the true meaning, the whole meaning of genius. "In the study of a great literary product, *details must come last*—must come after there has been an adequate response to the informing life of the work. Then, when details are considered, the student is, to some extent, prepared to feel what they contribute to the general vitality." The insistence on true culture being the result of living in the company of great writers, and not in the accumulation of facts about them, is timely and especially pertinent in view of the cast-iron methods that inhere in our schools and colleges. And if we have to acknowledge that his is not an isolated voice, we must also allow that it sounds a note less familiar. That upon the exercise of "what is" in us—that spiritual sensitiveness which responds to the infinite mystery of being which gives the essential and immortal quality to literature—depends the silent shaping of our souls toward perfection, the rounding of character which includes all our faculties, has few strong literary advocates. Per-

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haps Mr. Mabie, in his essays, has insisted more than any contemporary writer on the spiritual element in literature and the need of a spiritual sense in man to appreciate its richest contents. "The most *practical* education," say Professor Corson, "is the education of the spiritual man; for it is this, and not the education of the intellectual man, which is, *must* be (or Christianity has made a great mistake) the basis of individual character; and to individual character humanity chiefly owes its sustainment." In these words we have the conclusion of the whole argument. The aims of literary study should be toward spiritual rectification—to use the writer's phraseology—to turn the soul-attitude on the contemplation of genius, and so assimilate its spiritual force and bring the whole man into harmony with the divine immanence. The volume is well worth a careful reading; its diction is rather jagged and repellent, but you soon get over that when the earnestness of the writer overtakes you. A more flagrant infirmity of style is the frequent use of italics for the sake of emphasis.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN. By Herbert H. Sargent, U. S. A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

In the extraordinarily protracted vogue of Napoleonic lore that has been so marked a feature of the past twelve months, it has sometimes seemed as though the revived interest in the great Corsican had centred wholly in *friperie*, so largely has this literature been literature of the back-stairs. The inventory of his old clothes, the dishes that he ate, his casual remarks to his valet, his vulgar *liaisons* with venal women, the privacies of his toilet—this is the sort of stuff that has flooded the pages of a hundred Paul Prys from Lévy to Masson. One is in danger of forgetting that Napoleon was anything more than an eccentric and immoral monarch of a by no means unusual type. His statesmanship and his marvellous genius for war have at times seemed utterly forgotten in the *crambe repetita* of cheap reminiscence and fetid scandal.

The clearly written little volume of Lieutenant Sargent looks to another class of readers than those who like to gaze at history through a sewer-grating. It deals with the memorable Italian campaign, in which Bonaparte for the first time, as a boy of twenty-six, was pitted against the veteran generals of Austria, against Wurmser, Quasdanovich, and the Archduke Charles, and with inferior forces routed them all in succession, and revolutionised the art of war. The campaign is described battle by battle in the simplest and most lucid language, each account being supplemented by a page or two of comments which give in a nutshell the strategic principles involved in the particular battle, with a short criticism from the standpoint of modern military science. A plan accompanies each, and so luminous and untechnical is the narrative, that the most inexperienced civilian sees at a glance the whole plan of campaign, and is enabled at once to appreciate the preternaturally brilliant genius of Napoleon and the mistakes of his adversaries. Lieutenant Sargent's exposition is also interesting as showing that the Austrian movements were often wisely planned, and what ninety-nine out of a hundred able generals would have done in like circumstances; but Napoleon was the hundredth general, before whose genius all the teachings of the professional strategists were confounded and turned to folly.

THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES By Crosnier de Varigny; translated from the French by Arabella Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00.

M. Crosnier de Varigny knows very much more about the United States than the authors of most books that depict our people and our institutions, since he was a resident of this country for nearly twelve years, or four times as long as the redoubtable Mrs. Trollope. Nevertheless, an American will scarcely go to him for political or social instruction. The real interest of his book lies in the fact that it gives a fair and, we may probably say, a typical picture of one side of our social life as it appears to an intelligent and conscientious foreigner who has really had an opportunity to study the country. We should scarcely accept it as the truth, but we may nevertheless feel curious to know what others think to be the truth.

M. de Varigny is greatly interested in the American woman—as who is not? He also thinks that he fully comprehends her, wherein he shows himself a

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rash and over-confident sort of person. He describes her as he thinks she is, and then endeavours to account for her by establishing a philosophic basis derived from history. His general argument is as follows: When the early colonists came over to America, circumstances made it necessary for women to share the dangers and privations equally with the men—to wield the axe and rifle as well as he. Hence woman was admitted by him to a complete equality such as she had never dreamed of in Europe, and which the colonial women transmitted to the women of the United States to-day. But as the struggle for a bare existence ceased, women, while retaining this equality, no longer had to toil and struggle, but gave themselves up to being ornamental. Hence they are to-day superior to the American men in cultivation, in the social graces, and in general refinement, for man is still battling, not against the savages as of old, but against his competitors in the fight for wealth. M. de Varigny sees some signs which lead him to think that man will presently regain at least an equality with woman, and is graciously pleased to hope that he will do so.

This is the author's point of view; but he is not unduly philosophical, dropping into anecdote and reminiscence and giving many remarkable facts which he or his friends have observed in America, and which no one but a Frenchman would ever have been able to discover or to credit. He has read the newspapers assiduously, and evidently takes some of their jokes to be seriously intended. He is very free in commenting on whatever he has seen. The American girls whom he has met in Europe pain him by their bold manners; he considers American boarding-houses unsafe places for the stray unmarried foreigner; he cautions his fellow-countrymen against being drawn into conversation with any American women on the railway trains, and relates with great impressiveness the experience of a gentleman whom such an imprudence cost the sum of $20,000. He thinks American juries and American judges too severe toward men and too sympathetic toward women; and in general regards the American young woman as a dangerous person, whose attractions, coupled with experience and a cold temperament, render her almost invincible when she makes up her mind to conquer and ensnare.

Incidentally M. de Varigny ranges over a wide field; he has anecdotes of the West and of the East; of Presidents and ambassadors; of the country school and the divorce courts; of Wall Street and Newport. What strikes him more forcibly, perhaps, than anything else, is the deference universally paid to men who are accompanied by women, and he adopts the suggestion of a countryman, that if the foreign tourist be so unfortunate as to have no mother, wife, or sister to accompany him on his travels in the United States, he should ensure his comfort by taking along his cook!

Miss Ward's translation is a free one, and reads smoothly. She has occasionally inserted a foot-note to correct an historical error of the author or to rectify a quotation; minor slips are corrected without comment, as when the original gives Tony Weller as "Tom," or Russell Sage as "William." The book is a decided addition to the *Culturgeschichte* of the century.

POPULAR SAYINGS DISSECTED. By A. Wallace. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 75 cents.

This dainty volume of 168 pages collects a large number of popular and half-proverbial sayings, the *Spruchwörter* of the English language, and more fully defining them, gives briefly their origin and history. One may derive much entertainment and not a little instruction from its pages, and an index at the end makes it a convenient book for reference. To find the expression "to save his bacon" traced to the Dunmow Flitch; "scraping acquaintance," to the Roman Emperor Hadrian; "that's the cheese," to Hindustan; "to hold water," to the prophet Jeremiah; "cock-a-hoop," to the French *coq-à-huppe*; "cat's cradle," to the manger at Bethlehem, and "to cotton to him," to China, gives one a good notion of the innumerable sources that have enriched our mother tongue. Mr. Wallace, however, is not altogether consistent with himself, as on p. 46 he gives an explanation of "that's the cheese" (mentioned above) which is quite irreconcilable with the one on p. 133. Also "to smoke the *calumet* of peace" (p. 87) is not the form of the expression that is actually used. Occasionally a phrase is explained which

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scarcely needs explanation, as "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," "black his eye," and "a toad under a harrow;" while some expressions whose origin is generally unknown, such as "Simon pure," are not given at all. The explanation of "to play old gooseberry" (p. 8) is incorrect, Old Gooseberry being really a euphemism for the devil.

THE MELANCHOLY OF STEPHEN ALLARD. A Private Diary. Edited by Garnet Smith. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

Stephen Allard escaped out of the drudgery of working life for a year, to "take sanctuary among the hills," his purpose being to review life, and judge of its possibilities and vanities, in peace and at leisure. He sets about his task with great method, setting down *seriatim* all the accusations against life and examining them, and afterward the remedies and consolations that have been suggested, and examining these in their turn. He comes to no satisfactory conclusion, though his investigation of authorities on melancholy has been lengthy and fairly thorough. But to prevent his disappointment at having to go back to the world before he has gained a comforting creed, Death mercifully takes him. Allard's own reflections are not of much value, and probably he was not the man to get wholesome value out of mountain solitudes. The gift of being healthy in solitude is rare. There is pessimism and pessimism, and one kind verily enjoys the struggle of life, sniffs the battle and grimly rejoices. This fighting note is not Allard's. He was a gentle, well-mannered, well-read young man with a sensitive soul, and we are glad Death soon took him out of the distasteful turmoil. But if he is not helpful as a counsellor or consoler, he is an excellent guide to the literature of melancholy. Had he read a little less of it he might have been the happier, but his loss may be the gain of some robuster souls.

THE REAL CHINAMAN. By Chester Holcombe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.co.

Of all the books called forth by the clash of the two great Eastern empires, none that has come to our notice is so thoroughly satisfactory for the general reader as this. Mr. Holcombe combines certain qualifications that are too often dissociated—a wealth of minute and highly interesting information, and the literary skill of a practised writer. His book, as its title indicates, is not intended to set forth any recondite theory or to explore the more abstruse phases of Oriental lore, but to present a vivid, complete, and, above all, accurate picture of the Chinaman as he actually is. For this task Mr. Holcombe's long residence in the East, his intimate knowledge of the Chinese language in all its chief dialectic variations, and his own keen and yet sympathetic observation, have most admirably fitted him.

This is the only book on the subject that makes the reader feel, after reading it, as though he had himself lived for a time in China. This realism, which assimilates a mental impression to that received by the senses, is largely due to the fact that the writer takes us with him down into the very streets and shops, the homes and the daily life of the ordinary Chinaman. We mingle with the crowds, we jostle against them in the streets, we hear them talk, we eat with them—for the time we live with them; and this is the great merit of the book. For every statement the author has an apt anecdote as an illustration, and it is almost always drawn from his own experience. Especially interesting is his correction of many false ideas that have become rooted in the Occidental mind, and which are in every case the result of hasty generalisation by travellers who knew neither the language nor the people. Among the points, however, in which Mr. Holcombe controverts established opinions, are two as to which he might well have been much more explicit. At the end of the first chapter he asserts, in opposition to the general consensus of contemporaneous testimony, that there is no real estrangement between the Chinese proper—that is to say, the great mass of the inhabitants—and the ruling Manchu dynasty.

"As a matter of fact, the native race has absorbed its conquerors, and the two are practically one. It is as rare to find a Chinese who objects to the Emperor because he is a Manchu, as it is to find one of our British friends objecting to Her Majesty Queen Victoria because of her German extraction."

Can it be, then, that all that we read of the formidable Secret Societies which have honeycombed the whole empire with their intrigues, and which are sup-

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posed to have the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty at heart—can all this, we say, be pure invention? Mr. Holcombe's opinion is, of course, entitled to the very greatest respect; but he certainly should have bestowed more than a casual sentence or two upon this highly important subject.

Another statement that will be read with great interest is his general defence of the Chinese, especially those of Northern China, against the charge of infanticide. On this matter he gives us many valuable facts; and though the defence is not wholly convincing, he certainly makes it clear that travellers have greatly exaggerated the prevalence of this crime. Incidentally, however, he reveals some most shocking usages in the treatment of living children.

Space forbids quotations from Mr. Holcombe's fascinating chapters. The topics discussed by him with satisfactory fulness, and which the casual reader will peruse with the greatest zest, are the social life of the Chinese, the curious superstitions that prevail among the people, the primitive workings of the Civil Service where all office is the reward of successful examinations, the business life and business tricks of the Chinese, and the financial system which has many lessons for our American bimetallists and advocates of fiat money. A whole chapter is given to the subject of the Chinese queue, with its etiquette and traditions. Not the least interesting anecdotes are those relating to Mr. Holcombe's own experiences as a representative of the United States, and his occasional conflicts with the native officials, in which, we are glad to say, he duly upheld the dignity of his country. Seventy-seven illustrations, from photographs made by the author, are both attractive and full of instruction. The cover deserves especial mention. It is of the imperial yellow, restricted in China to the use of the Emperor; the imperial seal in silver decorates it; and it is stamped with the title of the book in Chinese characters, as written for the author by His Excellency, the Chinese Minister at Washington. The typography of the volume is admirable.



SOUVENIR FAN PRESENTED BY A DISTINGUISHED CHINESE OFFICIAL TO MR. HOLCOMBE; THE TEXT, IN ENGLISH AND NATIVE, HAVING BEEN DONE WITH AN ORDINARY CHINESE BRUSH.

COREA OR CHO-SEN. By A. Henry Savage-Landor. New York: Macmillan & Co. $4.50.

Even the most inveterate globe-trotter, after reading Mr. Savage-Landor's charming book, will hesitate a long time before including Corea in any future itinerary. The country whose capital city has streets of indescribable filthiness, a temperature in the vicinity of 60 degrees below zero, hotels that regale the traveller on raw fish and meat in various stages of putridity, and in which tigers prowl about at night, seems hardly to justify its poetical and Oriental title, "Land of the Morning Calm." Mr. Savage-Landor is a young English artist who went to Corea in 1890 and painted the portraits of a number of the nobility and royal family, and who seems to have enjoyed himself in spite of the incidental drawbacks enumerated above. He has told in his handsome book the story of his sojourn in Corea in the off-hand style of the smoking-room, which

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is not without a charm of its own, and which, at any rate, is vivid and forcible. When he discourses on matters of hearsay, as, for instance, on the religion of the people, he is somewhat misty, but in the narration of his personal experiences no one could be happier. There is a great amount of very timely and curious information gathered together in these chapters, which may be commended to almost any one as excellent reading. Mr. Savage-Landor indulges in a skit or two upon the English that is "spoken in the States," but is not himself exactly a well of English undefiled. When he becomes agitated in the course of his narrative he indulges in such exclamations as "Good gracious!" and "Great Scott!" says that he knows certain things "jolly well," and declares that such and such a thing "takes the cake." Some of his epithets, however, if not exactly academic, are expressive, as where he tells us of a certain dish which had a "flavour" and of the "squashy" hand of a eunuch.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Under the title *Five Lectures on Shakespeare*, Messrs. Henry Holt and Co. publish some very suggestive and lucid criticisms by Dr. Ten Brink, excellently translated by Julia Hamilton. It deals with the principal characteristics of Shakespeare, the chronology of his works, and a consideration of his genius as a dramatist, as a comic poet, and as a writer of tragedy.——From Tait, Sons and Co. comes a book entitled *Americans in Europe*. The author in his preface makes use of the word "tasty," and the rest of the book is as cheap and vulgar as this would enable us to infer. Whoever buys it will waste his money, and whoever reads it will waste his time.——Mr. Berkeley Updike sends us a copy of his beautifully printed *Vexilla Regis*, which, having been privately issued in a first edition, is now given to the public with some few corrections and with the hymn of Venantius Fortunatus whence the title is taken, included. It consists of a quotation for each day of the year, the selections being taken from very many sources, and in this respect differing from the familiar anthologies of this character. They are also different in not being restricted to a mere line or two, but are of sufficient length to have a definite value of their own. Thus the selections for January range over a wide field, including the Bible, George Eliot, Ozanam, Lacordaire, Pascal, James Russell Lowell, Shakespeare, Balzac, William Blake, Wordsworth, St. Augustine, Francis Bacon, Père de Coudrette, and others.——*The Land of the Sun*, by Christian Reid, and published by the Appletons, is a combination of novel and guide-book, the guide-book on the whole predominating. The rather mild adventures of a family party in Mexico are described with a good deal of deliberation, and there is a large amount of description and general information conveyed in one form or another. Twenty well-executed illustrations from photographs of buildings and places in Mexico add to the attractive appearance of a book that may be safely read by the most nervous person.——The Messrs. Macmillan publish Dickens's *Little Dorrit*, in a reprint of the edition of 1869, which contains the author's last corrections, and also a facsimile of the title-page of the original edition of 1857 (misplaced in the binding), with the original illustrations of Hablot Browne ("Phiz"), and with a biographical and bibliographical introduction by Charles Dickens the younger. The typography is excellent, and the price (one dollar) remarkably reasonable.

The same publishers send us Mr. Arthur L. Fonda's monograph, *Honest Money*, being an enlargement of an article which appeared from his pen two years ago in the *American Journal of Politics*. It is "an attempt to analyse the requirements of a perfect money," as the author says, and having done so, Mr. Fonda proceeds to set forth the conclusions resulting from his analysis. He holds the monometallic gold standard to be the source of most of our economic ills, and argues for a standard based upon a large number of commodities—what Professor Jevons described as a "multiple legal tender"—a plan proposed as long ago as 1822 by Mr. Joseph Lowe. The actual currency he would make wholly paper. This, he thinks, would give a standard of value as nearly invariable as any that can possibly be obtained, and one that would make the disturbances resulting from hoarding impossible. The commodities that are to serve as a multiple legal ten-

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der he would have selected by a commission, and suggests the number of such commodities as one hundred, among them corn, tobacco, wheat, oats, and other staples. The great merit of such a standard he holds to be its unlikeness to the standard of any other nation, and thus beyond the reach of foreign monetary legislation.——Having become responsible for the bane in the shape of Mr. Fonda's book, the Messrs. Macmillan very properly provide the antidote, by reprinting in a most attractive and convenient form, and at the low price of seventy-five cents each, two little volumes, one containing select chapters and passages from Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and the other the first six chapters of Ricardo's *Principles of Political Economy*, these last being the chapters that contain his general economic theory.

Castle Rackrent and *The Absentee*. *Japhet in Search of a Father*. Macmillan's new series begins well. We might wish the print a little larger, but no other complaint is justified. The introducers, Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Hannay, have done their part very pleasantly, taking exactly the tone that persuades us willingly to renew an acquaintance with Miss Edgeworth and Captain Marryat. The illustrations—in the first volume by Chris Hammond, in the second by H. M. Brock—are abundant and really excellent. The series evidently means to deserve popularity. Galt, Borrow, and Susan Ferrier are on its list, and we have not too many good editions of these.

A number of convenient little books in paper covers for school use come to us from Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co., constituting the latest issues of their "English Classic Series." Just why Dante's *Inferno* the story of Aladdin, and extracts from Philippe de Comines and Benvenuto Cellini should be styled English classics one does not very readily see; classics in English would probably express the intended meaning better. The little books themselves, however, are well printed, the selections are judiciously made, and the short biographical sketches of the authors and the explanatory foot-notes are well enough as far as they go; but if the students for whom they are intended are so youthful as to require a note to explain to them what the "wing" of an army means, they will probably find that such a note as that on "houseled"—*i.e.*, "received the Eucharist"—leaves them still in the dark as to what the writer had in mind. The same publishers bring out an edition of Labiche and Martin's comedy, *La Poudre aux Yeux*, edited by Mr. A. B. Solial, with notes chiefly explanatory of the idioms, and a special vocabulary of all the words.

The American Book Company issued last month *Roman Life in Latin Prose and Verse*, by Professor H. T. Peck and Dr. Robert Arrowsmith. Its aim is to give a survey of Latin literature in the form of representative extracts, which shall at the same time afford a good deal of information about the private life of the Romans. To this end the editors have got together a large amount of material not readily accessible to the student, often from non-literary sources—nursery songs, charms and spells, popular songs, serenades, jokes, parodies, advertisements, scribblings found upon the walls at Pompeii, etc., in addition to passages such as those of Pliny on the Roman doctors, Gaius on the business capacity of women, the Testamentum Porcelli, Martial's most famous epigrams, Juvenal's invective against the "new woman" at Rome, the younger Pliny's ghost story, the comic dinner-party of Trimalchio described by Petronius, and many more things of a like character. Biographical sketches of the writers head each selection, with a selected bibliography, and there are also full notes and an index. The book is a novel one in both its plan and execution. A large number of interesting illustrations give it a very attractive appearance.

The fourth issue of *Minerva*, the indispensable collection of university statistics, is sent us by Trübner & Co., of Strassburg. Its frontispiece is a portrait of Lord Kelvin, etched by Hubert Herkomer. To the list of American colleges given in the former volumes, there are now added Bryn Mawr, Cincinnati University, Colgate University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Nebraska University, the Ohio Wesleyan University, the University of Vermont, Wellesley, and the Western Reserve University, bringing up the total for the United States to thirty-nine.

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THE OLD BOOKSELLERS OF NEW YORK.

WILLIAM GOWANS.

The transformation that the streets of this city have undergone during the last half century has well-nigh obliterated every landmark that met the eye of the incipient bibliopole, William Gowans, when first he trudged with his basket full of books up and down its cobble-stone paved highways. Then it was a compact, convenient place in which to dwell and transact business. The rapid-



William Gowans.

transit problem had not begun to vex the minds of its citizens, and was readily solved by the stages in summer and the four and six-horse open sleighs in winter of the famous firm of carriers, Kip and Brown, whose route ended in the suburbs of the town—about Fourteenth Street—above which Broadway was still known as the Bloomingdale Road. Starting from the *Herald* building, at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, we may wander far and wide before we find, with the exception of old St. Paul's and St. Peter's (Roman Catholic Church), a prominent edifice that was standing in 1828, the year that William Gowans came to this busy, bustling, aspiring town, from the wilds of Indiana, in search of fame and fortune. He was a youth of twenty-five, a Scotchman by birth, and whilom a farmer and a flat-boatman on the Mississippi. For a twelvemonth after his arrival in New York he was engaged in a variety of occupations, being by turns gardener, stevedore, stone-cutter, news-vender, and "super" in the old Bowery Theatre. Evidently he was prepared to turn his hand to any honest means of livelihood; but it was not long before he entered on his vocation, for in Longworth's *Directory of New York City*, 1829–30, we find the name of "William Gowan, book-*stall*, 119 Chatham Street; house, 750 Greenwich Street;" so that by that time he had become established, in an humble way, in the business which was to be his lifelong pursuit. Trade in second-hand books doubtless was coy and hard to win, and at the outset of his career he was obliged to seek a market for his merchandise by carrying it in a basket to the doors of his customers. In one of his rounds he chanced upon a benevolent Quaker named Blatchley, who, apparently unsolicited, loaned him the sum of $25. When, some time later, the young man came to return the money, the considerate old gentleman suggested that he might have further need of this special capital, and that he had better keep it a little longer. His benefactor lived to see him established in, and paid him frequent visits at, his Nassau Street store.

It was largely through the instrumentality of the father of Thomas Cole, the artist, who was a book-seller in a small way, that Mr. Gowans adopted the profession. He it was who initiated him into the secrets of the second-hand book trade, disclosing his manner and mode of purchase, and the profit he made upon his literary wares.

The book-stall at 119 Chatham Street (consisting of a row of shelves protected at night, and in the owner's absence during the day on his book-selling peregrinations, with wooden shutters, an iron bar and a padlock) was shortly succeed-

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ed by a store at 121 Chatham Street, at the corner of Pearl. In 1830 he occupied the "Arcade," between John Street and Maiden Lane.

His business ventures must have been attended with a moderate degree of success, for in 1840–41 Mr. Gowans made a visit to Europe—probably not so much on pleasure bent as with an eye to business. On his return he devoted his attention for a time to the book auction business at a place called the "Long Room," at 159 Broadway, but soon resumed his second-hand book trade, for in 1842 he was located upstairs at 204 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Chapel. His subsequent locations, as given on the covers of his catalogues, are as follows: 1844—63 Liberty Street, upstairs; 1848—178 Fulton Street, opposite St. Paul's church-yard; 1856—81–85 Centre Street (Caxton Building); 1863—115 Nassau Street.

Mr. Gowans' store at 115 Nassau Street extended through to Theatre Alley, a distance of nearly two hundred feet. He occupied the store floor, basement, and sub-cellar, which in time became crowded with books and pamphlets from floor to ceiling. His stock grew and never diminished. Books lay everywhere in seemingly dire confusion, piled upon tables and on the floor, like Ossa upon Pelion, until they finally toppled over, and the few narrow alleys which had originally been left between the rows became well-nigh impassable. There was no artificial light in the cellar, and the book-hunter must fain grope his way—if permitted—through the bewildering maze by the light of a small tin sperm-oil lamp. The freedom of Mr. Gowans' book-store was not presented to every passer-by.

There was a certain attempt at arrangement and classification; but the owner of this vast store of printed matter could have had but an imperfect knowledge of what it contained; although I fancy that few of the real book rarities that came into his possession were overlooked, and I am quite sure that they were seldom undervalued by him. Mr. Gowans' prices when once fixed were as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. They were marked in plain figures in the front of the book, and the cost price in cipher at the bottom of the twenty-fifth page. A full list of Mr. Gowans' customers and casual visitors would go far toward supplying the material for a social register and a roll-call of the men of letters of the day.

In one of the notes with which his catalogues are interspersed, Mr. Gowans states that he frequently came in contact with John Howard Payne, and that he impressed him as a melancholy, despondent, heart-broken man. The last time he saw the poet was on the eve of his departure on his mission to the Barbary States. He said he had great difficulty in procuring his appointment, and he was compelled to pay his own expenses in going there, the government having refused to do so. Mr. Gowans was correct in his judgment when he foretold that, notwithstanding all the songs, dramas, newspaper and magazine criticisms and biographical sketches Payne had written, posterity would known him only by his single song of "Home, Sweet Home."

From Mr. Audubon, the author of the *Birds of America*, Mr. Gowans received the following interesting account of his unfortunate experience with his monumental work: "I did not sell," said Audubon, "more than forty copies of my work in England, Ireland, Scotland, and France," of which Louis Philippe took ten, and offered to subscribe for a hundred if Audubon would publish the work in Paris. Seventy-five copies were disposed of in America. The work cost £27,000 sterling, and resulted in a loss to the author of $25,000.

For eight months Mr. Gowans lived in the same house with Edgar Allan Poe. He tells us that "he saw much of, and often had opportunity to converse with him," and he testifies that he never saw him the least affected by liquor or knew him to descend to any known vice, while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, and intelligent companions he had ever met with. His wife he describes as of matchless beauty and loveliness, and of a temper and disposition of surpassing sweetness, and he quotes these lines of Poe which he assumes were addressed to her:

"But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

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Urbanity of manner was not one of Mr. Gowans' prominent characteristics, but he could be genial and communicative when in the humour and with those who had won his esteem and confidence. He seems to have entertained no feeling of rivalry toward his brother bibliopoles. In one of his notes he refers most pleasantly and in highly complimentary terms to his neighbouring book-seller, the well-known Joseph Sabin, of whose knowledge of books he justly entertained a high opinion.

Mr. Gowans issued in all twenty-eight catalogues, the first in 1842 and the last in 1870, the year of his death. The later ones are carefully compiled and neatly printed on good paper; a few at the press of Joel Munsell, the well-known Albany printer, in his day one of the leading typographers of the country. In 1833 Mr. Gowans began publishing books, his first venture being *Phædo; or, the Immortality of the Soul*, by Plato, translated from the Greek by Charles S. Stanford. His second book was *The Phœnix*, a collection of old and rare fragments—viz., "Morals of Confucius," "Oracles of Zoroaster," etc. In addition to the foregoing he published at various periods, from 1833 down to 1870, about thirty-five volumes, including five historical reprints, which were issued under the title of Gowans' *Bibliotheca Americana*.

Mr. Gowans married, when about fifty years of age, a Miss Bradley, of New York, with whom he lived happily for ten years. She died, leaving no children. His own death came suddenly. He was stricken with apoplexy while walking in the streets on Thanksgiving eve, 1870, and died at his home, No. 13 Second Street, on the following Sunday. He was buried beside his wife in Woodlawn Cemetery, where, at the time of her death, he had purchased a plot.

The auction sale of the mass of printed matter which had accumulated at 115 Nassau Street began January 30th, 1871. The catalogue was in sixteen parts, containing 2476 pages. The sale netted about $33,000. The pecuniary result to his heirs, a brother and his children living in Kentucky, would have been still more gratifying if more books and pamphlets had been added to the eight tons which were sold for paper stock. Many of the lots brought less than the cost of cataloguing them. The expenses connected with the sale are said to have amounted to over $15,000.

W. L. Andrews.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

ENGLISH AUTHORS AND AMERICAN ROYALTIES.

A CHAT WITH MR. A. P. WATT.

It is now more than two years ago since the American Copyright Act was passed, and English authors have had most varied experience of its workings. For some it has done much more than was expected, for others much less. One popular writer tells an interviewer that in a single year he has had £2,000 from America, while another, hardly less popular, may have received not a quarter of that sum. On all hands one hears complaints of the difficulty of getting money from America. That a clever man can devise means of getting it, however, is shown by the experience of Mr. A. P. Watt, with whom our representative had a conversation on this subject.

"The Copyright Act," said Mr. Watt, "has not appreciably affected the sale of serial rights; indeed, we sometimes got larger prices for serials before the Act was passed. To book sales, on the other hand, it has made an enormous difference. Speaking, of course, for this agency only, I may say we have had no difficulty in getting money from America. I attribute this to two causes, first, to our practice of dealing only with the best American firms, and second, to the very strict and careful agreements we make with publishers. Such firms as the Appletons, Scribners, Macmillans, Longmans, Harpers, the Century Co., Houghton, Mifflin and Co., and others which will at once occur to you, never give me the slightest trouble with regard to payments. Authors who cry out that they have got nothing from America must either have been dealing with irresponsible firms, or they must have contented themselves with explanations by word of mouth, so leaving loopholes for future misunderstandings. In dealing with books, as in dealing with other property, it is most important to have all agreements written out in proper form. I need not tell you that the greatest care and judg-

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ment on my part is necessary in making American arrangements for my clients; in fact, I should say that the new Copyright Act made the literary agent not only a convenience, but an absolute necessity."

"But with the utmost care, Mr. Watt, do you not sometimes make mistakes and sell to shaky firms?"

"We have been remarkably fortunate in that respect," said Mr. Watt. "For example, we had only one transaction with the ill-fated firm of Lovell, and that was passed on to us to complete by a client who had practically made the arrangement himself and without our advice. Judging from what I hear, I have no hesitation in saying that our clients have secured much more American money than those authors who transact their own business in the few channels their limited experience may have brought under their notice. We have many channels in America through which we can learn about publishing houses, and we have an agent in New York who makes full inquiries where there is doubt. I remember one American publisher who asked us for a story and offered a large price for it. We did not know him, so we thought it would be safe not to send the manuscript till we received the money. We accordingly put the story in charge of our agent, with instructions not to hand it over till the price was paid. Precautions of this kind cannot so well be taken by an author acting for himself."

"Can you tell me what sums have actually been paid in American royalties?"

"I might give you the example of a very well-known book, published last year. For obvious reasons I do not care to mention the name, but I can tell you that the arrangement we made for its publication will yield the author in royalties over £1,000 on about six months' sales. The royalties for the next six months will not equal that sum, although they are sure to be large. This is by no means an isolated instance. As the new Act has now been in force for over three years, some authors have two, three or more books on which they have copyright in the States, and so may realise from American royalties alone an income running into many hundreds of pounds."

"What proportion will an author's earnings in England bear to his earnings in America?"

"A proportion of about five to three. American royalties are rather smaller and the trade discounts a trifle higher than with us. Still, you see that the money which a successful writer may expect from America bears a very fair proportion to his earnings in England."

"But are not American publishers paying these great sums at considerable sacrifice to themselves?"

"No, I think not. You see they can now acquire *property* in a book, and so afford to pay more than in the days when the pirates reprinted on them the day after an authorised version of a book appeared. Another point is that the population is very great and is increasing rapidly, and the average American is more of a book-buyer than the Englishman.

"As for magazine rights," Mr. Watt continued, "except in the case of the more popular authors, there is not a great deal to be done. I have known the time before the Copyright Act was passed when we got £1,000 in New York for the right to use a story serially, with the certainty of its being reprinted by some pirate the day after each instalment appeared. The serial market in the States has now for some years been considerably depressed, like everything else, and those prices are now a thing of the past. American magazines buy a great deal of their fiction from me. To one firm I sold the other day fiction for which they will pay my clients between £2,000 and £3,000."

"How will the new Canadian Copyright Act affect English authors?"

"The Act is not yet passed, and it would be difficult to forecast its effect. Long experience has shown me, however, that there is little to be expected from Canada. The amounts paid in royalties are so small that they are hardly worth troubling about. At present the Canadian and American rights are usually sold together."

THE THIRD FOOTE SALE.

The sale of the third portion of the library of Mr. Charles B. Foote of New York took place in Bangs' auction-rooms on the afternoon of February 20th. The collection offered was an interesting one, though the books were not of a character to bring the very high prices realised by those of the January sale. It was made up for the most part of first editions of very recent authors, some of the volumes which brought the highest prices being books which are artificially rare for the reason that but very few copies were printed. We give below a list of the most notable items, with the prices they brought. All are first editions, and in original binding, uncut, unless otherwise specified.

Arnold (M.). Saint Brandon. A small pamphlet of 11 pages. 1867. $12.00.

Arnold (M.). Geist's Grave. A similar thin pamphlet. 1881. $22 50.

Carroll (Lewis). Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Levant morocco, by Stikeman. 1866. $57.50.

Carroll (Lewis). Through the Looking-Glass. 1872. Levant morocco, by Stikeman. $15.00.

Donne (John). Poems. Calf. 1633. $40.00.

Dunlap Society Publications. A complete set, 15 vols. $30.00.

Field (Eugene). The Model Primer. 1882. $21 00.

Gale (Norman). A June Romance. Large paper. 1892. $8.50.

Gale (Norman). A Country Muse. Large paper. 1893. $6.00.

Gale (Norman). Orchard Songs. Special hand-made paper edition. 1893. $5.00.

Gale (Norman). Meadow Sweet. Only 50 copies printed. Calf. $6.50.

Gray (Thomas). Odes. The first book printed at Strawberry Hill. 1757. $25.00.

Keats (J.). Endymion. Levant morocco, by Bradstreet. 1818. $46.00.

Lamb (C.). Elia. Essays. Second series. Issued in Philadelphia several years before the second series was printed in England. 1828. $12.00.

Lang (A.). Ballads and Lyrics of Old France. 1872. $50.00.

Lang (A.) and S. H. Butcher. The Odyssey of Homer. 1879. $30.00.

Lang (A.). Theocritus, Bion and Moschus. 1880. $12.00.

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Lang (A.). XXII. Ballades in Blue China. 1880. $19.00.

Lang (A.). XXII. and X. XXXII. Ballades in Blue China. 1881. $10.50.

Lang (A.). Helen of Troy. Half morocco, uncut, by Zaehnsdorf. 1882. $27.00.

Lang (A.). Rhymes à la Mode. Large paper, and with an autograph letter inserted. 1885. $26.00.

Lang (A.). Lines on the Inaugural Meeting of the Shelley Society. A pamphlet of 26 pages, only 30 copies printed. 1886. $30.00.

Lang (A.). Aucassin and Nicolete. Large paper. 1887. $80.00.

Lang (A.). He. Large paper. 1887. $24.50.

Lang (A.). Ballades in Blue China. Large paper. First edition of many of the poems. 1888. $30.00.

Lang (A.). The Blue Poetry Book. Large paper. 1891. $11.50.

Lang (A.). The Green Fairy Book. Large paper. 1892. $11.00.

Lang (A.). The Tercentenary of Izaak Walton. Privately printed and but few copies. 1893. $30.00.

Lang (A.). The Yellow Fairy Book. Large paper. 1894. $11.00.

LeGallienne (R.). The Religion of a Literary Man. Large paper. 1893. $9.00.

Morris (W.). The Life and death of Jason. Autograph letter inserted. 1867. $14.00.

Rossetti (D. G.). The Early Italian Poets. Autograph letter inserted. 1861. $27.00.

Rossetti (D. G.). Poems. Autograph letter inserted. 1870. $29.00.

Rossetti (D. G.). Verses. A pamphlet of 14 pages. 1881. $21.00.

Rossetti (D. G.). Ballads and Sonnets. Autograph letter inserted. 1881. $18.00.

Stevenson (R. L.). Father Damien. The *genuine* original edition, privately printed in Sydney, Australia, for distribution among the author's friends. 1890. $36.50.

Thoreau (H. D.). A set of his works. 12 vols., half morocco. 1849-92. $66.00.

A complete list of prices of the January Foote sale containing the names of buyers has been printed to bind uniform with the catalogue, by the publishers of THE BOOKMAN, *and will be presented to any subscriber desiring it. To others it will be sold at 75 cents.*

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1895.

A noticeable feature of the opening February trade was the continued demand for text-books in all branches of study, but particularly in History and Natural Science. Library business (in which there is a sharp competition) was also very good. There is an increasing demand in this department for books on historical subjects and for fiction of the higher order.

The severe weather extending over the country during the early part of the month visibly affected sales, and orders were light. About the middle of the month, however, there was an appreciable increase of business, largely due to the fact that many buyers replenish their stock after the February inventories. The orders for the most part were for new works of fiction and for such books as may be expected to sell in the immediate future.

The demand for valentines was light. F. A. Stokes Co. brought out *A Year of Paper Dolls*, which took fairly well, and should continue to have a good sale on its merits. Gibson's *Drawings*, which has been constantly in demand and is still selling, also went very well at the valentine season.

Easter novelties have been shown, and consist of booklets, cards, and banners in the same styles as formerly. The annual revival of paper-bound books has already begun, and there is a prospect of considerable activity in this line. The fifty-cent series contains many good novels by popular authors of the day, while the twenty-five cent line is largely composed of works on which the copyright has expired or is of no effect in this country. Among the best selling of these at present are Lovell, Coryell's Belmore Series, Appleton's Town and Country Library, and A. C. Gunter's stories, published by the Home Publishing Co. at fifty cents each; the Madison Square Series, the Globe Library, and the twenty-five cent issues of one or two Chicago houses.

In connection with the above it may be said that the publication of *Chimmie Fadden*, by Edward W. Townsend, has taken the popular fancy by storm. At the time of writing the publishers are entirely out of the first edition and the trade is clamouring for more. *The First of the English*, by A. C. Gunter, just published, is also being widely called for.

To come to fiction in its more substantial form, the demand for *Trilby* is simply phenomenal, and that for *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and *The Manxman* continues unabated. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, Kidd's *Social Evolution*, and works on Napoleana, particularly *Madame Sans-Gêne*, are still selling well.

The general aspect of trade has been similar to that of last month, with a tendency to caution in buying, and a report of light sales, with some exceptions, is normal.

The most saleable books during the month have been:

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.

Chimmie Fadden. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Madame Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. Paper, 25 and 50 cts.; cloth, 50 cts. and $2.00.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

Our Fight with Tammany. By Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. $1.25.

Round the Red Lamp. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.

Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Revised edition, $1.50.

The First of the English. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

As a Matter of Course. By Anna Payson Call. $1.00.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

Father Stafford. By Anthony Hope. New edition. 75 cts.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant. $1.50.

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WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 1, 1895.

February, as usual, has been a rather quiet month. During the first two weeks trade was very brisk, orders from public libraries being particularly good. Quite an unexpected demand, too, exhibited itself at almost the last moment for valentines, and during the two or three days preceding the 14th dealers were kept very busy filling orders. The last two weeks of the month have, however, been much lighter, and although orders do not appear to have fallen off in number, quantities have been much smaller. As a whole, compared with January, the month's sales show a decrease, but the record compares well with that of former years, and is quite up to the average.

No new book has appeared to displace *Trilby* in popular favour; *The Manxman* is again a good second, while the third place is taken by *The Ralstons*. Owing, no doubt, to the newspaper report of recent sensational criminal trials, in which alleged hypnotism has played an important part, there is quite a marked demand for books on this and kindred subjects. Literature of this class is pretty well represented; the work most in demand, and the one which probably covers the subject best, is the *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, by Thomas J. Hudson. A new work on hypnotism, just published, by J. R. Cooke, is also selling very well.

Each year sees an increasing demand for books on Political Economy, Social Science, Finance, the Tariff, etc., works dealing with the financial question being in especial demand just now. There is also a good deal of inquiry for works on the new Income Tax Law.

Books on China and Japan are being constantly called for, and while purely historical works and books of travel are finding ready purchasers, those which describe the condition of these countries as they are at the present day are most in demand.

In connection with the recent exhibition of C. D. Gibson's drawings in this city, there has been quite a lively interest taken in his book of sketches entitled *The American Girl*, recently published by a New York house. The demand for this work from the first so far exceeded expectation that for a time neither publishers nor book-sellers could keep the work in stock, supplies going out as fast as they were received.

A notable feature of late has been the success of the small book, many publishers now making a specialty of their 16 and 18mos. For jobbing purposes, some of these lines are almost unequalled, as they sell readily all through the year. For a long time the titles were confined to cheap reprints of old and standard works, but since the experiment of publishing copyright novels with good paper and binding in this style has proved successful, many new books are appearing in this handy size only.

Publishers are now busy preparing for the spring campaign, and very few new books of any consequence have made their *debut* this month. In fact, there is not one that could be put in a list of the twenty best selling books. The full list of the spring announcements has not yet come to hand, and the few publishers' catalogues that have reached us do not call for special comment.

The appended list of books most in demand at present, it will be noticed, is almost a repetition of those mentioned last month.

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Ralstons. By Marion Crawford. $2.00.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The American Commonwealth. Vol. 2. By Professor Bryce. $2.00 net.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomas J. Hudson. $1.50.
Pembroke. By Miss Wilkins. $1.50.
Madame Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. 50 cts.
Sweet Clover. By Clara L. Burnham. $1 25.
The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00.
A Gentleman of France. By Weyman. $1.25.
My Lady Rotha. By Weyman. $1.25.
History of the United States. By John Fiske. $1.00 net.
Round the Red Lamp. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.
The Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25.
Municipal Government in Great Britain. By Dr. Albert Shaw. $2.00.
Lord Ormont and his Aminta. By George Meredith. $1.50.
The Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
The Jungle Book. By Kipling. $1.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, January 21 to February 16, 1895.

The four weeks indicated above have not been equal to the corresponding period of the previous year. The school trade, for some reason or other, has shown a slight decrease, and the demand for general literature suffered in the stoppage of business consequent on the severity of the weather. Foreign and colonial trade continues steady, with improved demands from India.

A prominent feature of the trade just now is the sale of Albums of Views, reproduced from photographs. They are issued in oblong folio form, and usually at sixpence each. All have been freely inquired for, and one of the most popular and beautiful is *The Descriptive Album of London*. It is certain that tens of thousands must be sold to enable this class of work to be produced at the price.

Among fashion magazines, the publication of Mrs. Weldon's threepenny and penny journals and the *Practical Family Dressmaker* appears to be seriously curtailing the sales of the older and higher-priced periodicals of this class.

The *Windsor Magazine* and the *Minster* have already shown their *raison d'être*, by the demand for the February issues. The *Strand Magazine* and *Woman at Home* are as popular as ever, having each found a public of its own, without noticeably affecting the sale of the older established family magazines. *Chambers's Journal* retains all the vigour of youth, while its character remains uualtered. It looks as if it may be well in some instances to disregard the popular taste for literature that is easily read. Miss Braddon's novels in the two-shilling "yellow-back" style are still in as great favour as ever, judging by the orders in hand for the cheap issue of *Thou art the Man*.

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Appended is a list of the more popular books at the time of writing :

The Trail of the Sword. By G. Parker. 6s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By W. Besant. 6s.
My Lady Rotha. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Kitty Alone. By S. Baring Gould. 6s.
A Blameless Woman. By John Strange Winter. 6s.
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. By A. W. Pinero. 5s.
The Woman who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
The Treasure Island. By R. L. Stevenson. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between February 1 and March 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
5. Devil's Playground. By John Mackie. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
5. Municipal Government. By Albert Shaw. $2.00. (Century .)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone and Kimball.)
2. Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. $1.00. (Appleton.)
3. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)

BOSTON, Mass.

1. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth. By Hare. $4.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. As a Matter of Course. By A. P. Call. $1.00. (Roberts.)
4. Municipal Government in Great Britain. By Shaw. $2.00. (Century.)
5. Century of Charades By Bellamy. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
6. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By J. L. Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone and Kimball.)
6. Sans-Gêne. By Sardou. 50 cts. (Home Pub. Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. In the Midst of Alarms. By Robert Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
3. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Recollections of Life in Ohio, 1813–40. By W. C. Howells. Editedby W. D. Howells. $2.00. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Trans-Caspia, the Sealed Provinces of the Czar. By M. M. Shoemaker. $1.50. (The Robert Clarke Co)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. $1.00. (Appleton.)
5. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Amateur Emigrant. By R. L. Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2 00. (Macmillan.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. American Commonwealth. Vol. II. By Bryce. $2.25. (Macmillan.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Lilac Sunbonnet By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

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CLEVELAND, O.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Ebb-Tide. By R. L. Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Golden House. By C. D. Warner. $2.00. (Harper.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Philip and His Wife. By M. Deland. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. 6000 Tons of Gold. By H. R. Chamberlain. $1.25. (Flood & Vincent.)
6. Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

NEW HAVEN CT.

1. Amateur Emigrant. By R. L. Stevenson $1.25 net. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. From a New England Hillside. By Wm. Potts. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Century of Charades. By Wm. Bellamy. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

PITTSBURGH, PA.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Devil's Playground. By Mackie. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Sweet Clover. By C. L. Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Hall Caine $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Dolly Dialogues. By Hope. 25 cts. (Holt.)
5. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Deemster. By Hall Caine. 25 cts. (Appleton.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Life of Martin B. Anderson. By A. C. Kendrick. $1.50. (Am. Bapt. Pub. Soc.)
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ALLEN, A. V. G.—The Continuity of Christian Thought: a Study of Modern Theology in the Light of History. 12mo, $2.00 Houghton

BALFOUR, A. J.—The Foundations of Belief: being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology. 12mo, pp. viii–366, $2.00 Longmans

BALFOUR, R. C.—Central Truths and Side Issues. 12mo, pp. 238, $1.50.....Scribner

BANKS, L. A.—Heavenly Trade-winds. 12mo, pp. iv–351, $1.25.....Cranston & Curts

BEYSCHLAG, W.—New Testament Theology. Translated by Rev. N. Buchanan. 2 vols, 8vo, pp. 419; 522, $6.00 *net*.....Scribner

BLACKIE, J. S.—The Ideal of Humanity in Old Times and New. 12mo, pp. 201, $1.00 Revell

BOYD, A. K. H.—St. Andrews and Elsewhere: Glimpses of some Things gone and of Things left. 8vo, pp. xiii–384, $2.40.....Longmans

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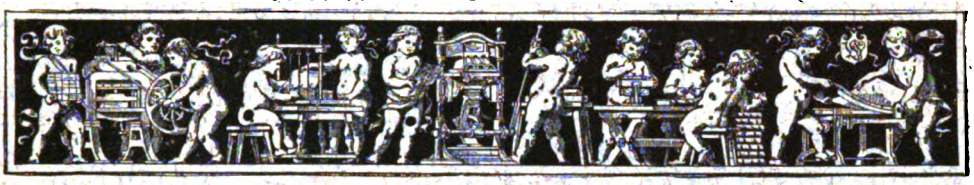
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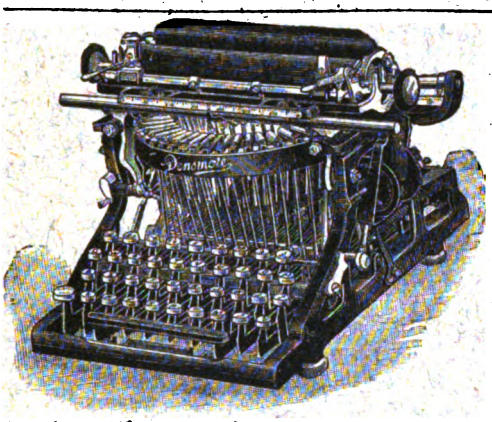
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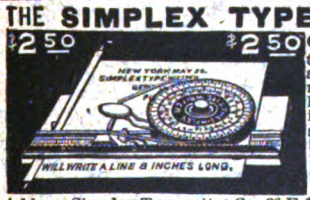
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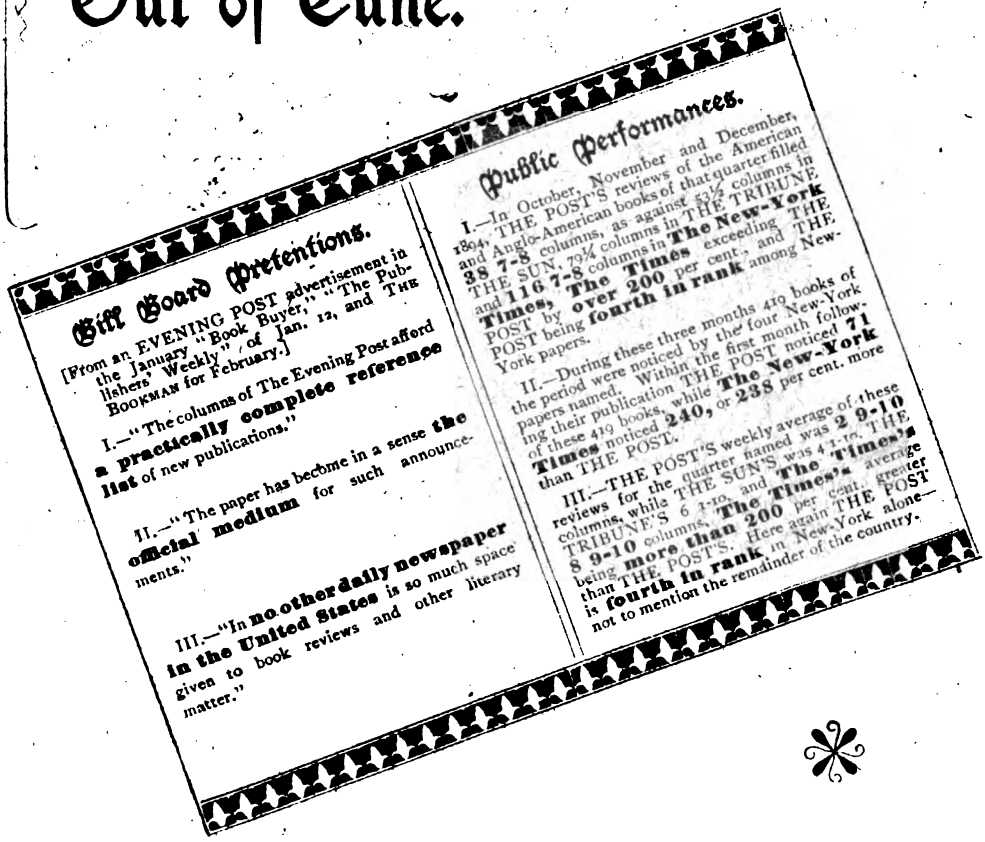
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[From an EVENING POST advertisement in the January "Book Buyer," "The Publishers' Weekly" of Jan. 12, and THE BOOKMAN for February.]

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II.—During these three months 419 books of the period were noticed by the four New-York papers named. Within the first month following their publication THE POST noticed **71** of these 419 books, while **The New-York Times** noticed **240**, or **238** per cent. more than THE POST.

III.—THE POST'S weekly average of these reviews for the quarter named was **2 9-10** columns, while THE SUN'S was 4 1-10, THE TRIBUNE'S 6 1-10, and **The Times's** **8 9-10** columns, **The Times's** average being **more than 200** per cent. greater than THE POST'S. Here again THE POST is **fourth in rank** in New-York alone—not to mention the remainder of the country.

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See **THE NEW-YORK TIMES'S** statistical circular No. 3 for these facts in detail—issued Jan. 14. It shows that THE POST'S edition of misrepresentation is **UNCUT** and the present copy **UNUSUALLY TALL.**

Statistical circular No. 4, covering January and February, 1895, ready about March 15. It tells the same amusing tale. THE POST is not first, but **FOURTH.** Its edition of misrepresentation, however, is extremely interesting—strictly **UNCUT,** and so beautifully **TALL.**

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Vol. I. APRIL, 1895. No. 3.

"I AM A BOOKMAN" JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE BOOKMAN

A Literary ::Journal::

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

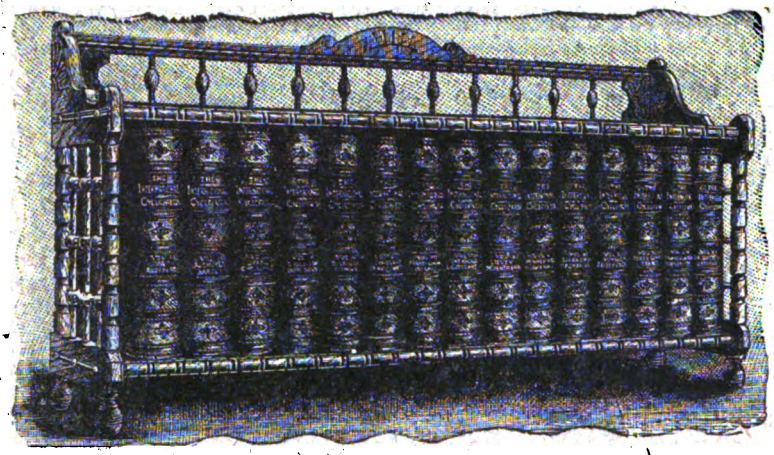
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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1895. No. 3.

NEWS NOTES.

A well-known American man of letters, who is perhaps over-fond of girding at his British brethren, was basking before the club fire the other evening with a peculiar complacency reflected on his countenance: "I have just been making a calculation," he said by way of explanation, "of just how long a time it takes the British literary world to follow the leads that Americans have given it. Putting it into round numbers, I should say that ten years might be regarded as the average period of incubation, which is, on the whole, rather rapid work for the English mind.

❀

"There are just three marked developments in English fiction," he continued, "that are noticeable of late, and each one was demonstrably due to the initiation of American writers. The first is the revival of romantic fiction seen just now in the vogue of Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, and Rider Haggard. Well, this is only following up the lead of Archibald Clavering Gunther, whose *Mr. Barnes of New York* had such a run here and afterward in England some ten years ago, followed up by a like success in Savage's *My Official Wife*. The English, it must be confessed, have greatly improved on the American models, but the idea was borrowed from us.

❀

"The second development is the village story, represented in England today by Quiller Couch, Barrie, Ian Maclaren, and Walter Raymond, and clearly taken up by them in imitation of Sara Orne Jewett, Annie Trumbull Slosson, Hamlin Garland, Mrs. McLean, and especially Mary E. Wilkins. Here they have still scarcely reached the perfection of the Americans whom they are copying.

"Finally, there is the semi-erotic novel, the novel on the New Woman, of which *Dodo*, *A Yellow Aster*, and possibly *The Green Carnation* may be taken as types. The English think that it is a new thing, but over here we had it all ten years ago in Amélie Rives's *Quick and the Dead* and the novels of Edgar Saltus."

❀

Thus discoursed the basking novelist with much internal satisfaction; but it might be answered that his impeachment of British originality will be generally accepted as justified only in the second of the three articles; for a glance at literary chronology will show that Conway's *Called Back* antedated *Mr. Barnes of New York* in the field of romantic fiction; while George Moore's earlier novels—the *Mummer's Wife*, for instance—was issued almost contemporaneously with *The Case of Tristram Varick*, *Mr. Incoul's Misadventure*, and *The Pace that Kills*.

❀

The publishers of *Harper's Monthly* are shrouding the authorship of their historical romance on Joan of Arc in a good deal of mystery, announcing it only as the production of one of the most popular of American magazine writers. We may be in error, but after a careful comparison of the first instalment with other work of a similar character, we think it a safe guess to ascribe the present production to Mark Twain.

❀

By a coincidence Mr. Andrew Lang is just bringing out in the *Monthly Packet* a romantic story, whose events circle about the history of the inspired Maid. It is called *The Monk of Fife*, and relates the adventures of a Scottish man-at-arms. After seeing the announcement of the rival tale in *Harper's*

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Monthly, Mr. Lang wrote to an American friend: "Who is doing the story of Joan of Arc, and what does he know about it anyway? When both our stories are finished, my Maid will fight his Maid for a new bonnet."

❀

The Foundations of Belief, which is reviewed on another page, is meeting with extraordinary approval and success in England. Mr. Balfour's book has been published only within a few weeks, and already six thousand copies have been sold on the other side. It is being recognised as a piece of trenchant and timely criticism; only one book produced in recent years can be profitably compared with it—*Studies in Theism*, by one of our acutest thinkers, Professor Borden P. Bowne, of Harvard.



The above cartoon from the *Strand* "attitudinises" Mr. Balfour in his characteristic pose of taking notes in the House of Commons. It is not his habit to prepare in his study his impromptus or even the salient points of his argument. Mr. Henry W. Lucy, one of the most piquant and suggestive parliamentarian journalists, tells how Mr. Balfour neatly capped Sir William Harcourt's lugubrious funeral sermon on President Carnot, which he read from manuscript. Mr. Balfour, taking a sheet of notepaper from the table while Sir William's oration was in process of delivery, wrote down the outline of what proved to be a short but almost perfect speech, taking as his text successive points in Sir William Harcourt's monody and giving them fresh turns.

A new novel, *Forward House*, and a new writer, William Scoville Case, have been added to their list by the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Case is a Hartford lawyer who graduated at Yale in 1885, and who during his college course contributed some very clever verses to *Life*. A short story, "Told after Thirty Days," published in the now extinct *Two Tales*, showed decided vigour and individuality of style. He has as a neighbour Mr. Dawson Watson, the artist.

❀

Mr. Scotson-Clark, who relates some personal reminiscences of Aubrey Beardsley on another page, is illustrating "a novel with a classical foundation," which has been written by Miss Mai Brinsley Sheridan. The book is likely to make a hit.

❀

We find that Mr. Edward Bok goes on undaunted in his literary career, and that in the face of the adverse criticism which the churches showered upon his arraignment of the Young Man and his relation to the Church, he intends issuing in the fall through Messrs. Revell the story of *A Young Man's Success*, to be told in ten chapters. Here is Mr. Bok's plan: 1. A Correct Knowledge of Himself; 2. In Business; 3. In Social Life; 4. His Sports and Amusements; 5. "Sowing His Wild Oats;" 6. His Personal Habits; 7. In Matters of Dress; 8. In Matters of Religion; 9. His Attitude Toward Woman; 10. When to Marry.

❀

Curiosity will at least make us read the last chapter. As Mr. Bok is certainly over thirty, he would seem to disapprove of married babies. Of course this is putting an autobiographical construction on the forthcoming book which may not bear application. But there is an air of ingenuousness and utter lack of self-consciousness about Mr. Bok which would lead us to conclude that he will not deny us the fruits of a young man's success, which is monumental in the American world of backstairs journalism.

❀

Little, Brown and Company promise two notable novels among their spring announcements; one entitled *Children of the Soil*, from the Polish of Sienkiewicz, the famous author of *With Fire*

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and Sword and *The Deluge*, and the other, *A Madonna of the Alps*, a romance of Italy, written in German and translated into English by Nathan Haskell Dole.

❀

Mr. Bram Stoker, Henry Irving's very capable manager, has followed up his warm appreciation of Ian Maclaren by himself writing an Aberdonian story. *Watter's Mou'*, which resembles closely Charles Reade's *Christie Johnstone*, is to be issued in the Acme Library.

❀

As it is about time for the popular taste to take a new direction, we venture to predict that Max Nordau's *Degeneration* will speedily supplant *Trilby* as a topic of general interest.

❀

Max Nordau, with a sense of gravity quite devoid of the least grain of humour, by way of strengthening an argument in his scientific treatise, tells a story of Oscar Wilde, which the latter would certainly not have adduced as an evidence of "The Decay of Lying," and which by its very ludicrousness makes the situation laughably comic. He has evidently mistaken Mr. W. S. Gilbert for one of Mr. Oscar Wilde's biographers when he says that all the biographies of Mr. Oscar Wilde tell how he walked down Piccadilly in a picturesque costume and a sunflower in his hand. "I have never seen this denied," gravely adds the German scientist, who probably never heard of *Patience*. Everybody guilty of a whimsical fantasy must be criminal or crazy; this story is accepted as an erratic idiosyncrasy of Mr. Wilde's; *ergo* Mr. Wilde is criminal or crazy! Verily, science owes something to comic opera.

❀

Literary information from the New York *World* of April 7th: "George Meredith, the creator of *Esther Waters*."

❀

Suppose Mr. Dana should be convicted of libelling Mr. Noyes, and suppose Mr. Godkin should be convicted of libelling some of the Silver Senators, and suppose they should both be imprisoned in the same cell, the legend of the Kilkenny cats would then be recognised as unconscious prophecy.

❀

Mr. Heinemann has added to his "Pioneer Series" a volume entitled *A Street in Suburbia*, which also joins another author, Mr. Edwin W. Pugh, to the little band of writers who are creating a new London school of literature in dealing with the life of the poor. We have had Mr. Zangwill writing of Jewish London, Mr. Nevinson making *Slum Stories*, Mr. Morrison telling *Tales of Mean Streets*, and now Mr. Pugh "nourishing some suburban sod," as John Davidson sings. All find common ground in the Cockney character, whose versatility would seem to be boundless, as one and another writer arises to view his multiform life, and finds novelty and freshness in its variety.

❀

Speaking of Mr. Nevinson, one wonders why the American publishers were moved to change the title. *Neighbours of Ours*, as the English edition has it, is much more picturesque and suggestive than *Slum Stories of London*, which is really the sub-title.

❀

Mr. H. C. Bunner requests us to deny, so far as his share in it is concerned, the accuracy of an anecdote related in the March BOOKMAN about the Poet and the Harvard undergraduates—an anecdote for which we expressly declined to be responsible. When the other gentlemen mentioned in it shall have been heard from, we shall be prepared to publish a short yet thoroughly scientific article on "The Genesis of a Joke."

❀

M. François Coppée is expected to visit the United States before the end of the year, with a view to lecturing.

❀

Lord Acton, who succeeds the late Professor Seeley in the chair of Modern History at the University of Cambridge, is the first Roman Catholic to hold that office since the Reformation. Lord Acton is generally regarded in England as the most learned of living Englishmen, though it must be confessed that he has been singularly unproductive, his only published work of importance being a theological monograph (written in German), which appeared in 1870. He and Mr. Gladstone are the only persons ever elected to an honorary fellowship in All Souls' College, Oxford. Lord Acton's family is one of the oldest in the British peerage, and there is a good deal of cosmopolitanism about him, as he was born in Naples, educated in Germany, and is a

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duke in France and a count in Prussia. His English peerage was conferred upon him by his close personal friend, Mr. Gladstone, in 1869. He has been editor of the *Home and Foreign Review*, the *Weekly Chronicle*, and the *North British Review*, each of which publications expired under his management—a fact which is by no means ominous of his success in his new post.

❀

Very few are aware that *The Prisoner of Zenda* narrowly escaped being issued simultaneously by two separate firms in New York. The best of it is that both believed themselves to have secured the rights to its full title in this country. It appears that the English agent had offered it to Henry Holt and Company and to D. Appleton and Company at the same time, and both firms cabled acceptance almost together. It was found, however, that Messrs. Holt had just preceded their competitors, and so came off victors. When it is known that Messrs. Appleton, failing to hear immediately from the English agent, had set up a sample page and given instructions to go ahead with the book, our amusement at the imminent *contretemps* is heightened. The same printing establishment happened to be employed by both firms on the book, hence the discovery in time of the awful blunder through the courtesy of the printer. D. Appleton and Company were more successful with *The God in the Car*, a much inferior novel, however, by the same author. They will also publish in book form his *Chronicles of Count Antonio*, which has been appearing in piecemeal for some time past in the Sunday newspapers under the auspices of the McClure Syndicate.

❀

New fiction by popular writers figures prominently among the forthcoming books of D. Appleton and Company. *Bog Myrtle and Peat*, by S. R. Crockett, announced in our February number, is to be published by them; also *Eve's Ransom*, by George Gissing, which is winding up its tale in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*, and *Fidelis*, by "Ada Cambridge," already well known as the author of *The Three Miss Kings* and *Not all in Vain*—her two best stories in some half a dozen; nevertheless she is always welcome. Mrs. Craigie's new novel, *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*, and other stories and romances by Dr. Georg Ebers, by the author of *George Mandeville's Husband*, by Mrs. Everard Cotes, by Guy Boothby, and by Mrs. J. H. Needell, fill out the tempting list and give one an impression that Messrs. Appleton are cornering the book market in fiction, and forming a gigantic Novel Trust.

❀

The next volume in the Green Tree Library, to be published by Stone and Kimball, will be the *Poems* of Paul Verlaine, which Miss Gertrude Hall has translated into English, and which will appear this month.

❀

The French papers give a gloomy picture of the life of Verlaine. He has left the hospital and returned to his home in the Rue Saint-Victor, where he leads a lonely life, and is still much broken in health.

❀

The Chap-Book now boasts of a circulation of 15,000, which is still growing.

❀

We note with pleasure that Alison McLean, the author of *Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden*, is to publish through Frederick Warne and Company a new book of short stories to be called *Paul Heriot's Pictures*. It is some years since the writer read *By a Way She Knew Not*, by this author, but the indelible mark left on the mind by its perusal is vividly recalled. *Quiet Stories*, a recent publication, is in its second edition.

❀

Miss Anna Fuller, author of *A Literary Courtship*, says that it is her ambition to be a playwright, and those who have noted the dramatic quality of her stories in *Peak and Prairie* will find her ambition wholly reasonable. A play, two acts of which were written by her in Colorado Springs, was interrupted by the death of her intimate friend, the original of Miss Lamb in the *Courtship*, and has not since been completed.

❀

One of Miss Fuller's remarks illustrates her shrewd humorous estimates of life. "Eternal love?" she said, "Eternal love? Yes, I believe in it; but then the object changes!"

❀

The latest volume of Von Sybel's history of the founding of the German Em-

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pire is of especial interest because of the circumstances of its production. The preceding volume appeared soon after the rupture between the young Kaiser and Prince Bismarck in 1890, and at a time when everything Bismarckian was under the imperial ban. Von Sybel's account of the diplomatic history of the early sixties seemed to the Kaiser to ascribe altogether too much credit to the fallen minister, and so he very promptly denied Von Sybel any further access to the Prussian archives. Shut off from this immensely important source of information, the historian abandoned all further hope of finishing this great work, and regarded his labours as at an end.

❀

But his publisher had a contract with him which called for another volume, and he relentlessly insisted upon the carrying out of the agreement to the letter. The result was the production of the volume that has lately appeared, and which covers the highly interesting portion of German history just prior to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. The personal knowledge and great industry of the historian have overcome the difficulties imposed by the ubiquitous asininity of the War Lord, and for once, at any rate, the world of letters has reason to rejoice at a publisher's hard-heartedness.

❀

Mr. F. Cope Whitehouse has been wintering in New York after an absence of five years, spent chiefly in Egypt. Mr. Whitehouse is best known to savants for his important discoveries in Egyptian topography; but to a larger circle of friends he is endeared by the *mots* that are discoverable in his conversation. On his arrival in New York last autumn he was met by the question whether he observed any changes in the appearance of the town. "Oh, yes, indeed," he replied with one of his inimitable gestures. "When I left here your principal streets were gullies; I find now that they have become ravines."

❀

As is well known, Mr. Whitehouse has long urged upon the British authorities a plan for irrigating a large district in the vicinity of the Fayyûm, a plan whose exploitation has at times brought him into sharp conflict with both the English and the Egyptian officials. Not long ago Mr. Whitehouse had an interview with the British agent, Lord Cromer, at the beginning of which he was received with a very apparent coolness.

"I really cannot go into these matters with you," said Lord Cromer, "because I hear that you treated my predecessor with great discourtesy."

"Discourtesy? Discourtesy of what nature?"

"Oh, I am informed that you accused him of er—in fact, that you insinuated that he was untruthful."

"I? Oh, dear me, no! Not at all. The truth of the matter was just this: I had to characterise his attitude in some way. Now you see I couldn't speak of his simplicity, because it wouldn't be exactly complimentary. Of course I couldn't speak of his multiplicity, because that wouldn't be true, you know. So, naturally, I had to call it duplicity, don't you see? It really was forced upon me, you understand!"



HALL CAINE IN 1876.

In the *Idler* for April Mr. Ashcroft Noble recounts the short-lived fame and speedy fate which overtook the *Argus*, a weekly review which he started in Liverpool in 1876, and which, because of the enrolment of such names, now become famous, as Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. William Watson, he regards in the warm light of reminiscence as "A Book of Beginnings." What he has to say of Mr. Caine in those early days is of spe-

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cial interest. We learn that he was not merely an ardent playgoer, but a would-be dramatist as well. At the age of seventeen the author of *Ben-my-chree* had written a long dramatic poem, and at twenty a drama dealing with the Chartist agitation, having for its hero Alton Locke. His theatrical notes to the *Argus*, signed "T. H. H. C.," though attractive and unusual in their provincial surroundings, were simply specimens of bright, business-like journalism which had in them plenty of "snap" and a large show of general knowledge.

❀

In those days the now famous novelist was a youthful mass of literary crudity not at all prophetic. His *confrères* were inclined to think that his literature was not a thing of much account. During the *Argus* days he wrote a short story and offered it for publication. "I thought it a poor thing," says Mr. Noble, "and I believe I should so think if I read it to-day." Mr. Caine's early literary architecture was of a decidedly composite order, being in structure Carlylesque with Lamblike and Coleridgian decoration. But there was nothing whatever to encourage even the most sanguine to expect from its author anything like the tremendous dramatic force, the profound pathos, and the intense humanity of *The Manxman*, to mention only one and the last of his three or four mature novels.

❀

Another novelist, Mr. William Tirebuck, whose star is rising, contributed some maiden efforts to Mr. Noble's "Book of Beginnings." In his early performances there were hints of the grasp and vigour, of the touch of subtlety and analytic power which afterwards developed in the stories that followed. A new novel of Mr. Tirebuck's, entitled *Miss Grace of All Souls*, is now in the publisher's hands. It is a vivid picture of mining life in Lancashire, and portrays with ruthless fidelity the conflict which is waging between master and man. How Miss Grace acts as a solvent through which the unruly elements are precipitated and finally united is part of the social problem as well as the love problem which Mr. Tirebuck handles with great ability and intensity of purpose.

The founder of the Contributors' Club, in Chicago, Mr. A. J. Eddy, recently gave a "talk" on Whistler before the Antiquarians of that city, during which he indulged in an unconscious sally of humour which should please the artist. The first fifteen minutes of Mr. Eddy's discourse were devoted to telling how Whistler only chose for his subjects the lovely and the beautiful. During the second fifteen minutes Mr. Eddy gave an account of his own portrait which Whistler painted in Paris last summer!

❀

We understand that a new firm of publishers will shortly be organised in Chicago, among whose first ventures are to be limited issues of a volume of poems by Mr. Francis F. Browne, editor and proprietor of the *Dial*, and another book of poetry by Mr. John Vance Cheney, of the Newberry Library. Mr. Cheney's book will include a short play in blank verse bearing on the adventures of Helen of Troy.

❀

Mr. W. P. Robinson, who for six years has been resident manager in New York for the Tillotson Syndicate in England, has been compelled to resign his position in consequence of continued ill health. Mr. B. D. Steiner, who has been associated with him during the last four years, takes his place. Mr. Robinson was for some time previous to his engagement with the Syndicate, private secretary to Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto. His relations with business men and literary people have been marked by a uniform courtesy and integrity of character, which have placed him high in their esteem, and will cause them keen regret at his loss.

❀

The Lothrop Publishing Company are making strenuous efforts under the new management to capture the juvenile field in the coming season. They have some of the choicest writers for young people on their forthcoming list, and considerable pains are being taken to make a striking departure in the get-up of their books. The writer had the pleasure of examining a number of designs which they have received for covers, and the selection already made shows excellent artistic taste.

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The publishing plans of this company are not yet ripe enough for announcement, but we are permitted to give the title of a new story for girls by Mr. W. O. Stoddard, which we should think will be one of the popular girl books of the year. *The Partners*, while not forgetting the boys, has been written with a view to supplying the large demand which exists for a fresh and wholesome girl's story.

❀

Perhaps the severest trials that befall authors are to be found in the intended compliments of their well-meaning but not overwise friends. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt tells of the enthusiastic remark made to him by an acquaintance to whom he had sent, on its first appearance, a copy of his *Ranch Life*. "Really, Mr. Roosevelt, I was most delighted with your book. It was capital! capital! I read it nearly all through. Why, I even cut out some of the pictures to keep!"

❀

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, late Professor at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and the best known of our Canadian poets, has resigned his chair and intends to make his home in the States. He had a generous reception in Boston circles a few days ago, and at the time of writing is now in New York.

❀

Another handsome Stevenson memorial is to be issued by Copeland and Day, consisting of "A Valediction" in verse and a "Sonnet" by L. I. G. (Miss Louise Imogen Guiney) and a "Study" by A. B. (Miss Alice Brown). There will be 250 copies, only 100 of which are for sale. The book is exquisitely bound and printed on hand-made paper; the dedication is to William Ernest Henley.

❀

Those who have enjoyed Mr. Townsend's lively sketches not only in the columns of the New York *Sun*, but in the volume reviewed in our March number, will be glad to know that a second series of the "Chimmie Fadden" papers will shortly be issued by the same publishers, and early in the fall Mr. Townsend's longer work, *A Daughter of the Tenement*, will appear. The first series of *Chimmie Fadden* is now in its seventeenth edition.

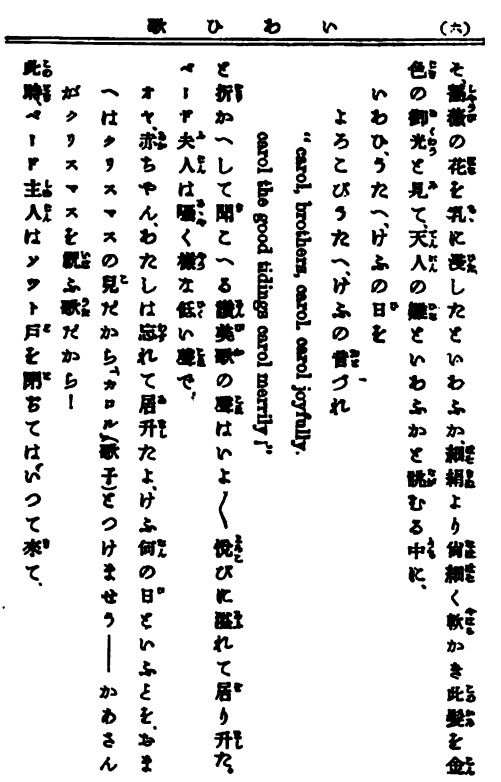
We have it on good authority that it is doubtful whether Mr. Beardsley's visit to America will come off at present. We are sorry to learn that he has been suffering acutely for some time past with a renewed attack of hemorrhage, which will probably incapacitate him from taking the trip. It has been stated that Mr. Beardsley was to accompany Mr. Lane, the publisher of *The Yellow Book*, on his voyage West during the month, but this is not so.

❀

M. Paul Bourget is at Cannes, where he is working hard at a new novel to be called *En Marche*. Alphonse Daudet's new novel will be called *Soutien de Famille*.

❀

The writer had the pleasure recently of looking over a collection of Mrs. Kate



Douglas Wiggin's stories in various styles and in divers tongues. Among them was a dainty paper edition in Japanese of *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, dated Tokio, 1895. The page which is reproduced above in fac-simile from the Japan-

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ese corresponds to page 5 of the American edition. There were also copies of *The Birds' Christmas Carol* in French and German, and of "The Christmas Dinner," taken from the *Carol*, and the whole *Story of Patsy* set up for the blind by the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School. *Patsy* was the outcome of Mrs. Wiggin's association with the free kindergarten in San Francisco, and is founded on fact.

❀

Of all Mrs. Wiggin's books, *The Birds' Christmas Carol* is the prime favourite in



America, and has had a sale of nearly 120,000 in this country alone. It was published about seven years ago, when she had begun to feel the need of a vocation in life and had decided to turn to literature. Mrs. Wiggin has always taken a great interest in the psychology of childhood, and the practical services she has rendered to the children of America, arising from her association, first with the kindergarten at San Francisco, and latterly, for several years past, with the New York kindergarten, is well known. When visiting the kindergarten she used to join in the children's games and tell them stories. To this experience, Mrs. Wiggin says, she owes the inspiration of her literary work.

❀

In England the favourite is *Timothy's Quest*, or *Tim og Gay*, as the Danish copy we saw bore the title. There is a very characteristic illustration of a Norwegian domestic interior, which serves as frontispiece to the Danish edition, and which we have thought it worth while to reproduce for the gratification of Timothy's numerous lovers. This book of Mrs. Wiggin's had the honour of being refused by six leading houses. *Timothy's Quest* was also present in Swedish among this collection, as well as *Polly Oliver's Problem*. *Polly Oliver* is considered, we may say, by Rudyard Kipling the best story that Mrs. Wiggin has written. He thinks Polly one of the breeziest and most captivating of heroines. One would hardly have suspected Mr. Kipling of a close acquaintance with girls' stories.

❀

The well-known French novelist, M. Edouard Rod, is working hard at a new story, *L'Eternel*, which is to appear in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He is also preparing a series of essays on Goethe.

❀

A Sunday newspaper of this city has been collecting from various authors a statement of their preferences for the different seasons of the year, and lately published them with the heading "Favourite Seasons of Our Authors." Lest there should be any doubt about the authenticity of these important dicta, each bears the signature of its author in facsimile. An expectant public is thus informed that Dean Hole once preferred winter, but now loves "the sweet springtide, . . . the birthday of blossoms and buds," etc.; Mr. Eugene Field favours summer; Mr. George W. Cable is another devotee of spring; and one is not surprised to find Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox writing, "I feel at my best during the hot weather." It is well to have

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these facts clearly understood. How dire would be the consequences if the literary world should, for instance, go on fondly imagining that Mr. J. T. Trowbridge preferred winter when he really loves autumn best, or if Mr. Rossiter Johnson's yearning for winter should fail to be generally understood!'

❀

This line of public enlightenment opens up an almost endless vista for the future. We demand that the newspaper in question shall continue boldly its investigations and clear up a great number of other points as to which at the present time the readers of books are groping in darkness that is absolutely Cimmerian. Let us know at once and with authority just how many eggs each of our American *littérateurs* ordinarily consumes for breakfast. It is unfair that there should be a widespread belief that Mr. Laurence Hutton's regular allowance is two, when he may all these years have been restricting himself to a diurnal minimum of only one. Furthermore we respectfully insist that while a signature in facsimile is all very well, the importance of these statements calls for something far more authoritative. Hereafter let each personal revelation of this character be sworn to before a notary-public according to the laws of the State of New York, and let the affidavit be recorded in full with the proper seals and stamps. To trifle with public confidence in such grave matters is unpardonable, and we hereby protest against any possibility of it. On with the great work! and among these topics for scientific research we suggest a careful investigation of the question whether any of our authors possesses a grain or two of the saving sense of humour in whatever concerns his own personality, and whether he has ever heard of such a thing as the dignity of literature.

❀

From the London correspondent of the New York *Times*: "It is announced that a new edition of Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*, now in the press, brings that story into its seventy-eighth thousand in Great Britain alone, and that ten thousand copies were sold here last year. The *Daily News* makes the fact that the American rights were originally offered to an American publisher, and declined at once on the ground of worthlessness of the book, the text for a discourse on the colonial instincts which still govern the American publishing world. It declares that 'over and over again it happens that the London agent of an American publishing house admits the great worth and interest of some manuscript submitted to him by a London publisher, but declines the proposal for copyright because, as he says, Americans prefer to wait and see the result in England.' Among instances of this, the *Daily News* cites, besides *A Yellow Aster*, two recent novels, *Into the Highways and Hedges* (three editions of which were cleared out here immediately and the fourth of which is in the press) and *A New Note*, which is now in its fifth edition."

❀

We are pleased to see that Messrs. Appleton are publishing an American edition of *Into the Highways and Hedges*. This novel has only recently appeared in England, yet already it has met with decided success for a first book by a new writer. Mr. Montrésor has produced a strong story, indicating an unusual amount of originality and boldness of conception.

❀

A bad blunder occurs in some lines quoted from Browning's "Christmas Eve," which has run, undetected, through successive editions of a very popular year-book, covering tens of thousands of copies. Browning says:

> For I, a man, with men am linked,
> And not a brute with brutes.

The eminent divine's reflections on "the seeming worthlessness of sympathy" are expected to gain a positive force from the poet's humanity, but we find them thus grotesquely illustrated:

> For I, a man, with men am linked,
> *And not a brick with bricks.*

❀

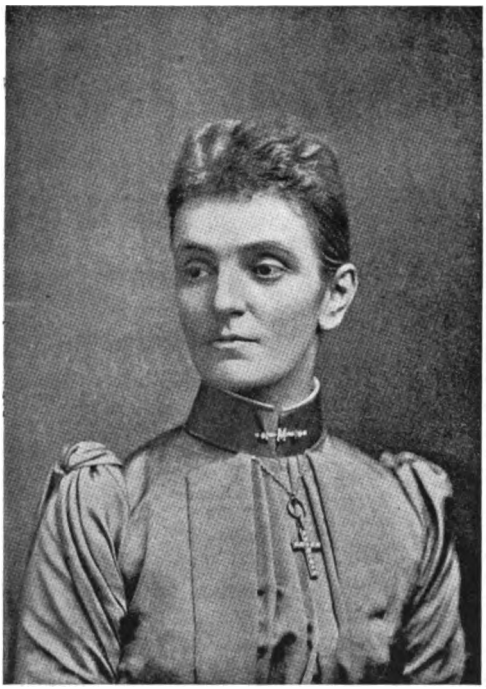
We notice another literary blunder of lesser magnitude in Mr. Saintsbury's "corrected impression" of Matthew Arnold, where he speaks of "that delightful whimsy *Friendship's God*." Matthew Arnold never wrote any such work, though *Friendship's Garland*, with Arminius and "Geist" pervading it, is tolerably familiar. To quote Mr. Saintsbury's own naïve apology for a Greek textual error of Mr. Churton Collins's, while reviewing that scholar's

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Essays and Studies in the last issue of the BOOKMAN, the slip "may be merely 'one of the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil,' of which all who write have had experience."

❀

We learn that a literary society recently organised at a small town in Missouri, and named in honour of The Duodecimos, was thrown into convulsions and obliged to disband at the first meeting on ascertaining that there were thirteen members.



LADY JEUNE.

The members of the original club of the same name, with Mr. Francis Wilson, the comedian, at their head, have been very much elated over the success of their first publication, a fac-simile of *Poor Richard's Almanack 1733*, issued at $10 in November last, especially since a firm of booksellers paid $25 to a subscriber for his copy of the book. They argue that if their book is worth this price four months after its issue, a copy will be worth $500 ten years hence, using as a basis for this conjecture the present price of the Grolier Club's edition of the *Rubáiyát*, a copy of which, originally issued at $3, has recently been sold at auction for $150. Here's a pretty bit of bibliomaniac logic for you!

❀

Dr. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland, is to deliver a course of lectures on Hebrew Poetry before the Johns Hopkins University in America, in 1896.

❀

Mr. Crockett has returned to Penicuik, Scotland. He is busily engaged on a new story for the London *Graphic* to be called *The Grey Man*.

❀

Lady Jeune, whose *Lesser Questions* is exciting a good deal of comment, is a representative English hostess in Mayfair, and a woman of many parts. Her hospitable house in Harley Street is an acknowledged rendezvous of society, and for many years she has directed her practical sympathies to the formation of wide-reaching and admirably organised charities. As a platform speaker, Lady Jeune's voice carries as much charm as her arguments conviction. She is also a caustic writer, whose keen observations, fearlessly given, have thrown side-lights on some important social questions of the hour. *Lesser Questions*, being serious studies on the evolution of woman in the nineteenth century, is one of the most sensible and judicious books that has yet appeared on a most sensitive subject. The title is a misnomer, for these questions, concerning as they do the vital problems raised by the advance guard of the feminine host, are the greater and more important questions of the hour.

❀

A well-known *on dit* ascribes to Lady Jeune's resourceful personality Mr. Du Maurier's inspiration of inspirations—Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns—whose endless versatility as a drawing-room diplomat has long been an enduring joy in the pages of *Punch*. Lady Jeune has been a very ladder of ascent and a strong right hand to her distinguished husband, the very popular judge of—alas!—a very populous court.

❀

In our last issue we announced the title of Mrs. Hinkson's forthcoming novel as *The Day of a Maid*. She since writes correcting this to *The Way of a Maid*. Our readers will remember that we suspected as much when we made

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the announcement. It will be published early in the autumn.

❀

The Paris *Figaro* announces the first number of a Franco-American *Review* which has just appeared. Leading American and French writers are the main contributors. "All schools and systems are to have their say in the *Review*, and we shall see side by side Tolstoï, M. de Goncourt, Ibsen, Mark Twain, etc." The art department is especially strong. The Polish Prince Poniatowski is the editor-in-chief.

❀

The increasing number of aspirants to mount the wheel as each season advances has made the publication of handbooks on the subject a desiderata to amateurs. Two little 16mos, both illustrated and issued at $1 each, will be published by the time this reaches the reader. *Pleasure Cycling*, published by Little, Brown and Company, and *Bicycling for Health and Pleasure*, by Dodd, Mead and Company, are intended to serve as manuals of useful information and instruction for cyclers in their first season and after. Dr. Graeme M. Hammond has allowed his address on "The Bicycle in Health and in Disease," which was warmly received at the Academy of Medicine recently, to be incorporated in the latter book. We may add that this is the first volume in the projected Athletics Series to be issued by these publishers; the second, on *Golf and Golfing*, is to follow shortly.

❀

Yet another volume on the bicycle is *A Wheel within a Wheel*, in which Miss Frances E. Willard tells how she learned to ride the bicycle. We notice from the dedication that it is to Lady Henry Somerset Miss Willard owes her slavery to the gentle sport. Even a sporting chronicle can be turned to moral account by Miss Willard, but this will limit the appreciation of her booklet to some extent, for most readers like their religious reading duly labelled and set apart for a quiet hour, when the sporting instinct is not uppermost. We have looked through the pages in vain for Miss Willard's approval or disapproval of the "bloomers."

❀

We understand that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has prevailed on his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, to do the illustrations to the new Jungle Book to be published at the end of this year.

❀

During the past month another copy of Robert Browning's first book, *Pauline*, has been recovered. It fell into the hands of Mr. Jesse Jaggard, of Liverpool, who promptly disposed of it for £60. This is the ninth copy now known to be extant.

❀

Miss Anne Isabella Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie), about whom Mrs. Burton Harrison chats pleasantly on another page, was born in Albion Street, London. Some years of her childhood were spent in Paris, but the greater part of her life has been passed in Kensington, London. After her sister's death she lived with her brother in Hyde Park Gate, where she was married. For the last ten years she has lived at Wimbledon, where The End House has just been built for her. Her first work, *The Story of Elizabeth*, was published in 1863, and was at once successful. This was followed, in 1869, by *To Esther, and Other Sketches; The Village of the Cliff* in 1865, and *Old Kensington* in 1869. The works by which she is best known are: *Toilers and Spinners; Miss Angel; Madame de Sevigné; Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning*, and *Chapters from some Unwritten Memoirs*, recently published by the Messrs. Harper.

❀

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman says that there is not one of Mr. Mabie's books which he has not followed with love and interest. He confirms a growing impression that as an American essayist of the higher type, the author of *My Study Fire* and other volumes which have just been issued in a new edition is a worthy successor to his living elders and to those who have passed away.

❀

In a letter to a correspondent Mr. Stedman writes: "Mr. Mabie's essays cheer and refresh me in my jaded hours and give both knowledge and wisdom to the best among us. Like Lowell, he is in touch at once with nature and literature; and with Lowell for his early master—and with a style now so limpid, graceful, and strong that it makes him a kinsman with the most lovable and enduring essayists, and yet is singularly

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his own—he has taken a distinguished place among contemporary writers. I doubt not," continues Mr. Stedman, "that you share my belief that his best work is still before him, and that this 'collective' edition will grow larger and richer as the years go by."

❀

The trade dinners of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, London, become in Chicago *Chap-Book* Teas, except that in Chicago invitations are not limited to "the trade," and the functions are not annual, but come every two months. The last of the *Chap-Book* functions was held in the rooms of Messrs. Stone and Kimball (Chicago) March 26th. They are called Teas—probably because chocolate, ices, and confections are served—and their purpose is to bring together those whose special province is "to make culture hum." The special feature of the latest function was an exhibition of Charles Dana Gibson's original drawings for Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor's last book, *Two Women and a Fool.* These were well set off in a room whose decorations were entirely in green.

❀

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's book is a commercial success, by the way, the entire first edition having been exhausted on the day of publication. One firm of booksellers gave an advance order for 750 copies. Mrs. Reginald de Koven's *A Sawdust Doll* is almost equally successful. Messrs. Stone and Kimball are very adroit and happy in selecting names for their "libraries"—the "Peacock" and the "Green Tree" affording special advantages for cover and title-page decorations.

VILLANELLE.

O where are they who love so well?
'Tis long beyond the trysting-hour:
Love's shrine is in this mossy dell.

The Dawn has cleft her roseate shell,
The light falls in a golden shower:
O where are they who love so well?

Sweet dryads in this woodland dwell,
The stream is fringed with many a flower:
Love's shrine is in this mossy dell.

A bird's note like a silver bell
Calls through the lacing leaves' green bower:
"O where are they who love so well?"

But here has Sorrow cast her spell;
With lovers vanished Grief doth lower:
Love's shrine is in this mossy dell.

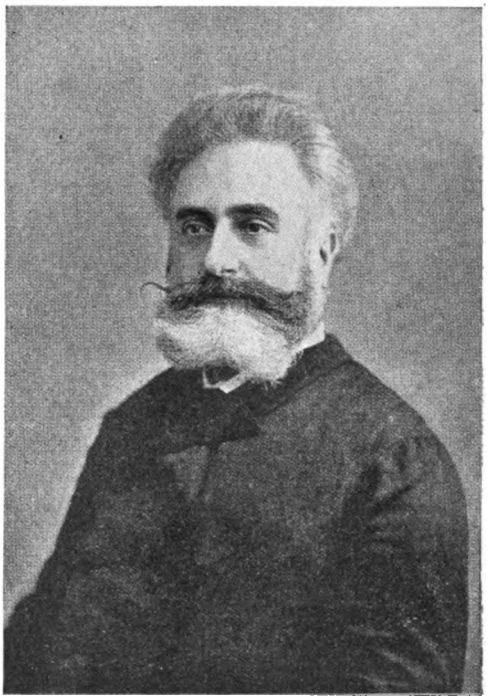
Birds, leaves, stream, dryads—who can tell
Why Love should be so strong a power?
O where are they who love so well?
Love's shrine is in this mossy dell.

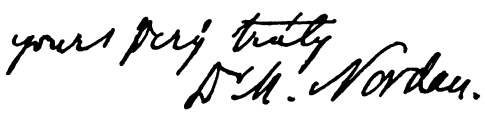
Esther Singleton.

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MAX SIMON NORDAU.

Max Simon Nordau, who, as the author of *Degeneration*, has of late acquired name and fame among us, was born July 29th, 1849, in Budapest of Jewish parentage. He studied medicine in his native city, where he took the doctor's degree in 1872. This same year he started out on an extended series of travels, which were continued through the succeeding seven years, during which time he saw the greater part of Europe, as he says in the preface to his second book, "from the legendary North to the romantic South." He visited in turn Austria and Germany, Russia, Denmark and Sweden, Belgium, England, France, Spain, and Italy. He even spent two months in Iceland, where he was in 1874, during the millennial celebration of the Norse settlement of the island, and where I found five years after, in 1879, that out of the horde of notables who had descended upon them that year, they still remembered him for his personality, although, as yet, he had scarcely won his spurs in any field. After his return to Budapest in 1878, he practised medicine in that city until 1880, in which year he removed to Paris. There he has since lived, engaged, since 1882, in the practice of his profession, for which he had still further qualified himself by two more years of study. His literary career began as far back as 1868, when he was still a student in Budapest. From that year until 1872 he was connected in an editorial capacity with the *Pester Lloyd*, and subsequently as feuilletonist with that paper, the *Frankfürter Zeitung*, and the *Vossische Zeitung*. His collected contributions to these journals formed the material of his first books, of which *Aus dem wahren Milliardenland*, *Pariser Studien und Bilder* (1878), *Vom Kreml zur Alhambra*, *Kulturstudien* (1879) and *Paris unter der dritten Republik*, *Neue Bilder aus dem wahren Milliardenland* (1880), although in the first place accounts of travel, are principally devoted to criticism of social and political conditions, which from the beginning has been this author's especial predilection. It was these early writings that gave him this particular style, which has always been more or less that of the feuilletonist. There is a vivacity and a journalistic "go" in them that is undeniable, although the observation upon which they are based is often astonishingly superficial, and their judgments are not infrequently untrue. They show, too, the





same *doctrinaire* expression of opinion that his later work so strikingly exhibits, and which it must be concluded is inherent in the man, and they have the same kind of sarcasm, *à la Voltaire*, but a long way after him. It was, if I remember rightly, in the autumn of 1880 that I saw him in Leipzig, where his first books had been published. I can recall, now, but little more than an incisive personality, a face of unmistakable intellectuality, and an eye that was trained to see everything that went on about it. His literary self, as subse-

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quently developed, fully embodies the impression that he made even in this fugitive contact.

Dr. Nordau's other works are *Seifenblasen; Federzeichnungen und Geschichten*, a volume of short stories (1879), *Ausgewählte Pariser Briefe* (1884), *Die konventionellen Lügen der Kulturmenschheit* (1883), his first real study in social pathology, which in the decade after its appearance lived through fifteen editions, *Paradoxe* (1885), the novels, *Die Krankheit des Jahrhunderts* (1889) and *Gefühlskomödie* (1891), *Seelen-Analysen* (1892) and *Entartung* (1893). He has written, in addition, four plays, the comedy, *Die neuen Journalisten* (1880), subsequently called *Aus der Zeitungswelt*, this first in collaboration with Ferdinand Gross, and the dramas, *Der Krieg der Millionen* (1882), *Das Recht zu Lieben*, and *Die Augel* (1894). Only two of these books besides *Degeneration* have been published in English translations—namely, *Paradoxes* and *Conventional Lies of Society*. Dr. Nordau's rise in literature, although he has made, until now, no great stir above our horizon, has not been sudden, nor has he in *Degeneration*, from a literary point of view, attained either his greatest or possibly his most lasting success. The book, however, is in every way a notable production, although, in spite of the author's claim of "scientific criticism," it is still the feuilletonist who is writing; and that he, in his added character of pathologist, would write such a book might almost have been prophesied from the beginning. If but an insignificant outpost of the great army of us, here and elsewhere, that he stigmatises as degenerates were to read *Degeneration*, and there are reasons enough and to spare why it should be read, its popularity would not only be phenomenal, but unheard of.

William H. Carpenter.

THE ARTIST OF "THE YELLOW BOOK."

It is not too much to give Aubrey Beardsley the above distinction *par excellence* among the coterie of artists whose contributions have given to *The Yellow Book* its peculiar tone and colour. A great deal has been written about the work of this eccentric genius, but of the personality of the artist very little, if anything, seems to be known in America. As Mr. Beardsley may soon be among us, some facts about his early life and training will be of interest to the American public.

It has been stated that he is coming to this country to lecture, but I may say from what I know of him that in all likelihood he will first reconnoitre the field, and see whether America intends to take him seriously before committing himself to the platform. Of one thing we may be sure, that if Mr. Beardsley does decide to lecture, he will have something interesting to say, whether on the "ugly" or beautiful in art. Since I have been in this country I have heard many harsh things said of Mr. Beardsley, both with regard to his art and on personal grounds. I have observed that the people who have most readily permitted their artistic zeal to run to personal vituperation are just those who are altogether ignorant of the sort of man he is. For instance, they have taken seriously an absurd caricature which has appeared everywhere, and which, although affording an excellent likeness from one point of view, is by no means a fair basis on which to pass judgment, either on his work or on his character. When these critics meet Mr. Beardsley they will, I feel certain, be agreeably surprised.

Let me see if I cannot make a pen sketch of his personal appearance. His face is long and pale, and he wears his red hair—I have heard him call it auburn!—*à la Bretonne*. In height he lacks about three inches of being six feet, and his long, lanky shape gives him a rather grotesque appearance. I remember a caricature which he drew of himself in a letter which he wrote me on one occasion. He was describing a visit to Mr. Leland's house, where he had been shown the wonderful collection of paintings. This caricature could only be equalled by Mr. Walter Sickert's "Portrait of Aubrey Beardsley" in *The Yellow Book*; indeed, that portrait might have been worked from Mr.

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Beardsley's own sketch, so closely does it resemble the drawing in the letter.

I remember when he first came to our school, where I was already a pupil, a little fellow of about twelve years old. He wore knickerbockers, exhibiting a pair of calves (save the mark ! for they were more like broomsticks) about which he got so chaffed by the other boys, that the following term he returned in trousers and an Eton jacket, in which costume he remained for the rest of his school life. He used to be up to all sorts of mischief, and many a clever scheme we have concocted together in order to raise a shilling apiece, and then steal off to the theatre. He was very fond of the play, and at that time, although we had aspirations to be artists (with a capital A), I think we had a sneaking idea that our forte was the stage. We used to get up private theatricals in the school, and on one occasion Beardsley himself wrote a farce in which we performed.

When we left school together I stayed in Brighton and Beardsley went to London, but we kept in touch with one another through the penny-post, which we taxed two or three times a week. When either of us could snatch a holiday from business, he would come to Brighton or I would run up to London to see him. On one of these trips I had an invitation to call on Mr. G. F. Watts, and I took Beardsley along with me. Mr. Watts was exceedingly kind, and gave us both great encouragement when we confided to him our ambition to become artists. At other times, when Beardsley would come down to Brighton, we would sit up all night drawing. One morning—I remember it was about six o'clock and the sun was rising—I gave him some oil-paints and brushes, and having shown him how to go to work, I coiled myself up on the sofa and went to sleep. When I awoke, to my horror, I found he had given the unfortunate woman on the canvas, green hair and a blue face, and I think, a red dress. But Beardsley was not easily daunted, and my faith in him returned when I saw him struggle incessantly against all obstacles that stood in his way to master his art.



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.



AUBREY BEARDSLEY. BY HIMSELF.
Reproduced from THE YELLOW BOOK, Vol. III.

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It gives me some pleasure to know, as I look back on those early days of strenuous endeavour, that in some measure I stimulated him to work and enthused him in his art. I tried to persuade him, after the failure of the colour experiment, to go to the Herkomer School at Bushey, but he did not like Herkomer's work, and would not go. When he went back to London after that holiday, he called on his favourite painter, Mr. Burne-Jones, who instantly took a strong fancy to him, and appreciating the original merit in his work, advised him to go to Brown's Academy at Westminster. Mr. Fred Brown, who is now professor at the Slade School, has turned out a number of successful artists, among whom are Ravenhill, Bernard Partridge, William Parkinson, Maurice Grieffenhagen, and Dudley Hardy. Here Beardsley settled down to work steadily, and profiting by the friendly counsel of Burne-Jones, made great progress in his art. Then I left London and roamed over France, Italy, Spain, and eventually America, broken only by flying trips to London.



FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

At intervals I heard from Beardsley, and at last came a letter telling me how he had gone to Paris and been welcomed by Puvis de Chavannes. Then I heard of his return to London, and that he had commenced to besiege the publishers. At first they looked askance at his work, but a start was soon made under the auspices of the Messrs. Dent, who saw their chance in Beardsley, and put him to illustrating their *Morte D'Arthur*. After this came the initial number of the *Studio*, which published several of his pictures, and an article on the artist and his work, written by Mr. Joseph Pennell. In a short time he had fairly caught the tide at the flood, which has since led him on to fame and fortune, and now he is about the most successful as well as the most abused black-and-white artist in the world. It was an up-hill struggle and a hard fight, but his persistent and dogged determination to achieve success has had its reward.

When Mr. Beardsley reaches these shores, I feel confident that he will make a pleasant impression, for apart from the genius which he undoubtedly has, without regard to its character, he is one of the most delightful companions.

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Notwithstanding his great success and the universal favour which he has won inside of two years, he has the good sense to be modest when talking of himself and his work; indeed, there never was the least shadow of conceit about him. He is widely read and is a most entertaining and versatile talker, is an excellent linguist, and revels in French and Italian poetry. Since boyhood he has mingled in the coteries and circles of clever and brilliant men and women, and his ready wit and keen sense of humour have always distinguished him among the polished set in London.

G. F. Scotson-Clark.

THE FRENCH SYMBOLISTS.

II.

One of the most curious features of the situation already described is the large number of poets that France was suddenly discovered to have; to the poets of what we might call the old orthodox school—to Sully Prudhomme, François Coppée, Catulle Mendès, Jean Richepin, Armand Sylvestre, Maurice Bouchor, José Maria de Hérédia, Maurice Rollinat, Léon Dierx, Jean Lahor, Charles Grandmougin, Eugène Manuel, and many others—had soon to be added Adoré Floupette, René Ghil, Noël Loumo, Anatole Baju, Jules Laforgue, Jean Moréas, Stuart Merrill, Armand Mundel, Tristan Corbière, Paul Adam, Henri de Régnier, Arthur Rimbaud, Charles Vignier, Gustave Kahn, Francis Vielé Griffin, Laurent Tailhade, Ernest Raynaud, Albert Jhouney, Saint-Pol Roux, who awarded to himself the name of *Le Magnifique*, and a crowd of others.

A number of periodicals sprang up devoted to the expounding and propagating of the new poetical gospel and to the publication of the productions of its followers, *Le Chat Noir*, *Le Décadent*, *Le Scapin*, and especially *La Plume*; stranger than all, a publisher was found who volunteered to put these productions in book form before the public. This courageous man's name, Léon Vanier, should certainly not be forgotten in a review of the main features of this poetical agitation.

Poetical? "Aye, there's the rub!" Is it possible for one country to have at one time so many poets? Was not France more *poetical* when only a few names had to be added to those of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny and Alfred de Musset? Indeed, one of the truest poets of the period, Sully-Prudhomme, struck by the formlessness of these young men's utterances, warned them that rhythm is not in itself poetry,



JEAN MORÉAS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

and that French literature is remarkably rich in pages of magnificent rhythmic prose.

Then, in addition to their revolt against the trammels of the old versification, what was these young men's *message?* Alas! few were those who could understand their lines. Who will undertake to explain the opening quatrain of Stéphane Mallarmé's best known sonnet?

> Une dentelle s'abolit
> Dans le doute du jeu suprême
> A n'entrouvrir comme un blasphème
> Qu'absence éternelle de lit.

It seemed, indeed, that there was a set purpose to strip the French language

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of its most striking quality—clearness. Attacks were not wanting; but the new poets found a defender, as we said, in Verlaine, who then published his *Poètes Maudits*, and a kind of law-maker in a young Greek, Jean Moréas, who rejected the name of *décadent*, and announced the formation of the symbolist school. Baudelaire was hailed as the ancestor; one of his lines,

"Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent,"

was quoted as stating the main principle of a new "Art Poétique." Arthur Rimbaud, who perhaps was simply thinking of perpetrating some huge joke, published his famous sonnet on the colour of the vowels,

A noir, E blanc, I rouge, V vert, O bleu, voyelles,
Je dirai quelques jours vos naissances latentes,

and René Ghil insisted that I is not red, but blue. And still there was in all that something else than pure nonsense. These men did achieve some good; they showed that the time had come to discard some of the old restraints; they wrote dodecasyllabics that were harmonious, though without a cæsura right in the middle of the line; they re-introduced combinations of vowels familiar to the poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but proscribed afterward by Boileau and by all the French poets since Boileau's time. Even in prose they showed that too great a desire for clearness had resulted in too frequent a use of the most unmeaning and unsuggestive of words, prepositions, conjunctions, etc. The following lines of Stéphane Mallarmé, while tersely setting forth some of the new theories, are an admirable specimen of a French more compact perhaps than anything written since the seventeenth century, while in no way deficient in clearness:

Un lettré français, ses lectures interrompues à la mort de Victor Hugo, il y a quelques ans, ne peut, s'il les souhaite poursuivre, qu'être déconcerté. Hugo, dans sa tâche mystérieuse, rabattit toute la prose, philosophie, éloquence, histoire au vers, et, comme il était le vers personnellement, il confisqua chez qui pense, discourre ou narre, presque le droit à s'énoncer. Monument dans le désert, avec le silence loin; dans une crypte, la divinité ainsi d'une majestueuse idée inconsciente, à savoir que la forme appelée vers est simplement elle-même la littérature; que vers il y a sitôt que s'accentue la diction, rhythme dès que style. Notre vers, je le crois, avec respect attendit que le géant qui l'identifiait à sa main tenace et plus ferme toujours de forgeron, vînt à manquer; pour, lui, se rompre. . . .

Le remarquable est que, pour la première fois, au cours de l'histoire littéraire d'aucun peuple, concurremment aux grandes orgues générales et séculaires, où s'exalte, d'après un latent clavier, l'orthodoxie, quiconque avec son jeu et son ouïe individuels se peut composer un instrument, dès qu'il souffle, le frôle ou frappe avec science; en user à part et le dédier aussi à la langue.

Une haute liberté littéraire d'acquise, la plus neuve: je ne vois, et ce reste mon intense opinion, effacement de rien qui ait été beau dans le passé, je demeure convaincu que dans les occasions amples on obéira toujours à la tradition solennelle, dont la prépondérance relève du génie classique; seulement lorsqu'il n'y aura pas lieu, à



STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ. (SKETCH BY WHISTLER.)

cause d'une sentimentale bouffée ou pour une anecdote, de déranger les échos vénérables, on regardera à le faire. Toute âme est une mélodie, qu'il s'agit de renouer; et pour cela, sont la flûte et la viole de chacun. Selon moi jaillit tard une condition vraie ou la possibilité, de s'exprimer non seulement, mais de se moduler à son gré. . . .

Parler n'a trait à la réalité des choses que commercialement; en littérature, cela se contente d'y faire une allusion ou de distraire leur qualité pour incorporer quelque idée. A cette condition s'élance le chant qu'il soit la joie d'être allégé.

No readers of the above passages will be surprised to hear that their author should have proved an admirable translater of English poetry. His rendering of Poe's poems, especially of "The Raven," is nothing short of wonderful. He has undoubtedly enriched the French

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language and demonstrated its hitherto unrecognised power to reproduce foreign masterpieces without forcing them, against their spirit, into the cast-iron mould of its complicated syntax. Part of this must be due to his close, continuous contact with English literature. M. Mallarmé is one of the professors of English in the most intellectually alert of the Parisian lycées, the Lycée Condorcet.

English influence, moreover, is also discernible in Verlaine's poetry. Verlaine resided a good deal in England, and his productions certainly owe to English literature a quality which the plain-spoken poetry of France formerly lacked—that is, suggestiveness. The favourite painter both of Verlaine and Mallarmé is Whistler; and one of Mallarmé's most curious writings is his *Ten o'clock de Monsieur Whistler.*

To return to Verlaine, who remains, after all, the most striking, the most interesting because the truest of the poets who broke away from the old limitations, we have had from him since the publication of *Sagesse* a number of collections which could not very well be spared. In *Jadis et Naguère*, still more in *Romances sans paroles*, musical effects are found which are truly new in French poetry. Thus the following treatment of one of the formerly forbidden metres, the hendecasyllabic :

Il faut, voyez-vous, nous pardonner les choses.
De cette façon, nous serons bien heureuses,
Et si notre vie a des instants moroses,
Du moins nous serons, n'est-ce pas? deux pleu-
[reuses.

We hardly need to call the reader's attention to the languishing effect due, in addition to the metre itself, to the fact that contrary to all the rules of old French poetry, Verlaine has here entirely discarded the masculine rhymes and trusted entirely to the feminine. Every one of the lines of the quatrain, and of the whole piece for that matter, ends with a mute, none with a sonorous syllable.

But we strike here the weakness of this new movement. It pays too much attention to form, too little to matter. One school succeeds another. The *décadents* become the Symbolists; now symbolism itself is dead, and its earliest herald, Jean Moréas, the poet of the *Syrtes* and the *Cantilènes*, presides over the destinies of the *Ecole Gréco-Romane.* We had almost said that all this production belongs to what is known as pure literature, but we remembered in time that some pieces of *Odes en son honneur* and of *Parallèlement*, both by Verlaine, can hardly be called *pure* literature. Moreover, even putting aside the *double entendre* implied in the foregoing lines, what singles Verlaine out of the crowd of contemporary versifiers is the intensity of his subjectivism. All this poetry, indeed, is subjective; but while Mallarmé, Francis Vielé Griffin, Henri de Régnier are dealing merely with the rare and exquisite impressions (this is what they are after) which they are constantly trying to receive, Verlaine translates real and powerful emotions. He is constantly swinging from an ascetic and mystic Christianity to an exuberant and frightfully plain-spoken paganism, but he is sincere in both. He sins with unutterable delight and revels in the description of his sin, then sinks on his knees and smites his breast with all the might he can control, and weeps bitter tears of repentance until he exults in the hope of forgiveness. His poetry is human, it is sincere. But in his poetry, as well as in his life, his rejection of all rule, of all self-control, of all submission to the law of usefulness to and respect for his fellow-man has, in spite of his rare gifts, stopped him short—very far short, indeed—of the height reached by the great singers of the human race.

Adolphe Cohn.

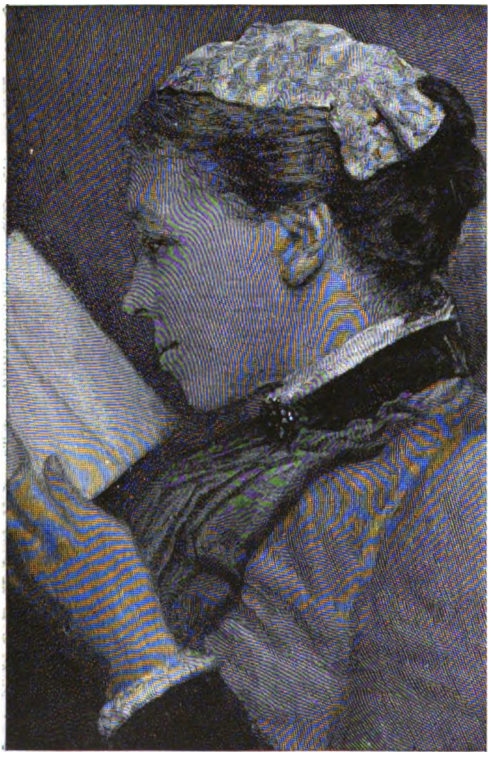


HENRI DE REGNIER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

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A VISIT TO MRS. ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

Mrs. Ritchie, who has now transferred her household gods to The End House, Wimbledon, lived, when I visited her, at Kingsley Lodge, in the Lingfield Road, of that same bracing suburb of London whence her husband daily repaired to his office in town, and her dark-eyed boy and girl—named respectively "William Makepeace Dennis" and "Hester"—found their amusement in holiday hours upon the golf-links close at hand.



MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE (ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY.)

(By permission of Harper & Bros.)

Although she had called at my lodgings in Clarges Street and we had exchanged several notes, I had never met Thackeray's daughter face to face until the afternoon of one ninth of June, when we were bidden by her to take tea and dine in honour of her birthday. It was also upon the cards that we were to meet there other friends, and enjoy an impromptu exhibition of the original sketches in water-colour made by her father to illustrate *The Rose and the Ring*. I may truly say that no invitation in crowded London just then could have offered me such an attraction; and that, from the agreeable company of a roomful of celebrities who were lingering over their coffee after a luncheon-party, I hurried with positive eagerness to take the underground train to Wimbledon. For was I not about to meet the living representative of the chief literary passion of my life?

By more than one person who knew her, I had been told I should find many delightful suggestions of her father in "dear Anne Ritchie." Her interest in me was bespoken by the friend who brought us together in the quaint statement that my forbears in Virginia were the chief mourners at Colonel Esmond's funeral! Certainly, when I reached her house, the warm grasp of my hostess's hand, the kind welcome of her eyes and lips, made me feel this visit was to her more than the ordinary votive offering by an American to an English person of literary renown.

In the drawing-room opening upon a little garden at the back—whither we afterward resorted for the inauguration of a summer house Mr. Ritchie had erected as a birthday token for his wife—were various souvenirs of the home life of the great Thackeray. But, from all of them, I found my attention wandering back to the charming and gracious personality of the woman who, as her guests gathered for tea at five o'clock, contrived to let each in turn feel her magnetic influence.

Into my mind came, as I watched her, those lines written about her father:

"———his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words and gentle ways;
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise."

In writing of one who *is*, there are peculiar difficulties; the pen halts, the ink refuses to flow, and whatever is accomplished seems to challenge the sense of good taste. To give Mrs. Ritchie's now large American following an opportunity to see her "in her habit, as she

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lives," I have written and rewritten several descriptive paragraphs; and, after all, I go back to the impressions I recorded in a letter of that day.

"A woman taller than the average of her sex, dignified in bearing, holding herself erect—of fresh complexion, clear-eyed and wholesome, although she claims her share of the disabilities of delicate health; in manner genial, outspoken, and impulsive; soft of voice and choice of language; to children, her own and others, kind, playful, tender, with the forbearing indulgence Thackeray showed in a thousand ways toward the young. Dressed in a high gown of black velvet, with a bit of lace worn cap-wise upon her brown hair touched with gray, she seemed to me an ideal English gentlewoman, shrined in the sunshine of a happy English home."

Next, upon a little table, behind which she sat as show-woman, was laid the precious portfolio containing the *Rose and Ring* pictures. Facing them, some of us sat, some stood, in a group, peering over each other's shoulders with eager interest. Among the latter was an American lad of fourteen, who, having been well brought up in the traditions of the bewitching fairy tale, was prompt, as Mrs. Ritchie with loving fingers held up each picture in turn, to recognise his favourites.

The first apparition of Valoroso XXIV., King of Paflagonia, sitting with his moon-faced queen and the Princess Angelica in a forest of curl papers, at a breakfast-table modestly supplied with an urn and a dozen eggs in cups, elicited from the youngest visitor a note of joyous greeting. And as Bulbo, Betsinda, Giglio, Gruffanuff, and the rest came to light, more enticing than we had ever seen them in their livery of soft gay colours, and now and again the exhibitor would pause, momentarily puzzled, to recall a familiar name, the same young voice, quite as a matter of course, supplied it. At last Mrs. Ritchie, smiling in his direction, cried out, "Well done, America!"

The dear old story, she then told us, had been written to amuse her and her sister, one Christmas in Rome, when the Thackerays inhabited an apartment high in the air, over a pastry cook's shop in the Palazzo Poniatowski, *via* Della Croce.

These rooms, suggested to them by Robert Browning, had been rented from an Italian family consisting of a queer old dame and her daughters, all in dingy camisoles, who had forthwith vanished from sight, leaving the English lodgers in proud possession of a suite of lofty rooms into which were crowded furniture and bric à-brac like an old Curiosity Shop. The little girls, coming thus into what seemed a fairy kingdom of delight, could only "dance about to express their enchantment!"

Here came into being the adventures of Rosalba and Giglio, created to make for his children not only a Roman holiday, but an English Christmas. The tale was fitted to what Thackeray called "a set of Twelfth Night Characters," already drawn, and gave to its beneficiaries the keen delight it has afforded to so many thousands since. In listening to Mrs. Ritchie's sympathetic voice, we needed no great stretch of imagination to be present when the droll story first took shape. The great foreign rooms, "the fusty, fascinating smell from the old hangings," the white doves fluttering outside their many windows, "the scent of flowers and the sense of fountains"—we were there in person, and, better than all, in the radiant presence of Thackeray, his face aglow with fun and longing to confer happiness upon the pair ever first in his tender thoughts!

The sketches gave a much better idea of Thackeray's skill with pencil and brush and pigment than any reproductions of them in black and white that I have seen would suggest.

When the covers had again closed upon the reunion of Countess Gruffanuff with her husband the grim Hall Porter, we felt as if the curtain had fallen upon an actual Pantomime.

Then the group of onlookers broke up for tea and chat—we strolled into the garden for our little ceremonial of dedicating the new summer-house—and at last the tea people went away, leaving, to make farther claim upon the hospitality of Kingsley Lodge, only the two Americans.

Off to the golf-links sped the young people, to enjoy the evening hours remaining before dinner; their elders retired upstairs, where, in the company of a cosey little fire and a new book by Mrs. Oliphant, I was bidden to take my rest. But even as, with her hand upon the

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latch to leave the room, my hostess consigned me to a period of absolute solitude and silence, a question arose between us. She turned, we talked again, she dropped into a chair; we went on talking; and the dressing-bell for dinner found us still immersed, neither perhaps as well as if she had taken the needed rest, but one assuredly the richer for a treasured memory.

In a chat about *The Virginians*, I told Mrs. Ritchie that, upon coming to the age to appreciate certain old tawny manuscripts belonging to family records, I had been haunted by the feeling that, before writing his history of George and Harry Warrington, their dear old grandfather and the fiery little mother, Mr. Thackeray must in some way have acquired the contents of those sheets. But this, I knew, could not have been the case, and so I continued to be perplexed, until, in conversation in 1868 with the late William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, Thackeray's dear friend, Mr. Reed said he could himself throw some light upon the subject.

This gentleman, an accomplished historiographer and *littérateur*, who wrote one of the most charming of the published reminiscences of Thackeray, was thoroughly imbued with the romantic and picturesque aspects of relations some Virginian families long bore to England before and after our Revolutionary War. He mentioned the Fairfaxes as conspicuous examples, and cited the coming of the sixth Lord Fairfax from England, after a disappointment in love, to end his days in the Virginian wilderness, where, after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, he died loyal to the Crown, but still on affectionate terms with his friend, George Washington. He spoke particularly of the return to England in 1775, to take possession of patrimonial acres in Yorkshire, of young George William Fairfax, who married Sally Cary, of Virginia, and had been bred on the plantation upon the Potomac, where George Washington was his comrade in an intimacy not interrupted even by the war itself; and he recalled various other bits of Fairfax and Cary family history and of old-time gossip that lend colour to Thackeray's romance.

Of these, with many other details of American life in Colonial and Revolutionary times, Mr. Reed said he had repeatedly talked with Thackeray, as they sat over their wine on occasions during the latter's visit to the United States when *The Virginians* was conceived. Mr. Reed added that although the author, with his quick eye for dramatic effect, had selected the incident of the crossed swords in Mr. Prescott's study in Boston as the immediate inspiring cause of the story, he loved to think Thackeray had also taken some of the material for one of his most successful novels from those friendly chats with him.

To these few facts and impressions of, to me, a most interesting occasion—which I promised to set down for the BOOKMAN—I add only one other souvenir.

When Mrs. Ritchie made use, in conversation, of the word "authoress," I told her I had always eschewed it, in consequence of her father's vigorous denunciation: "Remember it, ye writeresses; there is no such word as authoress!" Whereupon Mrs. Ritchie, laughing, said a great many things out of her father's works had arisen up before this one to condemn her!

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie have built for themselves and taken possession of The End House, whence she writes to me in full enjoyment of spacious rooms, "a little study where for the first time I feel like an *authoress*, another where my husband sits and smokes and does his India office papers." With "a loggia for summer days, and birds singing to the hills outside, I can't think of anything particular to say about myself, except that I don't much like getting old, but I have a great deal to make up for it."

With a young daughter of seventeen, a son at school, "getting as many marks as Giglio, and the Greek prize, and the mathematical and so on," a charming home and the warm regard of many friends, personal and impersonal, we can, while denying the approach of age, safely credit the compensating circumstances.

Constance Cary Harrison.

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BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

III. MEDITATION AND IMAGINATION.

There is a book in the British Museum which would have, for many people, a greater value than any other single volume in the world; it is a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne, and it bears Shakespeare's autograph on a fly-leaf. There are other books which must have had the same ownership; among them were Holinshed's *Chronicles* and North's translation of Plutarch. Shakespeare would have laid posterity under still greater obligations, if that were possible, if in some autobiographic mood he had told us how he read these books; for never, surely, were books read with greater insight and with more complete absorption. Indeed, the fruits of this reading were so rich and ripe that the books from which their juices came seem but dry husks and shells in comparison. The reader drained the writer dry of every particle of suggestiveness, and then recreated the material in new and imperishable forms. The process of reproduction was individual, and is not to be shared by others; it was the expression of that rare and inexplicable personal energy which we call genius; but the process of absorption may be shared by all who care to submit to the discipline which it involves. It is clear that Shakespeare read in such a way as to possess what he read; he not only remembered it, but he incorporated it into himself. No other kind of reading could have brought the East out of its grave, with its rich and languorous atmosphere steeping the senses in the charm of Cleopatra, or recalled the massive and powerfully organised life of Rome about the person of the great Cæsar. Shakespeare read his books with such insight and imagination that they became part of himself; and so far as this process is concerned, the reader of to-day can follow in his steps.

The majority of people have not learned this secret; they read for information or for refreshment; they do not read for enrichment. Feeding one's nature at all the sources of life, browsing at will on all the uplands of knowledge and thought, do not bear the fruit of acquirement only; they put us into personal possession of the vitality, the truth, and the beauty about us. A man may know the plays of Shakespeare accurately as regards their order, form, construction, and language, and yet remain almost without knowledge of what Shakespeare was at heart, and of his significance in the history of the human soul. It is this deeper knowledge, however, which is essential for culture; for culture is such an appropriation of knowledge that it becomes a part of ourselves. It is no longer something added by the memory; it is something possessed by the soul. A pedant is formed by his memory; a man of culture is formed by the habit of meditation, and by the constant use of the imagination. An alert and curious man goes through the world taking note of all that passes under his eyes, and collects a great mass of information, which is in no sense incorporated into his own mind, but remains a definite territory outside his own nature, which he has annexed. A man of receptive mind and heart, on the other hand, meditating on what he sees, and getting at its meaning by the divining-rod of the imagination, discovers the law behind the phenomena, the truth behind the fact, the vital force which flows through all things and gives them their significance. The first man gains information; the second gains culture. The pedant pours out an endless succession of facts with a monotonous uniformity of emphasis, and exhausts while he instructs; the man of culture gives us a few facts, luminous in their relation to each other, and freshens and stimulates by bringing us into contact with ideas and with life.

To get at the heart of books we must live with and in them; we must make them our constant companions; we must turn them over and over in thought, slowly penetrating their innermost meaning; and when we possess their thought we must work it into our own thought. The reading of a real book ought to be an event in one's history; it ought to enlarge the vision, deepen the base of conviction, and add to the reader whatever knowledge, insight, beauty, and

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power it contains. It is possible to spend years of study on what may be called the externals of the *Divine Comedy*, and remain unaffected in nature by this contact with one of the masterpieces of the spirit of man as well as of the art of literature. It is also possible to so absorb Dante's thought and so saturate one's self with the life of the poem as to add to one's individual capital of thought and experience all that the poet discerned in that deep heart of his and wrought out of that intense and tragic experience. But this permanent and personal possession can be acquired by those alone who brood over the poem and recreate it within themselves by the play of the imagination upon it. A visitor was shown into Mr. Lowell's room one evening not many years ago, and found him barricaded behind rows of open books; they covered the table and were spread out on the floor in an irregular but magic circle. "Still studying Dante?" said the intruder into the workshop of as true a man of culture as we have known on this continent. "Yes," was the prompt reply; "always studying Dante."

A man's intellectual character is determined by what he habitually thinks about. The mind cannot always be consciously directed to definite ends; it has hours of relaxation. There are many hours in the life of the most strenuous and arduous man when the mind goes its own way and thinks its own thoughts. These times of relaxation, when the mind follows its own bent, are perhaps the most fruitful and significant periods in a rich and noble intellectual life. The real nature, the deeper instincts of the man come out in these moments, as essential refinement and genuine breeding are revealed when the man is off guard and acts and speaks instinctively. It is possible to be mentally active and intellectually poor and sterile; to drive the mind along certain courses of work, but to have no deep life of thought behind these calculated activities. The life of the mind is rich and fruitful only when thought, released from specific tasks, flies at once to great themes as its natural objects of interest and love, its natural sources of refreshment and strength. Under all our definite activities there runs a stream of meditation; and the character of that meditation determines our wealth or our poverty, our productiveness or our sterility.

This instinctive action of the mind, although largely unconscious, is by no means irresponsible; it may be directed and controlled; it may be turned, by such control, into a Pactolian stream, enriching us while we rest and ennobling us while we play. For the mind may be trained to meditate on great themes instead of giving itself up to idle reverie; when it is released from work it may concern itself with the highest things as readily as with those which are insignificant and paltry. Whoever can command his meditations in the streets, along the country roads, in the train, in the hours of relaxation can enrich himself for all time without effort or fatigue; for it is as easy and restful to think about great things as about small ones. A certain lover of books made this discovery years ago, and has turned it to account with great profit to himself. He thought he discovered in the faces of certain great writers a meditative quality full of repose and suggestive of a constant companionship with the highest themes. It seemed to him that these thinkers, who had done so much to liberate his own thought, must have dwelt habitually with noble ideas; that in every leisure hour they must have turned instinctively to those deep things which concern most closely the life of men. The vast majority of men are so absorbed in dealing with material that they appear to be untouched by the general questions of life; but these general questions are the habitual concern of the men who think. In such men the mind, released from specific tasks, turns at once and by preference to these great themes, and by quiet meditation feeds and enriches the very soul of the thinker. And the quality of this meditation determines whether the nature shall be productive or sterile; whether a man shall be merely a logician or a creative force in the world. Following this hint, this lover of books persistently trained himself, in his leisure hours, to think over the books he was reading; to meditate on particular passages, and, in the case of dramas and novels, to look at characters from different sides. It was not easy at first, and it was distinctively work; but it became instinctive at last, and consequently it became play. The stream of thought, once set in a given

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direction, flows now of its own gravitation ; and reverie, instead of being idle and meaningless, has become rich and fruitful. If one subjects *The Tempest* for instance, to this process, he soon learns it by heart ; first he feels its beauty, then he gets whatever definite information there is in it ; as he reflects its constructive unity grows clear to him, and he sees its quality as a piece of art ; and finally its rich and noble disclosure of the poet's conception of life grows upon him until the play belongs to him almost as much as it belonged to Shakespeare. This process of meditation habitually brought to bear on one's reading lays bare the very heart of the book in hand, and puts one into complete possession of it.

This process of meditation, if it is to bear its richest fruit, must be accompanied by a constant play of the imagination, than which there is no faculty more readily cultivated or more constantly neglected. Some readers see only a flat surface as they read ; others find the book a door into a real world, and forget that they are dealing with a book. The real readers get beyond the book into the life which it describes. They see the island in *The Tempest ;* they hear the tumult of the storm ; they mingle with the little company who, on that magical stage, reflect all the passions of men and are brought under the spell of the highest powers of man's spirit. It is a significant fact that in the lives of men of genius the reading of two or three books has often provoked an immediate and striking expansion of thought and power. Samuel Johnson, a clumsy boy in his father's bookshop, searching for apples, came upon Petrarch, and was destined henceforth to be a man of letters. John Keats, apprenticed to a surgeon, read Spenser's *Epithalamium* one golden afternoon in company with his friend, Cowden Clarke, and from that hour was a poet by the grace of God. In both cases the readers read with the imagination, or their own natures would not have kindled with so sudden a flash. The torch is passed on only to those whose hands are outstretched to receive it. To read with the imagination, one must take time to let the figures reform in his own mind ; he must see them with great distinctness and realise them with great definiteness. Benjamin Franklin tells us, in that Autobiography which was one of our earliest and remains one of our most genuine pieces of writing, that when he discovered his need of a larger vocabulary he took some of the tales which he found in an odd volume of the *Spectator*, and turned them into verse ; "and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and compleat the paper." Such a patient recasting of material for the ends of verbal exactness and accuracy suggests ways in which the imagination may deal with characters and scenes in order to stimulate and foster its own activity. It is well to recall at frequent intervals the story we read in some dramatist, poet, or novelist in order that the imagination may set it before us again in all its rich vitality. It is well also as we read to insist on seeing the picture as well as the words. It is as easy to see the bloodless duke before the portrait of "My Last Duchess," in Browning's little masterpiece, to take in all the accessories and carry away with us a vivid and lasting impression, as it is to follow with the eye the succession of words. In this way we possess the poem, and make it serve the ends of culture.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTER'S TREADMILL.

Some of our authors are questioning the possibility of obtaining a partial relief and, perhaps, at the same time, a financial return from the collectors of autographs for the demands they make on the writer's time and patience. Mr. Howells, for instance, who says he has hitherto been very gentle and yielding to those who have asked for his signature, now has it in mind to make a sharp change. He explains what he proposes to do about it in the following para-

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graphs, which appeared recently in the New York *Sun*:

"The requests for my autograph have of late become so burdensome that I am obliged either to refuse all or to make some sort of limitation. Every author must have an uneasy fear that his signature is 'collected' at times like postage stamps, and at times 'traded' among the collectors for other signatures. That would not matter so much if the applicants were always able to spell his name, or were apparently acquainted with his work or interested in it.

"I propose, therefore, to give my name hereafter only to such askers as can furnish me proof by intelligent comment upon it that they have read some book of mine. If they can inclose a bookseller's certificate that they have bought the book, their case will be very much strengthened; but I do not insist upon this. In all instances a card and stamped and directed envelope must be inclosed. I will never 'add a sentiment' except in the case of applicants who can give me proof that they have read all my books, now some thirty or forty in number."

Mr. Howells will soon have a circular ready for inclosure to autograph hunters that will explain the stand he has taken. If the scheme works well and increases sales, other authors will naturally adopt a similar course, and the autograph hunter will be regarded in a new light by our men of letters.

Rudyard Kipling is perhaps the first writer to really try a scheme of this sort. He has no end of requests for autographs. Indeed, in a single week he has received as many as two hundred of these begging letters. The situation became desperate when things reached this stage, and Mr. Kipling was inspired to sit down and compose a short circular to autograph seekers. This circular he has had printed, and, more than that, he has had the type-matter electrotyped, and is prepared to issue as many new editions of the circular as he finds need for. What he says to the autograph hunter in the circular is that he will send the desired signature as soon as he sees the name of the one who asked it printed in the New York *Tribune* as a contributor of not less than two dollars and a half to the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund.

It is clear that Mr. Kipling intends, if possible, to make the hunter of autographs of some use in the world. One interesting point is the valuation he places on his autograph. Two dollars and a half is the minimum. But Mr. Kipling apparently regards the whole matter of autograph hunting as incidental, and he turns the proceeds into a philanthropic channel. Yet a little figuring would seem to show that the subject is worthy of being taken more seriously, and that it has glowing possibilities as a source of personal support.

If an author would work up a regular business of two hundred cash-down signatures a week he would, as the world goes, be doing very well for himself. That would bring in $500 a week, or $25,000 a year, allowing him two weeks vacation. An author without extravagant habits ought to be able to lay aside something for a rainy day on such an income. What he received from his ordinary, every-day literary writing he could use for pin-money and to buy ink with for his autograph writing.

Mr. Howells says there have been no authors who through their work have become millionaires. Doubtless this is true, but the future is bright with prospects of a change. Very likely by the end of the twentieth century, when the full business possibilities of autograph writing are realized, all the authors will be millionaires.

Clifton Johnson.

AT THE GRAVE OF ROSSETTI.

No lover of the high things of poetry who visits the Isle of Thanet will desire to cross its boundary on his homeward way until he has made pilgrimage to Birchington-on-Sea, where Dante Gabriel Rossetti spent his last weeks of life, and where his body lies in the pretty little rural churchyard. Birchington lies on the Thanet coast, only a few miles Londonward of those popular resorts, Ramsgate and Margate; but the *bourgeoisie* and the *proletariat* to whom they are dear, have never looked into the fathomless eyes of the "Blessed

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Damozel," or spelt out the starry symbols of the "House of Life;" and, apart from its single association, Birchington is curiously devoid of obvious attractions. It is like the face of a plain maiden, glorified only by one transfiguring expression which few are privileged to see: and those who see it not may be forgiven if they pass regardlessly by. True, there is the delicate charm of silence, accentuated at the hour of wind-swept flood by the sea's "listless chime," which to the dead poet seemed, "Time's self . . . made audible;" but even silence needs for its full beatitude some reinforcement of beauty; and of beauty, other than that of the sunlighted waves—which is a grace of vesture rather than of body—Birchington has no dower.

Seaward of the railway line, which takes the place on its way from London to Ramsgate, are flat, grassy spaces, with an obviously painful expression of waiting for the speculative builder, who is, I doubt not, on his way to them. Intersecting each other at obtrusively accurate right angles are roads of garish newness, and scattered up and down them are still newer villas, dear to those who feel a certain blissful dignity in mere remoteness from the herd. The clustered bungalows, which give Birchington a certain *cachet* of aristocracy—pretty wooden structures in which Indian fashions are adapted to English requirements—stand much nearer to the sea than the newer brick houses; but the long, rambling white dwelling, which Mr. Seddon placed at the disposal of the dying poet, is some little distance inland, though it is as yet the last house in Beach Avenue, which is the main thoroughfare—howbeit few are those who fare thereon—between the railway station and the solitary shore. Prior to 1882 it was simply known as "The Bungalow;" now the name "Rossetti," inscribed on the gate-posts, tells the pilgrim that here the great painter-poet and poet-painter was overtaken by "the desultory feet of death."

To reach the churchyard the visitor has to retrace his steps from the bungalow; to recross the railway bridge; and to take the road which leads to the little village about a quarter of a mile further inland. Heretofore he has noted nothing but a mere lack of beauty; now he is confronted by positive ugliness. The few cottages are decayed and squalid rather than picturesque; the more recent buildings recall the cheap, unfinished London suburb. One can hardly give the name of fields to the untidy, badly-fenced grassy patches; and the little bits of market-garden are defaced by bare, unsightly wooden sheds. The old and the new are in conflict, and each has damaged the other without securing any advantage to itself. When, however, one reaches the village proper one finds that the old is, in the main, master of the field, though even the antiquity of the village is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of modernity. It is only on entering the churchyard that one seems really able to break loose from to-day, and to join the company of the shadowy years. Here the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep; and if their shades visit the place where their bodies repose, they meet no rough, insolent reminder of the fact that "the old order changes, giving place to new." The pretty old church itself, built of flint boulders bedded in cement—a conglomerate of material which seems to have been long in favour hereabouts—testifies to the period when the austere severity of early English was beginning to blossom in beauty of tracery, though a Saxon font within the building hints at a still more venerable antiquity.

Close to the entrance door on the south side of the church is the grave which is the goal of our pilgrimage. At the foot of its grassy mound is a spreading bush which somewhat unmannerly encroaches upon sacred soil, and against the eviction of which no protest would be raised. At the head stands a runic cross, bearing on its back and front two inscriptions. That on the back informs the wayfarer that

> "This cruciform monument, bespoken by Dante Rossetti's mother, was designed by his lifelong friend, Ford Madox Brown, executed by J. and H. Paterson, and erected by his brother William and his sister Christina Rossetti."

The inscription in front, which is, of course, the epitaph proper, runs thus:—

> "Here sleeps Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, honoured under the name of Dante Gabriel Rossetti among painters as a painter, and among poets as a poet. Born in London, of parentage mainly Italian, 12th of May, 1828; died at Birchington, 9th of April, 1882."

The word "mainly" on a monumen-

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tal inscription seems almost a superfluous refinement of accuracy, as among Rossetti's immediate progenitors only his maternal grandmother was of wholly non-Italian descent; but it may have been thought well, and was certainly not unfitting, to commemorate, if only by an allusive hint, the strain of English blood in one who, though his name bespeaks the countryman of Dante and Petrarch, will always be numbered among the great poets of England.

The arms of the cross—which enclose in each of their four angles a symbolical pomegranate, the fruit of sanguine seed—are devoted to a design suggested by Rossetti's mystical ballad, "Eden Bower." Lilith, half snake, half-woman, who according to Talmudic legend was the first wife of Adam, grips with her lower serpentine coils the trunk of one of the forbidden trees of Eden; her bosom rests upon the dividing fork; the head rises above it in delicate poise, and the lithe arms stretch along the branches to grasp the rounded fruit. Underneath is a marriage, and as the figure of the bridegroom is unmistakably that of Dante we may infer that the female figure is Beatrice, who was indeed the immortal bride of his spirit. As, however, the design is a frank departure from the actual history of a love "that never knew his earthly close," it may be assumed that the designer's conception has a symbolical and personal reference to the real life of Rossetti, who not only translated the *Vita Nuova*, but in *Dante at Verona*, entered into imaginative realisation of the prideful sorrow of the great Florentine. This assumption is supported by two significant details. Dante carries in his hand a book which recalls the volume that Rossetti buried in the coffin of his dead wife; and the priest who officiates with bandaged eyes seems to play the part of a blind presiding destiny. Below this suggestive piece of symbolism is a winged Assyrian bull, which at once recalls the sombre imaginative reverie that finds expression in "The Burden of Nineveh;" and below this again is a design so simple that he who runs may read. An old monk-painter sits at his easel, and at the touch of death his brush falls from his right hand. The bent thumb of his left hand still holds the palette, and as the cowl slips down the head is seen to be encircled by an aureole. Lastly, at the very base of the cross, and immediately above the epitaph, is what appears to be the ground-plan of a maze or labyrinth—fit image of the mystery of life—the involved curves shaping themselves at one spot into a monogram formed of the initials D. G. R. To the careless tourist the monumental stone may seem too elaborately inscribed with half-veiled significance; but to such a one the designer did not appeal, and those who have lovingly read the riddle of Rossetti will not fail to read the riddle of his friend, who has since joined him in that Beyond which to us on the hidden side is the greatest riddle of all.

Within the church, at the western end of the south wall, is the memorial window placed there "to the glory of God, and in memory of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by the poet's venerable mother. The window, being in a low aisle, is not large, but there are two lights filled by separate designs. That on the right, which is the work of one of the dearest of Rossetti's artist friends, represents Christ's gift of sight to the blind man. At the door of the synagogue, behind the principal figures, stand two gloomy Pharisees; up a long path to the distant Sea of Galilee a flock of sheep follows the shepherd, and white doves circle in the upper air. The left light is occupied by Rossetti's own design, originally embodied in a drawing, "The Passover in the Holy Family," and in the volume of *Poems* (1870) he himself describes the theme:—

> "The scene is the house-porch, where Christ holds a bowl of blood from which Zacharias is sprinkling the posts and lintel. Joseph has brought the lamb, and Elizabeth lights the pyre. The shoes which John fastens and the bitter herbs which Mary is gathering form part of the ritual."

In the volume these sentences stand as a foot-note to one of the many sonnets which Rossetti wrote to accompany and interpret his own pictures and drawings; and in the poem is crystalised the spiritual significance which the drawing holds in solution.

> "Here meet together the prefiguring day
> And day prefigured. 'Eating, there shall stand
> Feet shod, loins girt, thy road staff in thine hand,
> With blood-stained door and lintel,'—did God say
> By Moses' mouth in ages passed away.

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And now, where this poor household doth comprise
At Paschal feast two kindred families,—
Lo! the slain lamb confronts the Lamb to slay.

"The pyre is piled. What agony's crown attained,
What shadow of death the Boy's fair brow subdues
Who holds the blood with which the porch is stained
By Zachary the priest? John binds the shoes
He deemed himself not worthy to unloose;
And Mary culls the bitter herbs ordained."

The legends accompanying the designs, "The light shineth in darkness," and "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us," interpret the unity of the double composition—the presentation of Christ as illuminator and redeemer.

As my friends and I left the little churchyard behind us, and retraced our steps in the clear light of a July evening, even the obtrusive uncomeliness of the flat, dusty lane had lost its power to irritate and depress. We were in high companionship, for Rossetti walked with us by the way, murmuring his own words of mingled doubt and affirmation:—

"The Past is over and fled;
Named new, we name it the old;
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead;
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free
Or whether they too were we,
Or by what spell they have sped.
Still we say as we go,—
'Strange to think by the way
Whatever there is to know
That shall we know one day.'"

James Ashcroft Noble.

A REMINISCENCE.

We gathered daffodils beside the sea
This day last year. Ah! Time gives back to me
The sunny hours then told—
Beneath old apple-trees I saw you pass,
Stooping to gather from the lush green grass
The lily forms of gold.

We were so glad to find so much delight;
You jumped the running brook, your eyes as bright
As water in the sun,
Which speaks and sparkles under budding leaves;
And, when we bound our heavy yellow sheaves,
Your voice rang out with fun,

Chiding the shaggy pony's laziness
Because, well-browsed, he would not homeward press,
But crept along the lane.
This day last year, the birds sang clear and high,
No hint came from the blue of sea or sky
That tears should fall like rain.

To-day I send you daffodils, my dear;
You will not lift your hand to draw them near,
Or heed the thoughts they bring.
Wrapped in the tender mystery of death,
To-day they lay you in the earth beneath,
No more to feel the sweet but restless breath
Of our elusive spring.

L. Dougall.

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LONDON LETTER.

English Periodical Literature: The New Developments.

In spite of the dulness in trade, new papers and magazines continue to be published with bewildering activity. While the total volume of sales in the book trade is not perceptibly increasing, there can be no doubt that the diffusion of serials becomes wider every year. Nor is there any clear prospect of a limit being reached. A close examination of the new journals shows that they fall, broadly speaking, into three classes.

The first of these was originated by, and is still headed by, Sir George Newnes's paper *Tit-Bits*. For years people refused to recognise any talent in the editing of *Tit-Bits;* it was the kind of thing, they declared indignantly, that any one could do. And they believed it, for innumerable rivals came out, beginning with *Rare Bits*, which published its first number just a week after the beginning of *Tit-Bits*. For years the rivalry continued; but looking round to-day, we find only two papers surviving in anything like strength. I know in some instances very large sums were spent in the endeavour, and in one case, at least, some of the ablest men of letters in London combined, but all to no purpose. The survivors from the wreck are *Answers* and *Pearson's Weekly*. Both owe their success mainly to prize schemes of a kind now forbidden under the Lottery Act. Unless they had merit of a kind, these would not keep them alive; but they do not bear any kind of comparison with *Tit-Bits*, which is most carefully put together, avoids all slang and sensationalism, and is in its way a really useful, entertaining, and inoffensive periodical. Sir George Newnes, who has made an immense fortune and received a baronetcy, still takes an active part in the management, and prepares every week one of the best features—a page of Answers to Correspondents. The circulation of the three papers amounts to more than a million a week; *Tit-Bits* varies from 500,000 to 600,000, and *Pearson's* and *Answers* combined somewhat exceed this number. From the offices of these papers many publications appear as offshoots. Thus *Answers* publishes three papers specially designed for women—*Forget-me-not*, *Home*, *Sweet Home*, and *Home Chat*. *Pearson's Weekly* issues a little journal entitled *Home Notes*, which has been very successful, selling about 130,000 copies every week. Two rivals, close imitators, are now in the field. The shape, which has been a factor in the success of these periodicals, was hit upon accidentally by Mr. Pearson. He had intended to have a paper with a page double the size. The dummy copy was brought in folded in two, and he thought it so convenient that he adopted it with results entirely satisfactory to himself. What those papers chiefly dread is rivals, and they make provision against this to some extent, by rivalling themselves. Thus, if a popular paper is started, it is sure to have imitators, and it is considered that the safest and cheapest way is for the proprietor to produce an imitation. In the course of time he can gradually put this to death.

The next class of serials also takes rise in great measure from the inventive genius of Sir George Newnes. The *Strand Magazine*, which he published after his breach with Mr. Stead, has been a triumphant success, the greatest perhaps ever known in English magazinism, the circulation being about 300,000 copies a month. The great principle of the magazine is the avoidance of padding. According to the old theory, it was enough to have a good short story and two good serials; a magazine could then be filled up with poetry, travel papers, and essays. The *Strand* has no poetry, next to no travel, no serial stories. Every number is complete in itself, and there is no special effort to get big names, but all is made readable. There is a picture on every page, and there are 120 pages for sixpence. The later magazines have all followed, more or less, in the wake of the *Strand*, and in several instances at least with very great success. The disappointing thing is that the older magazines are most seriously affected by the competition. I could give names of half a dozen which are steadily declining, and which are even now conducted

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at a certain loss. After all, there are still some who take an interest in other things than pictures and stories, and the danger is that they may wake up some morning to find out that nobody cares to cater for them.

The last class I shall mention is the sixpenny illustrated weeklies. For long the *Illustrated News* held the field practically alone. It bought up its cleverest rival, the *Illustrated Times*, and ultimately killed it. Then, to every one's surprise, the *Graphic* was started, and sprang at once into an equal sale without affecting the circulation of the *News*. A successful illustrated paper even now is a great property, and it is not surprising that other attempts were made in the same direction. The *Pictorial World* was started, and had a most varied and expensive career. Ultimately it came to grief, and its failure discouraged ambitious speculators. At last, however, a company was formed to publish an illustrated journal, the pictures in which should be of the highest class, and *Black and White* was the result. From the beginning it was well printed, but had failure stamped upon it. The indefinable editorial capacity, the power to select and arrange was entirely wanting. A large sum has been spent upon it—something between £60,000 and £100,000—and a very small profit was reported last year There has been a change of editorship lately, and it may revive, but up till now it has made no impression on the general public. Undaunted by its failure, the very clever and energetic editor of the *Illustrated London News* commenced the *Sketch*. Mr. Shorter is, admittedly, one of the ablest of London editors, and this venture, appealing as it did to people who simply wish to be amused, had a great and immediate success. It has existed only about two years, and the profits are said to be £15,000 a year. Certain features have been much criticised, but it must be admitted that the paper has published a great deal of excellent literary matter from many of the foremost writers of the day. A serious and determined effort is being made to rival the *Sketch* by a paper called *St. Paul's*, the illustrations in which are admirably done, though the literary matter in point of freshness and brightness leaves much to be desired. *St. Paul's* is said to be backed by a diamond king. There is probably room for both journals. Mr. Shorter has recently brought out another sixpenny weekly, the *Album*, and Mr. Williamson, late of *Black and White*, is as I write about to publish another, the *Hour*. There are also many rumours in the air, but I am inclined to think that the limit has been reached in the meantime, and that the best chance in illustrated journalism is to start a daily paper as a rival to the *Daily Graphic*, which has a large circulation, and might easily be improved upon.

What is the prospect? you may ask. Are we in England to be reduced to papers like *Tit-Bits*, the *Sketch*, and the *Strand Magazine*, and must our older and more serious periodicals gradually become extinct? The prospect is not in every way bright, but two things may be said. In the first place, I think it is likely that there may be a gradual improvement in penny papers of the *Tit-Bits* type. It will indeed be a great calamity if these are allowed to deteriorate. Of this I think there are some signs, though not among Sir George's publications. I do not see why they should not be gradually raised to the level, say, of *Chambers's Journal*. There will never, I fear, be much circulation for heavy magazines. The library system provides these for those who want them. But most people find enough solid matter in the daily newspapers, and the increasing tension of life in large centres like London makes even the intellectual class impatient of anything difficult. A distinguished writer staying with me lately delivered a long and earnest homily on the frivolity of the age, as illustrated in its preference for certain periodicals. At bed-time he asked for something to take to his room, and I put before him half a dozen of our best magazines and the *Strand*. He chose the *Strand*. This is quite typical, but there is plenty of room for many at least of the older papers, if only they will consent to move with the times. What is killing some of them is not their solidity, but the want of enterprise with which they are edited. I had occasion recently to look over a set of *Bentley's Miscellany*, which was in its early days under the charge of Charles Dickens. Dickens wrote little, but he filled his magazine with bright articles, and the first twenty volumes make really entertaining reading. Then gradually the *Miscellany* de-

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scended into almost incredible depths of dulness, and it ultimately disappeared. If it had been throughout edited as carefully as it was edited by Dickens, it would have been living to-day. While this is true, it must be confessed that the pecuniary rewards of journalism are likely to go much more to those who provide for the masses than to the caterers for the intelligent minority.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, March 23d, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

The annual dinner of the Société des Gens de Lettres was held two days ago at Marguéry's restaurant, the guest of honour being M. Henry Houssaye, the president-elect for the coming year, who sat between the present president, M. Aurélien Scholl, and M. Emile Zola, his predecessor. The Société evidently likes, from year to year, to vary its presidents as much as possible, for where in the wide world could three so different *littérateurs* be found as the three gentlemen who sat at the head of the table at the banquet in question, Zola, Scholl, and Houssaye—the presidents past, present, and about to be? Houssaye, who is the eldest son of Arsène Houssaye, is an admirable Greek scholar. At the age of nineteen he published his first book, the *Histoire d'Apelles*, a study of Greek art, which attracted some attention at the time and went into three editions in two years. M. Houssaye then went to Greece and spent some months there, and after the war, during which he distinguished himself as officer in the *Garde Mobile*, he published a *History of Alcibiades and the Athenian Republic*, from the death of Pericles to the Thirty Tyrants. . . . This work received the triennial prize founded by M. Thiers, and went into several editions. Since then M. Houssaye has published several other works on Greek History and Art, notably a *Mémoire sur le Nombre des Citoyens d'Athènes au V^e^ Siècle* and a *La Loi Agraire à Sparte*. He is equally well known as an art critic, and under the pseudonym of George Werner has contributed to the principal art journals in Paris.

It is perhaps rather late to speak of the banquet given in honour of Edmond de Goncourt on March 1st, but one does not like to omit all reference to it. The dinner was an abominable one, a very dish of herbs, but the company was most pleasant and the evening passed in an altogether agreeable manner. I never saw Zola look more radiant. Those who have described this great-hearted man of letters as an envious man, jealous of the triumphs of others, have cruelly libelled him. His voice trembled with emotion when in his speech he reminded de Goncourt of their thirty years' friendship, and I do not think that anybody applauded louder than Emile Zola when M. Poincaré produced the officer's cross of the Legion of Honour, and wished to pin it on to de Goncourt's breast. Dear old de Goncourt looked very happy; the first time that I have seen him look so, and I think that, next to the sight of a happy child, there is nothing comelier in the world than a very happy, very old man. M. Poincaré, the Minister of Public Instruction, made a number of friends that night. He is an exceedingly amiable young man and knows how to manage literary people. I saw various young writers introduced to him in the course of the evening, and he seemed to know what each of them had written, and had a pleasant word to say to each on his work. . . . It was a striking example of how very much better it is in this world to be able to speak than to write, from the point of view of rewards to be obtained, when one looked at this young man of thirty-four by the side of the man of seventy-five—Edmond de Goncourt—the young man praising with eagerly listened-to words of praise the old man, and finally presenting him, in the name of the French Government, of which he himself was a member, with a highly coveted distinction. It is true that M. Poincaré's modesty was such that this little scene passed off without suggesting any unpleasant reflections on the comparative values of politics and literature as

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careers to be followed, and the implication was that literature has nothing to envy from politics, which we all knew, although some of us thought that politics was less of a stepmother than the career we were following. I saw Poincaré again on the following Sunday night at the delightful soirée given by Monsieur Charpentier, the publisher, and again admired his tact and *savoir-faire*. I spoke to Poincaré about that Canadian scheme for impoverishing us, and he said it was *honteux*, but his eye twinkled, and I thought that secretly he was exulting, as a Frenchman, at this little revolt on the part of the Canadians. The French begrudge Canada to England more than anything else, and no true Frenchman but is pleased to hear of English worries in Canada. It is some compensation for the Treaty of Paris of 1763. I would have talked at greater length on the subject with His Excellency, but just then Sarah Bernhardt's golden voice raised itself above the hubbub, and we had to be silent while she recited from an illuminated parchment some Gothic verses by Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac on the guest of the evening. The Count was there and looked amazingly like his portrait by Whistler in the last Salon.

It was at Charpentier's that I met George Hugo again, a young man with a beard. The last time I had seen him was when he was twelve years old and wore knickerbockers and a short jacket. That was at Victor Hugo's house. I remember the occasion well. That night I had dined with the master, and there was some celebrity present, a Russian, I think, who loved to hear himself talk and did talk incessantly. Victor Hugo liked to do all the talking himself at his table, and I shall not forget the tone with which during a lull in the conversation (the Russian was drinking a glass of wine, I fancy), he was heard to exclaim from his place, "On a oublié de me passer les biscuits." It was like Louis XIV. complaining that he had nearly been made to wait. After dinner little Jeanne and George came in, and we witnessed the delights of being a grandfather. Now Jeanne is a comely matron with a little boy, and has been married and separated from her husband, and George has a beard and is the father of children; and so the world goes.

Alphonse Daudet caused me a very unhappy afternoon some days ago. I had just been to see Detaille's portrait of the Prince of Wales and was returning home blithely, when I heard myself hailed and saw Daudet in a cab. He asked me to get in and told me that he was driving about for his pleasure and that I must come with him. We went to Ledoyen's and had a bottle of champagne to drink confusion to sundry, and while there Daudet told me that Coppée was *à la mort*. He added that he had taken cold on leaving his house the previous Thursday and was despaired of. We both moaned and mourned, and all the while it was our dear Daudet's Provençal imagination which had exaggerated into a fatal malady what was only a bad cold in the head. Still, as poor Coppée has only one of two necessary lungs any chest trouble must fill his friends with anxiety. And we cannot spare Coppée, however easily we might spare certain of his verses. He is a beautiful man and very dear brother to us all.

For the first time for I do not know how many months I passed down the *grands boulevards* yesterday, and being there went into the office of *La Nouvelle Revue* to wish Madame Adam the compliments of the season and to hear about her Memoirs. I found a number of young bucks in the outer office, some correcting proofs, others smoking cigarettes, and one was writing poetry on the back of an arm-chair. Madame Adam was in an inner room and received me as usual, as though I had been a prodigal son. She is the most motherly of women is Madame Adam, and the youths who write for her call her "ma mère." She calls them "mes moutards." She told me that as to the English rights of her memoirs she intends to sell them to an American publisher, who will arrange for the publication in England also. She wouldn't tell me the publisher's name, but she said that he was somebody connected with the *North American Review*. The first volume—there are to be eight—will deal with her childhood, the second with her literary *débuts*, the third, which has already been published, is about the Commune, and the fourth is about her first coquettings with politics. I did not hear what the other volumes were to be about, for at that moment one of Madame Adam's

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grand-daughters came into the office, and with her appeared Léon Daudet, and the conversation changed. But she asked me to come again, and very possibly I may do so, some time before the end of the century.

Léon Daudet told me yesterday that his father has decided to accept the Reform Club banquet in London. George Hugo is coming to London with the party, and so is Léon Daudet, who will represent his father on occasions where Alphonse Daudet cannot appear. Alphonse Daudet has asked me to come with him as his guest, but I told him that he would probably get sick of me in twenty-four hours, and there the matter rests at present. Madame Daudet, Lucien and Edmée Daudet will come too, and possibly M. de Goncourt. This will be at the beginning of May.

Maurice Barrés has given up the editorship of *La Cocarde*. I was sure that he would never be able to stick to journalism—and such journalism. He is a man altogether too refined for that sort of thing. I once asked him how he could stand the smell of a newspaper office and the noise, and the sight of the sort of people who collect round the printing-machines. He said, "I only go there with my carriage at the door." Journalism is very pleasant when one has a carriage at the door and swift horses in it. But even under such circumstances Barrés, as I was sure, has been unable to persist in it.

Victor Hugo was definitely interred in the Panthéon to-day. George Hugo would have nobody there but the members of the family and Paul Meurice, and so I cannot describe the lugubrious ceremony of the transfer from the provisional coffin to the sarcophagus of the bones of the poet. To-night's evening papers have reports of the thing, but these need not be quoted.

Huysmans's last book seems the best thing that he has yet done. *En Route* continues the story of Dortal; the priest of *la messe noire* of whom we heard in *Là-Bas* gives us his reformation and his peregrinations *en route* for salvation. We have a picture of life in La Trappe, but what is most excellent in this book is the description of various Parisian churches—that is to say, of worship in these churches. The style is most captivating. It takes you by the throat from the very first page, and holds you till the book is finished, whether you like the story, such as it is, or not. Huysmans is a great master and a perfect artist, and we can take off our hats as he passes by.

Richepin is at work on a new novel which is very nearly finished. I met him *dans le monde* some nights back, and here too I found a very genial man. I had known him bitter, battlesome, and aggressive. And now he is mild and considerate and friendly. A wave of pardon and tolerance seems to have swept over the world of French writers, and charity and love reign in the stead of enmity. It is very pretty that this should be so. Let us hope to see it in England also, but I fear that we shall wait long for that consummation.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

NEW BOOKS.

DEGENERATION.*

At last Herr Max Nordau's celebrated indictment against the human race in the latter part of the nineteenth century, after alarming (or amusing) the world in German and French, makes its appearance (very well translated by the way), in English. We deserved the attention; for we supply a by no means inconsiderable part of the material. Herr Nordau, with a refreshing patriotism which will not cause more than a silent chuckle in well-bred breasts, is indeed convinced that English Romantic literature is only a descendant of German, and even a descendant in the second generation, French, it seems, having preceded it. So that the wicked literary historians who represent Scott and Coleridge as dying about the time when the French Romantic movement

* Degeneration. By Max Nordau. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50.

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had just begun, and Shelley, Keats, and Byron as dying well before that date, must evidently have practised the most outrageous imposture. We further learn (with similar effect on our economy), that German lyric poetry has been, *uninterruptedly* since Goethe, the first in the world. But if English began late, and never did very much, it had the decency to degenerate early, and it has supplied Herr Nordau with material not quite so ample indeed as that provided by French, but much ampler than that given by German.

The book is a very amusing one; somehow or other books of lamentation and mourning and woe of this kind generally are, and the present reviewer has seldom felt greater regret at the cruel limits of space than while dealing with it. It has about six hundred pages of about five hundred words each; your indictment, it is well known, has a tendency to the verbose. And as Herr Nordau, with the conscientiousness of his countrymen, is not contented without a more or less elaborate analysis of each author who is had up for judgment, the total number of dicta which it would be interesting to discuss, or even to cite, is very large indeed. One might take Herr Nordau from so many different points of view. How interesting, for instance, to make a little sermon or treatise on his engaging definition of the healthy as opposed to the "degenerate" attitude of man to woman. The healthy attitude, it seems, is one of "desire toward her for the time being, and indifference when the state of desire is not present"—a gracious ideal of health. One might construct a sort of map of the scholarship of a person whose Hellenism admits such a word as *chimiotaxia*, whose Latinism denies the existence of "decadence" in the Latin of the fourth and later centuries, and whose knowledge of his own literature (though Herr Nordau must be aware of, and indeed elsewhere quotes, a certain poem by a certain Wolfgang von Goethe, beginning *Ueber allen Gipfeln*) allows him to think that *pacem summa tenent* is a craze peculiar to Gautier and his followers.

But one must refuse these tempting paths and perhaps, in a couple of columns for English readers, it may be as well to confine ourselves mainly to the English side. There is much else. Any one who is not tired of Ibsen will find nearly forty thousand words on that master, at whom Herr Nordau alternately shivers with admiration and gesticulates with wrath. M. Zola comes in for it near the end of the book; and Count Tolstoi near the beginning. But our own "degenerates" have no reason to complain, and we may even say that some of them have reason to be not a little obliged to Herr Nordau. He begins with Rossetti, *velut ab Iove*, and we are bound to say that this is a little unfortunate, not for Rossetti, but for Herr Nordau. At the outset (for the eighty pages or so which have gone before are nothing in such a book) of a volume of literary criticism one would like to have some earnest or hansel to assure us of the critic's taste and knowledge. Now Rossetti is, beyond all question, a poet about whom there may be considerable differences of opinion. But we think it not rash to say that any one who does not recognise poetry, and poetry of the highest, in the well-known line of the "Blessed Damozel,"

"To one, it is ten years of years,"

—who does not see in it the perfect, simple, natural, unadorned, "inevitable" expression of passionate memory—really need not trouble himself to give any further opinions on poetical matters. Now to Herr Nordau this line "means absolutely nothing," though with German faith he nobly suggests that "there may exist a higher unity to which the single year may stand as one day does to a year." "The words 'years of years' therefore would signify 365 years." "But," he adds severely, "Rossetti is far from expressing the thought as intelligibly as this." On this passage, it will generally be admitted, Herr Nordau has impressed his own image and superscription so unmistakably that it is unnecessary to seek for them any further. But let us add that if he seems to take Rossetti not quite seriously enough, he repairs this fault by taking the excellent M. Joséphin Peladan and the no less excellent Mr. Oscar Wilde, though with some sadness, yet at their fullest value. The "Sar" is to Herr Nordau, though sadly degenerate, a person of "rich and beautiful cerebral activity," some of his pages are "among the most splendid productions of a contemporary pen," his characters are "thoroughly aristo-

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cratic souls;" his "gifts are extraordinary." After this the reader who has yawned over Nebo, and wearily chuckled at Paula, will quite forgive Herr Nordau for calling Rossetti an "imbecile." It is the old case of the knight who swore by his honour and was not forsworn.

The book, of course, is not so bad as its worst parts. In some of the chapters, especially those on Wagner (we are not speaking from the musical point of view), and still more those on Nietzsche, there is distinct merit. In a dim sort of way, too, Herr Nordau has got hold of the fact, undeniable if not extremely novel or important, that when schools of art and thought, either at ends, or beginnings, or middles of centuries, have lost their first freshness and their most original exponents, they are apt to degenerate into caricatures of themselves, to try to make up for the lack of strength by the presence of violence, and so forth. But his lack of really critical power of discriminating good and bad, and the essentially Teutonic doggedness with which, having got the idea of degeneracy from his "honoured master," Signor Lombroso, he hunts it through bush and through briar, have made too much of his book a silly and tedious exaggeration, not at all ill exemplifying the very weaknesses he discusses.

Indeed, we fear that by his own showing Herr Nordau is an undoubted "degenerate." In one of his latest pages he speaks of "critics who have tried to intimidate him into speechlessness." Now the mania for suspecting critical conspiracies is as well known, as well marked, as megalomania, graphomania, erotomania, and all the rest of them. There is no help for it, we fear. *Et in degeneratione Dominus Nordau!*

George Saintsbury.

A HISTORY OF THE NOVEL.*

Professor Warren's book commences with a delicious *non sequitur*, which is hereby commended to the attention of logicians who are making a collection of awful examples:

"The difficulty in gaining a hearing for a treatise on the novel is apparent at the very start."

Why so? the reader innocently asks.

"It is a branch of literature which has become the most popular in depth and breadth, including all classes of writers and readers."

This seems to mean that because every one is intensely interested in fiction, no one is willing to read anything that relates to fiction! These two sentences are, in a way, characteristic of Professor Warren's whole discussion of his subject. He has evidently done a very large amount of reading; he has got together a great mass of information (much of it, apparently, at second hand), and he recognises the interest and value of his theme; but unfortunately the reading has not been systematic, the information has not been properly digested and arranged, and no clearly defined method of treatment has been carefully thought out as a preliminary to the composition of the book.

It is not easy to conceive of a more fruitful or a more timely subject than the early history of the novel, in these days when comparative literature is taking its place in every well-balanced scheme of liberal study; nor is there any field which, for the English-speaking world at least, is at once so fallow for the well-equipped investigator and so absolutely unoccupied. Professor Warren had an opportunity such as rarely falls to the literary student in modern times, when specialists have ransacked every nook and corner in search of a new subject for original investigation. Since Dunlop's now antiquated treatise, nothing of any account has been written in our language on the history of the novel, nor have the French and German writers dealt with its development in a broad way, preferring, as a rule, to put forth monographs that relate to special points or periods rather than definitive and comprehensive works. The opportunity was, therefore, a rare one, and candour compels the judgment that the opportunity has, so far as concerns Professor Warren, been absolutely thrown away.

Not to burden this review with any but the weightiest matters of the law, the fatal defects of the present volume are two: first, a lack of perspective and relativity, which would enable the author to grasp the vitally important fea-

* A History of the Novel Previous to the Seventeenth Century. By F. M. Warren. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.75.

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tures of his theme by bringing them into strong relief; and, second (this being largely the result of the first), an indefinable uncertainty of purpose, which leaves him to flounder about in a mass of irrelevant details; a fault which leaves upon the reader's mind only an impression of hazy nescience.

Of the first defect, perhaps as good an instance as any is seen in his treatment of the Græco-Roman novel. Of this there were three distinct types—the novel of adventure, the pastoral romance, and the novel of character. The first is by far the least important, being in reality less a novel than a collection of short episodes strung together on the slenderest thread of plot. It was in reality only the Herodotean short story slightly developed and elaborated at the expense of its freshness and point. This form of ancient fiction Professor Warren mistakes for the crowning achievement of the prose romance, devoting to it twenty-three pages out of the scant thirty-five bestowed upon the novels of the Greeks. In these pages he drags us once more through the alleged plots of such dreary dullards as Heliodorus, Achilles Tatius, and Chariton, who feebly copy one another, and who have not between them ideas enough to stock a modern magazine article, and of the first of whom Professor Warren takes a sapient leave with the exquisitely serious remark that "Heliodorus is by no means perfect as a writer!"

The treatment of *Daphnis and Chloë*, as a type of the pastoral romance, is somewhat more satisfactory, and a gleam of real critical appreciation lightens his pages as he describes it; yet two very important omissions strike one even here. There is no recognition of the exquisite art by which certain manifestations of nature in the external world are made to blend in the description with the development of the story, and to afford a sort of symbolistic accompaniment to the evolution of the lovers' passion: the scenes, of spring forming a natural setting for the birth of the new instinct in the two children of nature, the summer heats coinciding with its maturity, and the autumn witnessing its fruition—a very striking proof of the subtle art of the writer. Nor does Professor Warren tell us of the extent to which the theme of this charming pastoral has been echoed in modern fiction. He makes, to be sure, in a perfunctory way, the stock allusion to *Paul and Virginia;* but of Marmontel's *Annette et Lubin*, or Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, or Gessner's *Daphnis* not a single word is said. As to Zola's indebtedness to Longus in writing the episode of Silvère and Miette in the *Fortune des Rougon*—an indebtedness of which the present writer is fully convinced—one must not insist that Professor Warren should acknowledge it; but the coincidences between Zola's work and that of Longus are so striking as to deserve at least a word of mention. How far can a book be regarded as a history of the novel, which fails to give each great creation its proper place, not only in its own generation, but in its relations to the whole evolution of fiction-writing?

Far worse than all that has yet been cited, utterly inexplicable in fact, is the omission from the survey of the ancient novel of all mention of the novel of character, more important than all the other forms of fiction, because more enduring and more far-reaching in its influence. Will it be believed that Professor Warren says not a word of the unique letters of Alciphron—letters that sketch with photographic accuracy the life and thought of the latter Greeks? The whole Bohemia of Athens is drawn for us in this delightful production—the artists, the authors, the smug *bourgeois*, the man about town, the *demi-monde*—so that Alciphron stands to us as the Henri Murger of antiquity, and yet Professor Warren knows him not! And Petronius, whose *Satiricon* is the one novel of Græco-Roman times that is really great, with its keen insight into character, its pitiless realism, its frankness that is the frankness of De Maupassant and Mendès, and its humour that is the humour of Daudet—of Petronius also not a single word! The bare statement of the fact makes further criticism feeble and superfluous.

The other defect that has been mentioned—the haziness and the lack of definite plan—can scarcely be illustrated by isolated citations, since it pervades the whole and is involved in the general treatment. Suffice it to say that he who, having no previous knowledge of the history of the novel, reads or attempts to read this book, will find his ignorance more dense than ever; while the expert who peruses it will be re-

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duced to a sort of intellectual coma in endeavouring to discover what on earth the author is attempting to demonstrate. Both varieties of readers will put it down with a genuine wonder that any one should be able to take so fascinating a subject and out of it produce so dull a book.

It may be added that the bibliographic notes forming a sort of appendix to the volume are as chaotic as the text. Many dates or places of publication are omitted; and the author is evidently more at home with the German than with the French authorities, though in this field of criticism the French have done far better work. Some of the German names, even, are misspelled, and a suggestion of *Nachbeterei* pervades the entire volume.

H. T. Peck.

THE TALE OF CHLOË.*

Possibly Mr. Meredith would long ere this have contrived to republish "A Tale of Chloë" had he thought very highly of its two companions that help to swell it into a volume. The first story is a gem, as perfect in its kind as anything he has written. To read it is to feel at once aggrieved that it was not ours long ago, and delighted that it has been kept back for our present enjoyment. It is not easy to be grateful for the two others. "The House on the Beach" is dull and improbable. "The Case of General Ople" is rather funny, but it is a hobbledehoy farce. Both are extreme instances of Mr. Meredith's habit, in which only Carlyle surpassed him, of riding a joke to death. Tinman's wine that undermined the health of his guests is a worn-out joke on its first appearance, but it is served up again and again and again, till the harmfulness of the wretched vintage actually tells on us who never once sat at the rascal's table. So with Lady Camper's lessons to General Ople on the English language. Only grace prevents us adopting with vehement affection every one of the General's vulgarisms. The extreme improbability of the same lady's marvellous powers of draughtmanship is a minor sin. But the improbability in the second story is vital. A girl of intelligence and refinement will be ready to marry many kinds of villains, but not a villain who is at once a patent fool and a pettifogger in rascality. It is pleasanter to talk of Chloë.

The first story begins in a tone of gentle satire, with quaint reflections on amorous dukes in general, and a particular description, from his own lips, of the early matrimonial delights of the elderly duke who married the milkmaid, and who, loving her to distraction, has been persuaded to expose her to the perils of the Wells that she may have the amusement she craves and the experience she lacks. "A term approaches when the enthusiasm for serving as your wife's playfellow all day, running round tables and flying along corridors, before a knotted handkerchief, is mightily relaxed. Yet the dread of a separation from her has kept me at these pastimes for a considerable period beyond my relish of them. Not that I acknowledge fatigue. I have, it seems, a taste for reflection; I am now much disposed to read and meditate, which cannot be done without repose. I settle myself, and I receive a worsted ball in my face, and I am expected to return it. I comply; and then you would say a nursery in arms." The story never loses the tone of high-bred comedy save when it takes you behind the scenes with Chloë, Chloë who had given fortune and family and all for love, and missed it. She is one of Mr. Meredith's chosen ladies, very loving, much-enduring, smiling for all her wounds, gentle, decorous, distinguished. The advent of the milkmaid duchess is almost simultaneous with the return of her faithless lover, and hope for a little while mates with the love still warm in her breast. But with the acuteness of sincerity she soon sees she is being duped, and that the death of her own hope is not the only calamity in sight. The duchess, in all the selfishness of her youth and her newly-found excitement, is blind to danger, will give up her duke and ruin herself recklessly. So Chloë chooses death in such a form that a ghastly sight may meet the eyes of the headstrong young woman at the moment when she proposes to make her rash elopement. Chloë's plan does not fail. The shock, the stir, the horror,

* The Tale of Chloë, The House on the Beach, The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper. By George Meredith. New York: Ward, Lock & Bowden, Ltd. $1.50.

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bring the duchess to her senses. She goes back willingly to her Duke, sick of love.

In some cases where Mr. Meredith has accepted a suggestion from history or tradition—and we take for granted this is one of them—facts have proved stubborn things to deal with. That a sad and desperate lady died as he says Chloë died, we accept as a fact. But that Chloë, the gentle and the decorous, chose the particularly ghastly end is not easy to be convinced of. We slur the point as much as possible, and, indeed, it is but a minor affair compared with the insuperable difficulty that fact thrust in his way in *Diana of the Crossways*.

It was not very difficult, perhaps, to make a humorous personage out of Beau Beamish, the autocrat of fashion at the Wells, but he is managed very delightfully, and his story of how he met his own skeleton one night after a wine supper, and how he was not discomforted at the sight, is charming. "I protest that by such a display of supreme good-breeding he managed to convey the highest compliment ever received by man, namely, the assurance that after the withering away of this mortal garb, I shall still be noted for urbanity and elegancy."

The milkmaid duchess, too, so healthy, so vain, so selfish, so good-natured and blunt, is a triumph, especially in the scene where she returns, reckless and excited, after losing her money at the tables. "Oh, I'm unhappy, I am." "You must abstain from playing." "It's that! I've lost my money—I forgot. And I shall have to confess it to my duke, though he warned me. Old men hold their fingers up—so! One finger: and you never forget the sight of it, never. It is a round finger, like the handle of a jug, and won't point at you when they're lecturing, and the skin's like an old coat on gaffer's shoulders. . . . I'm a wild girl again, handsomer than when that —— he is a dear, kind, good, old nobleman, with his funny old finger: 'Susan! Susan!' I'm no worse than others. Everybody plays here; everybody superior."

The whole story delights and stimulates, but the best it does is to give us Chloë, the gentle, the generous, the trusting, and the far-seeing, for a friend.

A. M.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF G. A. SALA.*

Personal memoirs often leave their reader in a mood of melancholy. The best of their kind are but shadows, and the worst are a great deal worse, bombastic or fatuous phantoms, the warped reflections of a distorting mirror. When we think of poor Madame Roland comparing herself with all gravity to Tacitus; of Rousseau, in the fine phrase of Burke, flinging his life, with a wild defiance, in the face of the Creator whom he acknowledges only to brave; of Larevellière-Lépeaux complacently anticipating and surpassing Mirabeau, we find in these instances chosen at random shot from the very kingdom and the very age of memoirs proofs of a lack of proportion, of a perversion of self-esteem which exhilarate or depress, according to his temperament, the student of life. But there are memoirs, though not often in the first rank of their kind, which neither tempt the pessimist to smile nor the optimist to sigh, and of these the *Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala* is a creditable example. Mr. Sala seems to cherish little self-deception; he holds no very high opinion of himself or of his works, and he is at no particular pains to woo or to win the high opinion of others. If the volumes are Philistine, they are frank in their Philistinism; the autobiographer commands rather than invites Philistia to be glad of him, and there is no reason to doubt that Philistia will do his bidding. The volumes are very diverting reading; the writer exhibits himself with a complacent truculence which solicits no civilities and suggests no personal delusion. Their egotism is, at best and at worst, of a manly quality; Nordau would not be justified in discovering symptoms of degeneration here; the pages brim with a healthy, genial contentment which has nothing in common with the mattoids and ego-maniacs of the disciple of Lombroso. Mr. Sala seems to be quite aware of his failings, and pillories himself without pity; he converts himself here and there with perfect candour and with perfect composure into a very helot for the benefit of others; Casanova was not more cynically explicit about his moral peccadilloes than Mr. Sala is

* The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala, written by himself. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

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about his literary demerits. His magnificent frankness engages, then captivates, and finally disarms.

"What the new journalism may be like I neither know nor care," says Mr. Sala, "but most assuredly it is not the journalism to which I served my apprenticeship, and in which I have been for many years a skilled workman." We have had more than enough of late of such phrases as "the new journalism," "the new criticism," and the like. The phrases are generally misleading and seldom mean much. But if we assume, for the sake of argument, that there is at this moment a new journalism which necessitates an old journalism, then Mr. Sala's two volumes are mines of information as to the manners and the methods of that old journalism, and Mr. Sala himself a characteristic type of the old journalist. How far the journalism was admirable, how far, if it has passed away, its loss is to be regretted, is a problem in literary ethics needless to discuss or even to entertain here and now; but for a study of the subject Mr. Sala's volumes are priceless, indispensable. Memoirs are the salt of history, and Mr. Sala's *Life and Adventures* really make a valuable addition to the books essential to a proper understanding of the Victorian age. Bohemianism endures and will endure through the ages. Murger was right when he carried its record back to the dawn of literature. But Bohemianism changes its phases with every generation, and as the Bohemianism of contemporary Paris is not the Bohemianism of Rodolphe and Schaunard, of Marcel and Colline, so the Bohemia of literary London of to-day is by no means the Bohemia of the days when George Augustus Sala was a struggling, indomitable adventurer, nor even the Bohemia of those later days when Mr. Sala could afford to reply to sneers at his grammar and his style with the retort that he was making two thousand pounds a year. Whoever wishes to understand what London Bohemianism was like in the immediate past will learn a great deal about it in Mr. Sala's volumes, and will find it interesting and entertaining, perhaps even beyond his hopes. It would be unfair of criticism to ask more of Mr. Sala in these reminiscences of his than Mr. Sala can give. His theories and his practice as regards grammar, style, and the purpose of journalism have been familiar to the world for this many a day, and a study of his memoirs will teach the student no new thing in this regard. No one will be surprised or perturbed when they find him saying of the English poets of to-day, that he deliberately places "Edwin Arnold, as a poet, next after Algernon Charles Swinburne; next to him, Alfred Austin; next, Lewis Morris, and next, William Morris." Mr. Sala is not esteemed as a poet or a critic of poets. He had other business to do, and he could make a better income than Matthew Arnold, and, in the words of Mr. Swinburne's David, "Lo, this is all to say."

Curiously enough, the gravest fault one reader has to find with Mr. Sala's memoirs is for an instance of their modesty. Mr. Sala speaks often enough with severity of some of his experiments in the writing of books, but he does not, so far as one reader could find, make any reference to the best book he ever wrote, to the clever, ingenious, interesting experiment in romance, *Captain Dangerous*. In an age that loves the tale of adventure it would assuredly be worth a publisher's pains to reprint it, for it would assuredly give many pleasure in the reading.

Justin Huntly McCarthy.

THE FAR EAST.*

There is a twofold interest about Mr. Norman's book. It is an account of adventurous wanderings, on and off the beaten track, written in a vivid and vigorous manner, with continual invitations and suggestions to lovers of the strange and the picturesque. But it is this almost against Mr. Norman's will and design. He pulls himself up every now and again, lest mere adventure should appropriate space needed for his more serious purpose. We gather that in his note-books there are many unused pages that would be of interest to the non-political reader; and that there is something that would be valued by

* The Peoples and Politics of the Far East: Travels and Studies in the British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese Colonies, Siberia, China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Malaya. By Henry Norman. With Sixty Illustrations and Four Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00. Society in China. By Robert K. Douglas. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.50.

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any one courageously interested in human nature, we infer from the following: "I came upon many curious reminiscences of General Gordon up and down the coast of China. He was a man of remarkable virtues and of no less remarkable weaknesses, and the stories of him which survive in the Far East would make very interesting reading. I do not give them, however, because public opinion seems to have determined that this many-sided man shall be known under one aspect only of his life—that of hero."

But the main intention of the book is political. It is, in fact, a book with a mission. Very outspoken, expressing its opinions in words that cannot be misunderstood, appealing to the Government and to all good patriots, it never takes on a hectoring tone. Its opinions are given as those of a visitor to the Far East, but of a visitor who had peculiar opportunities of obtaining first hand information, and who did not neglect them, of one who went with a mind well trained to the consideration of political and international questions, and who has read and searched in the most contrary directions for additional light since his return. Those who have examined on the spot the questions he discusses, as well as those who have only studied them from scrappy newspaper information, may dissent from a good many of Mr. Norman's conclusions, but they will both own after reading through his book on the Far East that he has been there, and that he took with him quick wits, quick eyes, and a habit of judging for himself.

The portions that will be read with most eagerness are those on China and Japan, and his counsel to England on its attitude now and in the immediate future; though it should be said there are no really detached chapters, those on Siam and Malaya especially, but all the others, too, containing valuable facts that have helped him to his conclusions. To Foreign Office eyes there may be nothing fresh in his view of the importance to be attached to the Russian settlement at Vladivostok, within a very measurable number of years to be joined to the home capital by the Trans-Siberian Railway. But we feel sure the average Englishman's eyes will be turned in a new direction by Mr. Norman's emphasis of the facts concerning the Russian stakes in the Far East. And this moment, when the fate of China in the war with her neighbour has upset a great many expectations, is a very suitable moment for bidding stay-at-home folks look at the new conditions that have arisen since last they made up their minds about the geography and the politics of Eastern Asia.

Mr. Norman's views about China are those of Professor Douglas—whose interesting book, *Society in China*, we are glad to see in a new popular edition—that the Chinese "empire is pre-eminently one of make-believe." Only Mr. Norman states his conviction much more emphatically and with far greater detail. He sums up his indictment thus: "The truth is that, like almost everything else in China, her offensive and defensive power is a sham. The offspring of corruption and bombast is inefficiency." He quotes from another authority, "The whole present system of China is a hollow thing, with a hard, brittle surface; we try in vain to scratch it, but some day a happy blow will shiver it."

He fears over-zeal, over-ambition in Japan, and in his last chapters he has taken account of the reports of Japanese barbarity in the war. But in her gallantry, energy, open-mindedness, and intellectual capacities he has full trust; and he insists that Europe has been too dilatory in their recognition. "In all the country north of the southern frontier of China there are virtually only three great interests; those of Great Britain, Russia, and Japan." He sees no serious difficulty in combining the interests of the three. Let Japan have the virtual suzerainty of Korea, an indemnity from China, the cession of Formosa, the Chinese navy—he suggests blithely. Let Russia have a winter port at the terminus of her railway, and such other concessions as would free her from the fear of China along three thousand miles of weak frontier. And as for Great Britain, well, we should insist on the markets of China being thrown open to the whole world, and that the government in India be given a free hand in Thibet. We also want a convenient northern naval base, and a good deal else. It is a boldly-planned programme; but it is sometimes wise to ask much when you are sure of getting anything at all except

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scorn. Mr. Norman thinks right and might are on our side. His indictment of France as a colonising power in the present day is striking and melancholy, while of the costliness of its experiments, at least, he has given evident proof.

This is hardly the place to discuss political questions. But one may be allowed to say that while Mr. Norman's bias for English methods is so strong as to rouse protests and doubts many a time, the facts he has collected, rather than selected, go far to account for the strength of that bias. And he writes with passionate conviction. His is not the tone of the Jingo singing of prestige and empire and contempt for other nations. Britain's is the most business-like concern out there, he thinks; therefore let it predominate. He bases its claims on practical qualities and deeds recently accomplished, not at all on divine right. Mr. Norman's is not a book of sentiment, so we need not look to see in it any pity for the great unwieldy nation going to pieces before the inroads of a civilisation it despises and hates, courting ruin rather than submission to the new ways that its more adaptable neighbour has made with such success. And it is perhaps not in his book we should look for any discussion of the question of the education of the members of the Eastern ruling classes, which the more energetic countries, or English influences in them, seem to have decided should be mainly English, a decision which must have many strange, and not all advantageous consequences: But these are minor matters crowded out by the large questions of immediate importance considered in Mr. Norman's brilliant book—a book which will stimulate to thought, inquiry, travel, and much revision of opinion.

Annie Macdonell.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF.*

If Mr. Balfour's volume is the result of his enforced absence from the helm of the State, it is a strong argument for the continuance of the Liberal Government. For it may reasonably be questioned whether any benefits which even a Prime Minister can confer on his country are commensurate with the good which may be accomplished by such a volume as this. As a mere intellectual treat we have had nothing equal to it for many years. It brings a mind trained and disciplined by philosophical thought into contact with the foundations on which scientific, ethical, and theological investigations are in our own time being built. It clears the air of the mist which prevents us from seeing one another and from distinguishing friend from foe. With comprehensive knowledge and mastery of all that has produced the present situation, with patience, skill, good temper, firmness, and a great deal of humour, he disentangles us from the meshes into which the current of modern thought has swept us, and sets us free again. As yet it might seem extravagant to compare Mr. Balfour's "Notes" with Butler's *Analogy*, but certainly the aim and character of the two books invite comparison, and there are many who have read the older master with dissatisfaction who will find in the teacher of to-day the conviction and help they seek.

Mr. Balfour writes for the general reader, not for the philosophical or theological specialist. His aim is to show how "we may best draw together our beliefs into a comprehensive unity which shall possess at least a relative and provisional stability." In order to accomplish his purpose he first of all examines the pretensions of Naturalism, by which he understands Agnosticism, Positivism, and Empiricism. Following in some measure the argument pressed by the late Mr. Herbert in his *Modern Realism*, and using the weapons which have indeed been available ever since the difficulties of belief in an external world were presented in the *Theætetus*, he exposes the groundlessness of the pretensions of those "who are disposed to represent Science as a Land of Goshen, bright beneath the unclouded splendours of the midday sun, while Religion lies beyond wrapped in the impenetrable darkness of the Egyptian plague." He shows once again that the naturalistic account of man's origin entirely alters the aspect and the value of morality, and reduces reason to so low a level that we cannot depend upon its deliverances. The antagonism which exists between the naturalistic system and the hopes,

* The Foundations of Belief. Being Notes introductory to the Study of Theology. By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

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feelings, beliefs, and judgments which are the best possession of humanity has frequently been pointed out, but never so elaborately and finally as in the early chapters of Mr. Balfour's treatise. The probable results on conduct of such a creed are also eloquently and fairly depicted. A more complete and powerful argument against naturalistic evolution we are not likely ever to meet with. The only question that is at this point left unanswered is, How far do these objections tell against theistic evolution, and especially to what extent and in what manner does the origin of man determine the value of his present qualities and powers? In a word, What is Mr. Balfour's own belief regarding man's origin?

So convincingly does Mr. Balfour exhibit the insufficient basis of scientific knowledge that he fears, not wholly without cause, that he may be looked upon as advocating universal scepticism. The inability of the human mind to find a sure philosophical basis for scientific knowledge and belief, is an inability which accompanies man into every branch of inquiry. *Omnia exeunt in mysterium.* Our knowledge is ringed round with a horizon beyond which the human vision cannot penetrate. Have we here then a Samson who destroys indeed the uncircumcised in their exultant arrogance, but at the same time destroys himself and his friends? No! Mr. Balfour denies that his argument discredits reason. Nay, he not only admits that human reason has its rights, and can never cease to crave for the elimination of all obscurities in our knowledge and to demand the unification of all beliefs, but his book is written for the express purpose of promoting this unification.

Admitting that on account of the natural limitation of human faculty any unification of knowledge can only be provisional, he seeks to furnish both scientific and theological enquirers with a basis on which they may without hesitation proceed with their researches in their respective departments. Scientific men have been wont to claim for their studies the sole human certitude of knowledge, and to relegate theology to the region of dreamland. Mr. Balfour effectively turns the tables, and while he does not claim an absolutely clear and certain basis for theology any more than for science, he establishes, conclusively most readers will think, that science itself, if not a mere illusion, demands the existence of a rational God. In order to have an intelligible world we must have reason at the source. Theology, to which naturalism denies the right to be called a branch of knowledge at all, is found to be necessarily assumed in order to furnish a basis for the only knowledge which naturalism allows. According to Mr. Balfour's careful reasoning, the great body of our beliefs, scientific, ethical, æsthetic, theological, form a more coherent and intelligible whole if we consider them in a Theistic setting than if we consider them in a Naturalistic one. Nay, with a courage an independence not always given to superior persons and philosophic minds, he claims for the Christian system, with its mysterious doctrine of an Incarnate God, that it forms the widest and surest foundation for the intelligibility of the world and the unification of all human beliefs and knowledge.

The conclusions of this remarkable book will be called in question, its statements will be scrutinised, but those who most seriously study it will be the foremost in proclaiming its force, the mastery of detail and the ease with which large philosophical ideas are handled, and perhaps especially the conduct of the argument, the quick discernment of what is relevant, the temperance in claiming no more than is made out, the reality and seriousness which pervade the whole.

Marcus Dods.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN.*

The growth of public interest in municipal affairs is one of the most striking politico-social phenomena of recent times in the United States. It is evinced by the increasing literature on city conditions; by the founding of political parties on local issues; by the increasing attention of the clergy to civic questions; by the organisation of clubs for the study of municipal problems; and by the establishment of lectureships in

* Municipal Government in Great Britain. By Albert Shaw. New York: The Century Company. $2.00

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our schools and colleges upon the origin and development of modern cities.

This growing interest in all that pertains to civic progress is a natural consequence of the increasing importance of our great cities in our national life. It has been still further quickened by the notorious failure of our city governments to give us even tolerable conditions of municipal existence. From all parts of the country come cries of the same sort of distress which may be summed up in two words—corruption and inefficiency. In casting about for remedies, it is not surprising that we should turn our attention to foreign countries, and should seek to find in their experience some help as to methods and processes of betterment.

It is fortunate that at this juncture one so competent as Dr. Shaw should have taken the time and trouble to make a really careful investigation of foreign conditions in a country so similar in many respects to the United States as is Great Britain. The studies of a scholar, of one trained in the schools, would naturally have many advantages over the observations of a so-called practical man. When to the advantage of scholarly training is added the experience of many years in the examination of similar matters, we may naturally expect a more than usually successful result.

This expectation is not disappointed in the book before us. Much of the matter has already appeared in one form or other in the periodicals of the day, and is generally recognised as a serious contribution to the study of this subject. But it has all been carefully revised, much new matter added, and the whole worked over into a new and far more valuable form than before. The introductory chapter on the growth and problems of modern cities contains many acute remarks upon the general questions of municipal growth and policy. The author takes the bold ground that the accumulation of population in great and ever greater centres is not at all an evil thing in itself; on the contrary, it is the very condition of the fullest utilisation of the results of modern civilisation. If modern communities will only take an adequate view of the functions and possibilities of modern municipalities, and adopt a correspondingly comprehensive policy, we shall soon discern that the increasing concentration of our communities is a great advantage. "City life," he says, "must become positively good;" and we may add that he believes it will. Indeed, one of the most pleasing characteristics of the book is a healthy optimism that pervades every part of it.

The chapter on the rise of British towns gives a succinct history of the modern municipal movement in Great Britain down to the present, and paves the way for an excellent presentation of the system of city government as it now exists. The book contains by far the best account which has yet appeared, either in an American or English work, of the details of city administration. The difficult subject of the municipal franchise is made plain, not merely as far as the legal provisions regarding it are concerned, but also as to the exact working of the law in practice—often very different things in England as well as with us. The facts presented here throw great light upon the difference in conditions between Great Britain and the United States, and explain why it is easier in some respects to govern English cities well than American. The electorate in an American city includes practically all male citizens of legal age. The English municipal franchise, nominally not so very different from the American, practically excludes nearly all the unmarried men, all floating labourers and lodging-houses sleepers, and nearly all the serving class! At least one third of the householders and theoretical voters of Glasgow, for example, never appear on the municipal registration list. The author may well say that "it is a significant thing that the whole body of men who are ignorant, vicious, and irresponsible is practically outside the pale of politics in such cities as Glasgow and Edinburgh." Our municipal problem would be a vastly different one if the corresponding classes were excluded from the franchise in our cities.

It is interesting to note that party politics, though they have of late begun to creep into municipal centres, are still, on the whole, of so little moment that in fifty towns in which elections to the city councils were held in November, 1893, there was not a single "campaign," as all the councillors obtained their seats by unopposed nominations. Imagine such a state of things in New York or Philadelphia!

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The chapters on Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow are full of the most interesting information; while that on the social activities of British towns will be a revelation to many Americans as to the broad way in which our English cousins are beginning to conceive the municipal problem. Cities are undertaking the establishment and management of public works for the supply of water, gas, and electric light, schemes for drainage, street cars, harbours, docks, piers, public markets and slaughter-houses, bath-houses, cemeteries, playgrounds for children, tenement-houses for the poor, hospitals, public libraries, technical and trade schools, in a way which would take away the breath of an American community if it were seriously proposed to inaugurate such a policy here.

One of the most interesting portions of the book relates to the attempts to work out a feasible scheme for the government of London. This is of special significance for New York, in view of the approaching consolidations of surrounding territory. The English solution is a sort of federal plan, which has broken down wherever tried in the United States, though it is fair to say that it has never been tried on such a reasonable method as that proposed for London.

The appendix contains a copy of the chief provisions of the English municipal code and of various interesting documents relating to the reform of the government of the city of London, and the whole work is furnished with an excellent index.

The value of the important information contained in the book is much heightened by the fact that it is clothed in a graceful and pleasing style, making the work a literary as well as a scientific product. It ought to do much toward arousing a still deeper interest in our own municipal problems and toward educating public opinion in a right direction.

Edmund J. James.

THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN.*

Dr. Griffis has made a thorough study and taken full advantage of the work done by Satow, Astor, and Chamberlain in the critical examination of the traditions and classical literature of Japan, and has given to the English-speaking public a work that contains the fruits of the latest and most critical scholarship on the subjects upon which he writes. To all who have puzzled their travel-worn brains over the temples and images and worship and beliefs of the Japanese, we recommend Dr. Griffis's book; it will straighten out many tangles, solve many mysteries, and give to thoughtful readers many clues to the better understanding of the national character.

The beginnings of the history of the Japanese people are lost in a mist of bewildering mythology. Japan as a historic nation cannot boast of greater antiquity than England. No trustworthy traditions exist which carry her history back of the fifth century A.D., and her oldest documents do not antedate the year 712. Buddhism, Confucianism, civilisation, literature, and art came to her by way of Corea between the fifth and sixth centuries, and found on the islands then a brave and warlike race, having a religion, a traditional history, a rude feudal system centred about a divinely descended monarch, and certain customs and ways of thought that formed the mould into which the imported ideas must flow if they were to be accepted by the people to whom they were brought.

The simple fetichism of these stone-age aborigines was swallowed up by the faith of the Tartar conquerors; but it left its impress upon the folk-lore of the new race that sprang from the conquest, and signs are still found in the pure Shintō of the earlier and more primitive worship which it met and overcame.

Shintō to-day in the minds of the Japanese stands for most that is distinctive in the national character. Judged by its ideals, its tendency is "to make people pure and clean in all their personal and household arrangements; it is to help them to live simply, honestly, and with mutual good will; it is to make the Japanese love their country, honour their imperial house, and obey their emperor." Shintō, so far as it goes, has fulfilled its work; it has moulded the national character to its ideal. All religions which come to take

* The Religions of Japan. By Wm. Elliot Griffis, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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its place must come "not to destroy, but to fulfil;" to amplify and broaden, not to develop to any higher degree the growth of the race along the lines laid down in the ancient "way of the gods."

To a nation already shaping itself along these lines, there came in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era two new beliefs, Buddhism and Confucianism. For a thousand years the Buddhist doctrines and the Confucian ethics wrought as one force in the national life. Later, in the seventeenth century, the developed Confucian philosophy became the creed of the majority of the educated men of Japan, Buddhism remaining the religious faith of the women and the common people. Of the change wrought in Confucianism by the Japanese in order to fit it into the mould made ready for it by the Shintō teaching, Dr. Griffis says: "Although the Chinese teacher had made filial piety the basis of his system, the Japanese gradually but surely made loyalty (Kun shin)—that is, the allied relations of sovereign and minister, of lord and retainer, and of master and servant—not only first in order, but the chief of all. They also infused into this term ideas and associations that are foreign to the Chinese mind."

The history of Buddhism in Japan is, perhaps, as difficult to write and understand as will be the history of Christianity in the United States a thousand years from now. It is the history of a religion far from the scene of its birth and the spirit of its founder, divided into fiercely warring sects before ever Buddhist missionary set foot on Japanese soil. It brought to a semi-barbarous people literature and art and the rudiments of science, but it brought as well a religious confusion well-nigh inextricable, polemic theology, priestcraft, hair-splitting, fatalism, sectarianism, and their train of accompanying evils. Finding itself unable to cope successfully with the native religion, Buddhism engulfed the whole theology and teaching of Shintō as a special revelation of the religion of Buddha to the Japanese before Gautama had become the enlightened one. Thus the northern Buddhism of China and Corea became the Riyōbu or mixed Buddhism of Japan, a different form of the faith from any other in Asia. The Shintō gods, renamed, stood in the Buddhist pantheon, and Buddhism, unable to oppose the ancient faith, floated safely into the heart of the Japanese people on Shintō as a life-preserver.

Of the present revival of Buddhism in Japan, Dr. Griffis says: "It is democratic, optimistic, empirical, or practical; it welcomes women and children; it is hospitable to science and every form of truth. It is catholic in spirit, and has little if any of the venom of the old Buddhist controvertists. It is represented by earnest writers who look to natural and spiritual means rather than to external and mechanical methods. As a whole, we may say that Japanese Buddhism is still strong to-day in its grip upon the people."

There are no more interesting chapters in Dr. Griffis's work than the two last, on "Roman Christianity in the Seventeenth Century" and "Two Centuries of Silence." Perhaps no force has done more to mould the Japanese nation into the united whole that it is to-day, than the two centuries of absolute seclusion from the world which followed the overthrow of the Jesuit missions in the seventeenth century. During those two centuries of silence the nation grew in the dark as the seed grows under the ground, until at last it was ready to shoot forth into the marvellous progress that it has made in thirty years. It was a period of rest and of ripening, a period that helped in fitting the nation as surely as the past thirty years have helped in fitting it for the place that it is taking to-day in the world. The surprising exploits of Japan on Chinese territory are not simply the result of her recent contact with Europe; they are the outgrowth of her whole national history. A nation is not born in a day, and Japan is no exception to the rule. What she is to-day she has been patiently learning to be through two thousand years of struggle and growth, at no time arrested, though altered in its direction from time to time by the influences from Asia and Europe that have affected the national life.

Alice M. Bacon.

THE PRINCESS ALINE.*

Morton Carlton had reached that adolescent period of young manhood

* The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

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known as the Ptolemaic, when all the fair stars in the firmament of society not only shine for him, but find in his magnetic personality a centre of gravitation to which they are drawn as irresistibly and fatally as the moth to the candle. Carlton was a successful young artist, petted and spoiled to his heart's content by the many beautiful women who sought him to sit before his easel. At twenty-six he had become a portrait-painter of international reputation. Like a young Apollo, he comes on the scene well-groomed and ready to fall in love with the first beautiful woman he meets—a portrait will suit his erotic fancy just as well—but having an artistic soul, beauty in every case is an essential. He is always in love, but he evidently believes that changes are lightsome, and being much of a fool, as we shall see, he likes them. "Lots of women have made me suffer," says this nonchalant youth; but nothing is said of the women *he* had made suffer. Yet we are told "he had a most romantic and old-fashioned ideal of women," and we are let into his secret conviction that "he should have been born in the active days of knights-errant." All this, no doubt, conceived among the spirals of smoke that floated lightly from his Adonis lips and as lightly melted into thin air.

One thing more: he had a conscience, this young man, and this conscience it was which was to blame for his fickleness and inconstancy, for in his scrupulous anxiety to find the "not impossible she" he flitted, butterfly-like, from one fair flower to another, which not unnaturally made him trouble. Of course we shall be told that Mr. Davis intended his mild young Werther to portray just the opposite; but take away the thin veneer of lackadaisical self-consciousness and pretentious modesty, and you find that Carlton Morton as he is presented to us is a humbug. Doubtless there are many who like to be humbugged, and for those who like this sort of thing, as Abraham Lincoln used to say, why, it is the sort of thing they like, and there's an end on't. But that does not prevent us from being veracious where it seems to us veracity is necessary. Morton Carlton is no more of this world than he is of the next. Such guilelessness and mild simplicity are incongruous in his very worldly young person, as they are insipid and distasteful to a wholesome and sane imagination. As for the charm and grace with which Mr. Davis is said, in some quarters, to have invested his pet Carlton, it appeals to us no more than would an artificial flower in a garden of roses. And as for the story, it is "a vain thing," although its least fault is its improbability. We have seen it stated that Mr. Davis has drawn upon an experience of his own in the elusive dance which he leads Carlton across seas and continents after a fair face which he has caught sight of in a photograph. It may be so; but we prefer to think that the author is other than he seems in this story.

Seriously we are sorry to see Mr. Davis write such namby-pamby stuff as *The Princess Aline*, when we know him to be capable of strong original work if only he would follow his own bent and nurse his gifts in solitude for a time, and eschew what artists contemptuously style the "pretty-pretty" in art. Mr. Davis promised when he first began writing to plunge into life with the zest and vitality of the diver who has his eye on the pearls, but he has only skirted the shores of experience so far, and played prettily with the pebbles on the beach. We want him to live deeply and richly, and to write some noble, beautiful thing that will confirm our faith in his latent power, and in a higher origin and destiny for mankind than is shown in *The Princess Aline*.

J. M.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIND.*

The Philosophy of Mind is the fourth in a series of volumes which Professor Ladd evidently intends shall some day cover the whole field of philosophy. Beginning with a general *Introduction to Philosophy*, followed by the *Elements of Physiological Psychology*, *Psychology*, and the present volume, the series gives promise of later works on the philosophy of ethics, of religion, and general metaphysics. The present volume, therefore, stands midway in an uncompleted system, and shares the difficulties of such a position. It deals neither with a natu-

* The Philosophy of Mind. By George Trumbull Ladd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 00.

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ral science nor with ultimate concepts, but applies the principles of a yet unwritten metaphysics to the solution of the problems left by a scientific psychology. In both directions the elements which compose the work are withdrawn from present criticism. The problems have been shaped before they reach us, while many of the concepts used in their solution have yet to receive the author's final discussion. For the purpose of exposition it would have been more satisfactory had the author been able to give us a discussion of his final principles before applying them to the solution of special problems.

In spite of these difficulties, however, a work on this subject, and by Professor Ladd, is sure to be widely read. Not only the psychologist, but the general reader, is interested in such problems as the nature and unity of mind, the relations of mind and body, materialism, spiritualism, monism, and dualism, the origin and permanence of mind, and its place in nature, while to the specialist the chapters on the relation of philosophy to psychology form an interesting supplement to the recent discussions of psychology as a natural science. Moreover, the results of the book are such as are likely to be well received by the majority of general readers. Professor Ladd is not a radical. His philosophy is such as we might expect to find within the fair and stately volumes in which it is presented—volumes which leave nothing to be desired on the part of the publishers.

Beginning with his contention that psychology cannot be studied wholly apart from metaphysical assumptions, the author goes on to discuss the nature of our concept of mind, and then to establish its validity. "The peculiar, the only intelligible and indubitable reality which belongs to mind is its being for itself, by actual functioning of self-consciousness, of recognitive memory, and of thought"—that is, self-consciously active mind is the only being of mind for which it is worth contending. Bare potentiality of consciousness is not distinguishable from matter. If such a conception of mind seems to make it a series of existences broken by unconscious gaps, we must remember that its reality consists only in its identity for itself. Its unity is the unity of development according to some plan. Its reality is a growth toward our more comprehensive consciousness.

It is in these positive discussions of the psychological content of our conceptions that Professor Ladd is at his best. His chapters on the consciousness of identity and the unity of mind are excellent, especially his treatment of the phenomena of double consciousness. The polemical portions of his work are not so satisfactory. There seems an inability to enter into the spirit of opposing views, notably in regard to the theories of Professor James. The greater part of these polemical portions is taken up in a defence of psychological dualism against materialism, spiritualism, and monism. The concept of causality is deduced from consciousness of self-activity, and its application to the relations of mind and body justified. Materialism falls a prey to spiritualism, which in turn is condemned as solipsistic, while monism multiplies entities. There remains dualism as the simplest explanation of all the facts. This, however, is not necessarily ultimate. In a later work the author hopes to show that "the being of the world, of which all particular beings are but parts, must then be so conceived of as that in it can be found the one ground of all interrelated existences and activities." This hope his readers will share with the author, for he has produced a book eminently readable and instructive, though we close it with a feeling of regret that his conclusions seem in some way more satisfactory than his reasoning.

Norman Wilde.

THE GLOBE FROISSART.*

Not very long ago the most accessible English translation of Froissart was the expensive one of Johnes in four formidable quartos. Of late years something has been done to place genial and chivalrous Froissart's chronicle of things English and Scottish, as well as Continental, within the reach of the "general reader," to whom the old-fashioned quarto is repellent. There has been an abridged Froissart in one octavo vol-

* The Chronicles of Froissart. Translated by John Bourchier, Lord Berners. Edited and reduced into one volume by G. C. Macaulay, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

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ume, another of *Passages from Froissart*, and even a *Boy's Froissart*. To these is now acceptably added a volume in the familiar Globe Series, edited by Mr. G. C. Macaulay, the translator of Herodotus, to whom Froissart has been sometimes fondly compared. Were it only for one reason, this Globe edition is to be preferred to all previous attempts of a similar kind. While preceding editors and popularisers of Froissart have made their abridgments or selections from the translation by Johnes, Mr. Macaulay has wisely used that executed by Lord Berners in the first half of the sixteenth century at the command of Henry VIII. Froissart was "done" into respectable modern English, early in the present century, by Johnes, a very worthy English gentleman and Member of Parliament. But his translation is tame and commonplace compared with that of Lord Berners, who lived when the traditions of chivalry, with its good and its evil, were still in the air, and whose racy and vigorous if often careless version breathes the very spirit of the original, besides being a most interesting sample of "early Tudor" English. Mr. Macaulay's edition has, however, other claims to hearty approval. While modernising Lord Berners' orthography, he has left intact his archaic words and phrases, which are either elucidated in notes or explained in an excellent glossary. He has corrected as far as possible the names of places and persons which, often unrecognisable save with difficulty in Froissart, were made more so by Lord Berners or his printers. Mistakes in the translation are rectified in notes, so that the text is not tampered with. Unlike former abridgers—and for modern readers the exuberant Froissart stands a good deal of abridgment—Mr. Macaulay has given summaries of the incidents recorded in the chapters and passages omitted so as to give the narrative continuity. Among the omissions we observe with regret that of the touching dialogue between Edward III. and his wife, Queen Philippa, on her deathbed. A useful chronological summary of the chief historical events chronicled by Froissart is prefixed with an ample account of Lord Berners' biography and of the bibliography of his writings. What we chiefly miss is a memoir of Froissart himself, especially as Mr. Macaulay has ably sketched Froissart's biography in recent numbers of *Macmillan's Magazine*. But when so much has been excellently done, fault-finding seems ungracious and ungrateful.

F. Espinasse.

NOVEL NOTES.

MAJESTY. By Louis Couperus. Translated by A. Texeria de Mattos and Ernest Dowson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Events in the East of Europe, some of them recent, the others not of very ancient history, broken reflections of which are to be found in this novel, will give it an immediate interest which readers may be trusted to discover for themselves. To any untempted by this we would call attention to features it possesses of far more interest than the more or less literal story of an imperial Court. It is not a great novel; it is on the whole a disappointing one; but there is a fine intention running through it, and there are passages of unusual power and some of unusual subtlety. Couperus uses his sensitivist methods a little fitfully here, gives a nervous feeling of expectancy at the beginning which very few writers can produce, and then lets the thrill die out disappointingly. This happens over and over again. He acts on our nerves, of course, to let us realise the highly charged atmosphere in which the story moves. The nation is steeped in poverty, and on the brink of revolt; it is ruled by an autocrat, not made for the new times, and will be ruled one day by a shrinking, refined, sensitive soul, too highly strung, too finely made for rough work. A closely interested looker-on at this state of things, the Empress, for instance, lives with fear ever next her heart, and it must be acknowledged she makes us share it, but too spasmodically; and when, after an attack, nothing terrible has happened

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to account for it, we grow uneasy and unresponsive to the writer's touch. The story itself is told with great dignity. The heroism, the magnificent hypocrisies, the helplessness, the pettiness of monarchs, make a moving picture, full of colour and interest. There is nothing mean and tawdry about their story here. Yet it reminds us now and again of another story of kings, but of kings whose glories had departed and to whose chronicler, M. Alphonse Daudet, Couperus bears no general resemblance. More often still we find ourselves wishing that the chronicler of the exiled kings had written the whole of this story of still mighty emperors. Perhaps it would have had a less optimistic ending; but the drama would have had something swifter and robuster about it. Where Couperus could not be easily excelled is in his study of the Crown Prince Othomar's character. The physical and mental conditions of a keenly sensitive, timid, fine-tuned nature, are described with marvellous skill. And yet there is nothing morbid about the analysis. Its chief result is to discover in the very midst of the sensitiveness an element of lasting strength, unguessed by its owner, but which time and trials would bring to light. If at various passages of the story you are not at one with its development, on looking back at it you will probably own that its design was more than justified.

MELTING SNOWS. By Prince Schönaich-Carolath. Translated by Margaret Symonds. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

Miss Symonds has found a story by a writer familiar to few readers, but well worth translating. On the title-page stand the words "Translated into English," and let us gladly acknowledge, they are there by right. The subject of the story is one of eternal interest. It has been treated over and over again in imaginative literature, and when treated poetically, as here, never seems old or worn out. Bent Sörenson, the hero, has led a starved life. Born to poverty and hard work, in a dreary joyless country, with the burdens of life staring him in the face even in his youth, he had no pity for himself, and accepted his lot as a matter of course, despising softness and emotion, and bearing the temptation of the imagination. Suddenly he finds all the solid ground under his feet giving way; a revolution is going on in his soul, and he is far more lost, perhaps in far greater peril, than had he been self-indulgent and luxurious, and, therefore, experienced. The sense of poetry, of the riches of life, of the claims of beauty, are wakened in him, not by poems or by nature, but by Giacinta. Giacinta is a sensitive, imaginative girl with a fine voice, the ambition to be a great singer, and too frail a body to endure the wear of such a life. She pierces through the rough, hard surface of Sörenson, finds his essential kinship, and returns his love—though every circumstance stands in the way of their union. When Bent first, in great pain, feels his awakening nature, his friend George Versen, a poet, interprets the new life to him. The loveliest buds of the year are those that vanish in the melting snows, and "when a heart which beats with higher aims and passion is awakened too early by the kiss of the everlasting sun, when the storm of the beautiful has clasped it too soon, then the floods rush in over it, nothing will turn them in their courses—they are revengeful, they follow given laws. And so a dark thread runs through the being of all great earthly loves—it is the thread of separation, the thread of death. And it is not we alone who must drown in the rising flood; but that woman too, whom we have loved so well, will be covered by a dark shadow." It is a prophecy: there is no need to tell the story out. It is worth seeking in the book itself, for it is told with singular beauty and delicacy, and without a grain of false sentiment.

A KING'S DIARY. By Percy White. London: Cassell & Company.

Had Mr. White a definite plan in his head when he began this story? A young man of literary tastes and narrow means, author of *Imitations of Catullus*, falls in love with a very rich bourgeois's daughter, and by the influence of an aristocratic relative and the material help of the bourgeois, he is enabled to marry her. He chronicles his early domestic bliss and his efforts to make a way for himself in the world in a lively and capable fashion, and, indeed, we readers are never really hopeless of his ability to succeed finally. But Mr.

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White evidently became convinced at last that he was doomed to failure. At that point he paused to consider what he should do with him. Perhaps to leave him to idle, elegant loafing, or launch him on a series of costly and useless journalistic experiments, would be to make his story a fizzle ; so in despair, we conjecture, he tacked on his beginning to the end of some other hero that has been simmering in his brain. He sends him mad. But as this particular young man would never have gone mad without peculiar provocation, he provides him with a severe knock on the head. His mania is a happy one, in which he plays a benevolent, princely part—hence the title. The last part is not a first-rate study of madness, and the earlier chapters don't lead up to it at all. There is no cohesion in the book, and, though in parts it is clever enough, it is not what we expect from the writer of *Mr. Bailey-Martin*.

A FORGOTTEN DEBT (Dette Oubliée). By Léon de Tinseau. Translated by Florence Belknap Gilmour. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.00.

When reading this book, which appears simultaneously in Paris and this country, one feels that the author first intended to make a study of heredity, the outlines for which were drawn with well-defined lines and subtle shadows, and that, becoming interested in the story, he wanders from his original design and revels in weaving a somewhat weak and improbable romance.

These hints are found in the first chapters, where a child of an unhappy marriage inherits degeneracy of character from his father and an exalted nature from his mother ; and with these conflicting birth-gifts his journey through the tangled maze of life might have been delineated with power. Instead of this his character is not well worked out, and he is a negative person, who becomes the tool of two influences : first, that of the adventurer who dominates his father's life and turns the heart and thought of the boy from his mother ; and second, that of an old American officer in love with the unfortunate woman, and who goes from the western slope of the Rocky Mountains on the mission of resetting the hands on the clock of Fate.

The early married life of Maxime de Bernaz and his young wife is shown briefly and well with all the hopeless tendencies to distressing unhappiness. They live in the family château, dominated by the old Marquise de Bernaz, an egotistical, weak-minded, tyrannical, impolite nature, to whom may be traced the failure of her son's character and destiny.

Maxime early became discouraged in life, when he lost his fame as a prodigy and began to know " the faithful companions of his whole life—laziness and *ennui* "—and when he married his wife he took her " with the brutal logic of a stunted mind and with complete ignorance of the heart, as he would have taken a legal indemnity."

Her nature, on the other hand, " was to confound that which is with that which ought to be," and " her astonishment would have been great had some one told her that cleverness is necessary in life, such as men have made it, to perfect the workings of the most natural sentiments and the most holy duties." At the introduction the author's best work ceases, and he proceeds with the story, giving Maxime into the hands of an adventurer in Paris and sending the wife to be governess to the daughter of an army officer on the plains of America. Finally he kills Maxime and marries the marquise to Major MacDuff, who has brought to her side the son she adores. The son, in his turn, is rewarded with the hand of the American girl who was his mother's charge. She, being wealthy, is able to purchase the family château, which had passed into alien possession. It is singular to find a French author dwelling with so much pleasure on life in the West, and describing forts and garrisons, Indians and cowboys, ranch life, and scenes so unfamiliar to French literature. One of the observations which the author puts on the lips of a character is the following description of American women, which sounds something like a personal complaint. He says that " American girls evince a joy in the mere living which has something almost insolent in it for those whose opinion of life is so different. They seem to wear a label bearing these words : ' Do not present yourself if you cannot embellish our existence in one way or another.' "

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THE MERMAID. By L. Dougall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Those who are already familiar with Miss Dougall in either or both of her former stories, *Beggars All* and *What Necessity Knows*, will need no persuasion to read *The Mermaid*. Miss Dougall is master of a picturesque style, and her work has a distinct literary quality which is remarkable for its freshness and unusual vigour of expression. She has a deep vein of poetry in her too, as can be seen from some verses of hers which appear on another page. The scenes of this story—and scenery means much in this author's hands—are laid on the cold, bleak shores of Prince Edward's Island and among the ice-bound Isles of St. Magdalen. Caius Simpson as boy, youth, and man never once fails to interest us. We see clearly in the bent twig what limitations are set to his ambitions, and we follow sympathetically his commonplace life along the low levels, and watch it ebb and flow on the tide of love until it rises at flood, when, by losing his life for love's sake, he truly finds it. More we cannot say without spoiling the story. We should like to speak of the Mermaid, but the instinct that led her to elude and mystify Caius prompts us to a like secrecy. The chapter which describes Caius's race after the Mermaid in the sea and their strange adventure together is splendidly done, and is almost as exciting as that other swimming match between Aminta and her lover, which we have all been talking about. The unsuspected duel of affection, in which first the one and then the other of the two lovers is worsted, as each in turn becomes master of the situation, is rendered with a fine humour. The characters are few, the surroundings bare of all striking colour, yet Miss Dougall has made a bright story out of her meagre materials that entertains and breathes an enlivening atmosphere, which smacks breezily of the northern sea and wind, and has an exhilarating effect on the reader.

THE DOCTOR, HIS WIFE AND THE CLOCK By Anna Katharine Green. Autonym Library. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.

There is one thing about these stories which begin with a mysterious murder to be grateful for—they plunge into their business at once with an "end of the century" speed. You get your murder served up reeking hot in the first chapter, and every chapter thereafter keeps you on the *qui vive* until the murderer is trapped and all who were wrongfully detained are set at liberty. Then the story is wound up as expeditely as it began. The detective who is responsible for the revelation of the facts concerning the mysterious murder of Mr. Hasbrouck is caught on the horns of a dilemma, when he has reason to suspect that the woman whom he deeply reverences is a link in the chain of evidence he is collecting. Yet his ferreting instinct inevitably leads him into this *contretemps*, and as the interest of unravelling the tangled thread of the story becomes exciting at this point it would be unjust to enlighten the reader further. The author manages to hold the reader well in hand, and the story is cleverly written and skilfully constructed. It can be recommended to relieve *ennui* during the space of a couple of hours.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE MURREY COLLECTION OF COOKERY BOOKS. By Thomas J. Murrey. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Has Symbolism invaded culinary literature? Have certain letters and sounds a gastronomic significance as well as a colour value? And what is the secret of the psychic influence of a book like that of Mr. Murrey's? There be collections of like purpose with this which, when we read them, project into one's mental field of vision only the sights and scents of the kitchen—the lumps of fat, the raw meat, the smell of frying things, the shuffle of the scullion. You feel yourself in a stuffy dining-room adorned with chromos, and with drugget on the floor; a sickening whiff of hot lard smites your nostrils; you know that your hair will reek of it for hours,

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and that you will yourself be as odoriferous as a large cruller. But when you take up a volume such as Mr. Murrey's —presto! You are no longer reading a cook-book, but a poem, a gastronomical rhapsody, and a great artist is bringing to you in the subtlest way impressions that ravish all your senses. You have visions of the exquisite half-light of shaded candles that glow on the whitest of napery, upon old silver, rare china, and clustered flowers. The creamy bisque, the crisp croquette, the succulent salad, tempt your appetite, and make life worth the living. The noble old Burgundy glows in the crystal, the cat-like butler is at your elbow. You are an optimist, and all is well.

Who knows the secret of all this? Not we, but possibly Mr. Murrey, since he is the magician whose book of spells we read over with a genuine joy in its broad margins and clear type, and at the delightful things it tells us of. First, fifty soups; then fifty salads; then breakfast dainties; then dainty desserts; then *entrées;* then various other things equally indicative of high art, and last of all, a chapter on the chafing-dish, after reading which the veriest neophyte can deftly set before his more experienced friends the deviled oysters, the Newburg lobster, the truffled kidneys, and the Welsh rabbit after which his inexperience has yearned before in vain. We may not longer dwell upon the vista which this volume opens to the appreciative mind. Mr. Murrey is one of the benefactors of his fellow-men, and in putting down his book we give him our benediction, and shall often dream of what a dinner would be like of which he should have the ordering and whose preparation he should oversee!

TEN YEARS' DIGGING IN EGYPT. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. New York and Chicago: The Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.

How different is the narrative of one who knows and does, from that of one who only knows! Many a professor of archæology can describe all the processes of excavation and discovery, but it will always be in a very academic way, and with an appreciation of the greatness and portentousness of the thing described. But Mr. Flinders Petrie, he has dug up too much ancient bric-à-brac to feel any awe about it. Prospecting for whole cities appears to him quite an every-day affair; and he will turn up a Rameses with as much nonchalance as an Irishman would a hill of potatoes. With equal off-hand readiness he tells about the process, and his one short chapter, entitled "The Art of Excavating," is worth a dozen treatises written by university formalists. The two opening sentences give a taste of his quality:

"Probably most people have somewhat the idea of a worthy lady who asked me how to begin to excavate a ruined town—should she begin to dig at the top or at the side? A cake or a raised pie was apparently in her mind, and the only question was where to best reach the inside of it."

We confess to a lurking suspicion that the "worthy lady" in question was the late Amelia B. Edwards, whose Egyptology always had, to the instructed eye, a distinctly humorous side.

Mr. Petrie gives a very entertaining account of his work in Hawara in 1888, at Illahun and Gurob in 1889 and 1890, and at Medum in 1891; summing up in a subsequent chapter the positive results of his explorations. A very interesting lot of information is that which he gives on the subject of the fellaheen, as to whom his account is not encouraging—that they are cowardly, filthy, lacking in self-reliance, and endowed with a large degree of insensibility. The good points that he finds are a strong sense of hospitality and politeness, and a desire to do right. With a century or two of fairly good government there may be some hope for them. "To trust one's money to the care of the government at the post-office is an idea that astounds the fellah more than anything else he can learn of England," says Mr. Petrie; and the mere statement speaks volumes. A concluding chapter is full of good practical advice to the particular brand of tourists whom Mr. Petrie describes as "the active tripper," which appears to mean one who likes to knock about a good deal by himself and resents being "personally conducted." The volume has 116 illustrations indifferently executed.

POEMS, DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. By Lord de Tabley. Second series. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

Lord de Tabley is the stateliest of the minor poets of to-day, and all the qualities that live well in stately company are his, naturally, or by a sympathetic adoption. He is a literary poet, if we

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must make the distinction between those who would have sung had they never heard a line of Vergil or of Shelley, of Spenser or of Keats, and those who have been bred in the best-filled libraries. But once you begin to make such distinctions you have to go on, and "literary poet" is capable of further and further classifications. Echoes of Horace and of Tennyson you will hear in Lord de Tabley; he has learnt his craft from the masters. But he has learnt things outside his library, too; drunk at founts of wisdom which never flow for the mere scholar, the mere craftsman. You will do nothing very extravagant after reading his verse; it is not intoxicating, nor very mysterious. But when human sympathy rises to a certain height and touches certain depths, heights and depths recognisable to all but clods, it only wants the touch of skill to make it poetry of an eternally satisfying character. This sympathy, linked to a sense of beauty in nature and human nature, is Lord de Tabley's in a high degree, and in language not always perfectly spontaneous, but invariably dignified and delicate, he knows how to express it. His passion does not run wild; it is soaring rather than burning. But "An Invocation" is not merely stately and elaborate praise of the beloved. Warmth and intensity are there, too—

"Turn not the splendour of thine eyes aside,
Though night and all her shadows are deceased:
Thy glance is as the morning's to divide
The pillared chambers of the glowing east.
* * * * *
"My life is as a lonely woodland mere,
Whose sullen waters without sun repose:
And thou one ivory lily floating here,
Marble and white, flushed with a tint of rose."

"A Serenade" and "The Second Madrigal" are two charming love-songs, in other metres and other moods, while in "The Haughty Lady" we have one rarely expressed answer to the lover's craving. The lady has found out love to be "a little laughter and a long disdain." . . . "Poor pipe of earthly passion, in whose tone there only lives the discord of a day." She is the only speaker, yet the poem reads like a drama.

But though Lord de Tabley writes of love with grace and warmth, he sounds his deepest note in the fine counsel in "The Wine of Life," that closes the present volume. The poem may be read as casting scorn on all the activities of the present; it may be also read as an inscription over the gate which leads to one sure refuge from the glare of day—the country of the past.

"A broad cup brimmed with mighty red
These silent years to us assign;
From old Falernian vineyards shed,
The Roman sends the Teuton wine.

"Old Fauns have breathed against the grapes,
Old-world aromas haunt the bowl;
Still music of forgotten shapes,
Dim pathos of a Pagan soul."

POEMS AND CAROLS. By Selwyn Image. London: Elkin Mathews.

Of these the carols are the best. Of course they are mainly conscious imitations of old forms; but imitation does not explain all their success. The part of Mr. Image's imagination in which these Christmas hymns were born, must be a good deal after the pattern of the imaginations of the old makers. Metres are easy to catch; so is the habit of using vivid pictorial images; but the brevity, the simplicity that dares speak boldly, and yet knows how to stop at a mere suggestion, instead of elaborately completing a picture, are not at all easy to attain. Half the secret of Mr. Image's success is, of course, not technical, but consists in the devoutness that enables him to live in the minds of the old hymn writers of a simpler age. The true spirit has preceded the correct accent. Yet the fascination of this metrical exercise has tempted others than the devout; and one of these, Gautier, in his *Emaux et Camées*, comes once very near perfect success. He concerned himself, however, only with the picture of the Nativity. Mr. Image, like the old English carol writers, sings doctrine, too, and their rugged sincerity has never been better reproduced. Yet he has not spoilt his verse by archaic affectations.

"Hie, shepherds, hie!
Kneel, chant a lullaby!
Your Shepherd's here asleep.
Hell's rav'ning Beast
No more shall rend or feast
On us, poor sheep."

Neither that specimen nor any other has anything of the tame sweetness of the modern Christmas hymn. Mr. Image's religious poetry is austere, but we feel he had a reason for writing it.

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The best of the carols are "The Easter Hymn,"

"O vacant tomb!
Where is he gone that was thy treasure?"

"The Shepherds' Song," "Deep, deep snow," and "Consider, O my soul, what morn is this!" all reaching a high level of poetic dignity.

The few love poems in the very slender volume are well-fashioned. It is hard to say more for them. Mr. Image has framed them on graceful old models, but they ring less true than the songs he has made for the festivals of his Church.

THE SON OF DON JUAN. By José Echegaray. Translated by James Graham. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

Señor Echegaray is one of the most productive of living Spanish writers. He has written some fifty dramas in twenty-one years, during which time the most widely different interests have claimed his attention. He is a mathematician and an orator, a physicist, a lecturer on political economy and geology; he is consulted by civil engineers, and has written a book on submarine vessels of war. And this remarkable Jack of all trades seems, indeed, to be really master of some. His cleverness as a dramatist is indisputable; his quickness to see the situations in modern life that adapt themselves to dramatic treatment is very rare. Mr. Graham writes in rather a fulsome strain, but Echegaray deserves much of his praise. This very play which Mr. Graham has translated is clever in its workmanship and impressive in its tone. The translation is not first rate, but it does not dishonour its original in any flagrant manner.

Mr. Graham's workmanship, however, is not the main point to be considered. *The Son of Don Juan* raises a point in ethics. It is frankly an adaptation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*. There are considerable differences between the two, of course. The erring father in the Spanish drama lives to see the madness of his son. Lazarus, the son, is an interesting young poet. The characters are Spanish characters; the setting is Spanish; there is a southern fervour in the conversation. Echegaray gives no lazy, but, on the contrary, a very painstaking and a very clever adaptation, putting in a great deal of his own, though nothing at all of striking literary value. He acknowledges his debt, acknowledges that he borrowed Lazarus's mad clamour, "Give me the sun; mother, mother—the sun! For God's sake—for God's sake—for God's sake, mother—give me the sun." And if he had not acknowledged it, no one would have been deceived. The idea, some of the story, much of the development, are Ibsen's. Now playwrights borrow very frequently, even from their contemporaries. But not playwrights of literary eminence, surely? Or, if so, why is it held reputable in them, seeing that in novelists it would be held intolerable? The whole past is open to both to steal from, and Shakespeare has shown them the way. So we have in the example before us either a strange combination of audacity and meanness, one dramatist borrowing from another a capital idea in that other's lifetime, or the adaptation may be regarded as the adapter's way of doing honour to a brother genius. And the latter supposition probably fits the present case. But if so, the adapter's merit is merely technical; and it is absurd to treat him as seriously as if he had conceived and developed the whole idea. Echegaray deserves attention, but it was not a fortunate choice to select this particular drama to introduce him to us as a Spanish man of letters. It would serve very well on the stage to prove his skill as a playwright, but in the dainty Cameo Series, which is a home for masterpieces, *The Son of Don Juan* seems a trifle out of place.

THE WHITE BOOK OF THE MUSES. By G. F. Reynoldson. London: Johnston. 6s. net.

This is in several ways a remarkable book. First let us refer to its outside, which is very magnificent, with its gilt flowers and rivers and muses on fair white buckram. Then the paper is very good and thick, and the type excellent. The muses are hospitably housed. But Mr. Reynoldson is nothing if not hospitable. He would fain omit nobody from his sonneteering honours, and thus it comes that, within the same cover, Homer hobnobs with Mr. W. E. Henley, Sappho with Mr. Sharp, Theocritus with Mrs. Graham Tomson, Spenser with Mr. Arthur Symons, and Ben Jonson with Mr. Lionel of (very nearly) the

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same surname. But his courtesy goes farther. He will make no invidious distinctions at his table. Like a well-bred host, he knows his guests' little private achievements, and in his address to each, flatteringly insinuates the knowledge ; but he refuses to bestow his best adjectives on Dante, say, to the impoverishment of Mr. John Davidson, or on Catullus to make sink the heart of Mr. Norman Gale. No cold, grudging critic spirit disturbs his generous catholicity. Hence, we read in the Sonnet to Aristophanes :

> " As mighty as the mountains
> The personality which holds us here ;"

and we think that fine till we come to " Lord de Tabley," and find him faring still better :

> " Monarchically throned, august
> As God embodied in the heavenly blue."

Homer, in deference to old prejudice, comes off well, of course :

> " The morning star who from Heaven's guiding height
> Shed lustre o'er the walls and halls of Troy,"

but really Mr. Le Gallienne has nothing to complain of by comparison ; for is he not thus apostrophised ?—

> " A star shone at thy birth, I trow,
> Whose amethystine sphere
> Coloured the air above, below,
> With loving lustre clear."

How delighted must Mr. Symons be to know that he was " born for the poet's purple," and Mr. Davidson that the muses " ring him round in honey-hearted bowers," and Mr. Johnson that his " words win love as roses win the spring." Henceforth secure, they may snap their fingers at the reviewers' carping words of prose. But nothing is perfect under the sun, not even Mr. Reynoldson's hospitality. A few guests have been omitted, and crave a speedy new edition of *The White Book of the Muses*.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

The Messrs. Scribners publish *Short Studies in Party Politics*, by Noah Brooks, which is a sketch of American party government from Washington's administration to the end of Grant's, though containing allusions to later issues and later events, as the tariff and the monetary problem. It is divided into four chapters, whose titles pretty well describe the contents : " The First Things in American Politics," " The Passing of the Whigs," " When Slavery Went Out of Politics," and " The Party Platforms of Sixty Years" (*i.e.*, the sixty years ending in 1892). The book is a good volume to read in connection with the late Professor Johnston's *American Politics*, supplying a commentary on persons and events, much needed in the perusal of that very condensed manual. Mr. Brooks lets his own political sentiments appear too plainly, but one is not obliged to adopt them. The book contains portraits of the Presidents down to Lincoln inclusive, and of the principal statesmen of the same period.

One of the most readable of the purely popular books on the First Napoleon that have recently appeared is *The Military Career of Napoleon the Great*, by Mr. Montgomery B. Gibbs, published by the Werner Company, of Chicago. It is a volume of some 500 pages, and tells very entertainingly the story of Napoleon's campaigns, with an abundance of picturesque anecdote and personal detail. The battles are described with much spirit and force. Thirty-two full-page illustrations accompany the text and add to its interest. The binding of the volume is especially to be commended as both neat and serviceable. The price of the book is $1.25.

The Messrs. Appleton publish the late Professor Quatrefage's work on the Pygmies, as the latest addition to their Anthropological Series. It treats of the Pygmies of the ancients, of the Mincopies, of the Nigritos other than the Mincopies, and of the Negrillos or African Pygmies, with a chapter on the religion of the Hottentots and Bushmen. Professor Quatrefage's own scientific position as an opponent of all the proposed theories of evolution, and a believer in the great antiquity of the human race, which he held to have had but a single source, make all his anthropological writings extremely interesting. The present volume is supplied with a large number of illustrations. The translation from the French is the work of Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, who is the editor of the series, and who supplies a too brief sketch of Quatrefage by way of preface.——Another publication of an anthropological nature is Bache-

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lor's *Ainu of Japan*, a book of 331 pages with 80 illustrations, which comes to us this month from the Fleming H. Revell Company. It is a pleasantly written account of the singular people known as the Ainu, who were the historical aborigines of the islands of Japan, but of whom only some 17,000 survive, distinguished for their long hair and their filth. Mr. Bachelor was a missionary among them for many years, and writes an unpretending, readable narrative of his observations and experiences. Curiously enough, they might also be regarded as Pygmies, their average height being little more than five feet. Price, $1.50.

The Messrs. Macmillan send us the third volume of their "Economic Classics," which contains selected chapters from the famous *Essay on the Principles of Population*, by Malthus. The editor of the series has chosen about one third of the Malthusian essay as first published in 1798, and about one twentieth of the essay as it appeared in the edition of 1803. There are added, also, passages from the appendices to the third and fifth editions, and from the preface to the edition of 1817. The volume, which contains in all 134 clearly printed pages, will be a most convenient form of reference for those who desire to make a personal acquaintance with the book of a very original thinker, whose remarkable argument on the dangers of an increasing population is more often referred to than read. The price of the volume is 75 cents.

In *The Idiot*, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs reintroduces the company whose conversations were recorded in his former book, *Coffee and Repartee*, and once more reveals the cenacular secrets of Mrs. Smithers's boarding-house.——Somewhat larger in size and more diluted in its humorous quality is Mr. Hayden Carruth's *Adventures of Jones*, Jones being a modern Munchausen who discourses of strange experiences to his friend Jackson Peters, the yarns being spun out to the extent of twenty chapters. Occasionally they excite in one the belief that they are about to become amusing; but it cannot conscientiously be asserted that the hope is ever quite fulfilled. Still there may exist persons whose midriffs can respond to this very elemental tickling. Both these volumes come from the press of the Messrs. Harper.

Messrs. Boericke and Tafel, of Philadelphia, publish *The Essentials of Homœopathic Therapeutics*, a "quiz compend," giving in the shape of question and answer the essential principles of the homœopathic treatment of various diseases, and detailing the symptoms indicative of the various drugs in the homœopathic pharmacopœia.

Californians proud of the beauty of the wild flowers of their fair State will be pleased to see the beautiful collection as presented in the second edition of *Wild Flowers of California*. No water-colour artist could paint the flowers so faithfully as they are presented in this collection of pressed flowers. The pressing and mounting of the flowers has been done so faithfully that they retain their colours as in life. Baby Blue Eyes, the Mariposa Lily, the beautiful Golden Poppy, and other flowers of California appear so natural that there is a temptation at first glance to pluck them. Two well-known Californian writers, Ina D. Coolbrith and Grace Hibbard, have written choice sonnets for the volume, which is beautifully bound, and comes daintily cased in a box. (San Francisco: The Popular Bookstore, $1.25.)

Trusts; or, Industrial Combinations in the United States is a volume prepared by Ernst von Halle for the Verein für Social-Politik. It deals with the general subject of trusts as to the general economic development which has fostered these combinations, with reference to their legal conditions, and with reference also to their results in relation to society and the State. As coming from a thoroughly impartial and competent foreigner, the treatise will be found one of much interest. The book is published by Macmillan and Company.

A beautiful Easter book, or in fact gift-book for any season of the year, is *Lingua Gemmæ*, prepared by Ada L. Sutton, and published by the Merriam Company. Mary Fairman Clark has provided it with marginal illustrations. The volume takes up each gem in order, gives a short description of it, its significance in the language of gems, and one or more quotations relating to it. The binding is very daintily done in white and gold.

The inaccurate title of *Heine in Art and Letters*, translated with a prefatory note by Elizabeth A. Sharp, covers a

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selection from Heine's *Essays and Letters* —to be explicit, those on Rossini and Meyerbeer; on Berlioz, Liszt, and Chopin; The Salon, 1831 and 1833; Letters from Berlin, 1822; The Old Régime; June Days, 1832; Letters from Normandy; and Letters from the Pyrenees. Art and letters do not include politics, but politics, of course, play no inconsiderable part in the above selection. There is no clear principle binding the extracts together, but Mrs. Sharp has compiled a very readable book, nevertheless; for her translation is intelligent, and the least of Heine's thoughts on art are fruitful yet, however informally they are expressed. German prose is locked away from a great many who would be glad to know more of Heine; so this little book should find readers. (Scott Library, London. 1*s.* 6*d.* Walter Scott.)

Henry Holt and Company have added to their list of Anthony Hope's stories in the Buckram Series (75 cents per volume) *A Man of Mark* and *Sport Royal.* The former is Mr. Hope's first book. It was issued by the Messrs. Remington, London, in 1890, and now that the critics have read *The Prisoner of Zenda*, there are not lacking certain sagacious ones among them who declare that had they read this first book they could have foreseen the author's subsequent success. *Sport Royal* is a collection of long and short stories, the longest extending to one hundred pages, and the shortest occupying but three. These also antedate *The Prisoner of Zenda*, having been reprinted chiefly from the *St. James's Gazette* by Messrs. Innes early in 1893.

THE SLEEPERS.

The tall carnations down the garden walks
Bowed on their stalks.

Said Jock-a-dreams to John-a-nods,
"What are the odds
That we shall wake up here within the sun,
When time is done,
And pick up all the treasures one by one
Our hands let fall in sleep?" "You have begun
To mutter in your dreams,"
Said John-a-nods to Jock-a-dreams.
And they both slept again.

The tall carnations in the sunset glow
Burned row on row.

Said John-a-nods to Jock-a-dreams,
"To me it seems
A thousand years since last you stirred and spoke,
And I awoke.
Was that the wind then trying to provoke
His brothers in their blessed sleep?" "They choke,
Who mutter in their nods,"
Said Jock-a-dreams to John-a-nods.
And they both slept again.

The tall carnations only heard a sigh
Of dusk go by.

Bliss Carman.

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AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

CONDUCTED BY MELVIL DEWEY.

NEW LIBRARIES.

No feature of recent library work is more gratifying than the marked tendency of principals of academies and high schools to accept their responsibilities as leaders of educational matters in their respective localities. This means that if a community has no public library the principal of the school will not rest satisfied till the deficiency is supplied. The State Public Libraries Department in New York has been in correspondence with over 400 different points in the State, and has already in the past two years chartered 73 new libraries and added 22 others to its register after reorganization or enlargement of field and provision for increased efficiency.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.—Dr. Frederick Van Duzen, principal of the Ogdensburg Free Academy, reports with justifiable pride the result of his efforts to secure a library for Ogdensburg. The George C. Clark property, valued at $50,000, which can be readily adapted for library use, comprising an entire block of beautiful lawn over 300 feet square, has just been secured for $35,000, every dollar of which was subscribed within three days. The property is said to be the finest in the city, the only one commanding an uninterrupted view of the St. Lawrence River.

Jervis Library, of Rome, N. Y.—Rome, at the other end of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, is receiving congratulations on a similar $50,000 property in the Jervis estate which has just passed into the hands of the new library trustees. This was a gift from an individual, so that personal subscriptions and local taxation may supplement the bequest.

John Crerar Library, Chicago.—Another great foundation, which it was feared might possibly be lost to the public, like the Jennie McGraw Fiske bequest to Cornell University, and most of the Tilden bequest to New York, has come through the mazes of the law safely, the trustees have organised, and with characteristic Chicago enterprise already talk of a possible opening this year. They have wisely determined to make it their first business to select a librarian, without repeating the too frequent blunder of spending much money on buildings and methods which the administrative head will wish quite otherwise, and on which he will often spend much more money in altering to meet his own ideas. Mr. Clement W. Andrews, whose excellent work as librarian of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is well known, has been elected as librarian and has accepted. The new library must grow more slowly because of the decision of the Trustees to leave the principal intact and to confine their expenditures to the annual income of $100,000. The greatest interest naturally centres in the recent decision as to its scope. While New York combines its foundations, Chicago differentiates. There is a singular correspondence between the two cities. New York has the Astor and Lenox, two of the greatest private library foundations in the country, corresponding to the other two in the Newberry and Crerar of Chicago. New York has in the edge of the city, between its park and the Hudson River, a university quarter, where Columbia College, the Teachers' College, Barnard College, St. Luke's Hospital, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and other great institutions are to find their permanent home. Chicago has in the southern section of the city, between Washington Park and Lake Michigan, its corresponding university quarter. New York has in its free circulating library, sustained by private gifts, one of the leading institutions of the country, circulating last year over 600,000 volumes, and this public library department is supplemented by the Tilden bequest of $2,000,000. Chicago has its public library system, supported, as it should be, by public taxation, and will soon move into its own magnificent new building, now being erected on the lake front.

The Newberry Library has barely got into its own splendid building on the north side; the Chicago University Library is still in temporary quarters;

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but no one who has watched the phenomenal development of this institution doubts that there will be a building in the not distant future commensurate with the great university and the remarkable growth of the library itself. The public and university libraries, with the Crerar and Newberry, are distinct in location, but are working in harmony in an effort to supplement rather than duplicate or rival each other. The public library of course takes the popular work of supplying books for the masses to read at their homes, and obtainable not only at the central library, but at the numerous convenient branches. Yet it will also have a large reference department in its central building. The university library of necessity must be a great encyclopædic collection. The Newberry, on the north side, has already made a specialty in medicine, and is collecting a great general library in history, literature, and art. It was proposed to the Crerar Trustees that they should make Americana their specialty, but the Newberry had already done so much in that direction, and the tastes and wishes of Mr. Crerar himself leaned so strongly toward the practical aid to be given in science and the useful arts, that the vote of the trustees was unanimous to make science the field of the new Crerar Library. This is to be interpreted broadly, and will include not alone natural science, but the useful arts and also social science.

Chicago has taken an important step in differentiating the fields of its libraries to avoid unnecessary duplication. New York has gone infinitely beyond it in the practical wisdom of consolidating its institutions into a single great public library.

New York Public Library.—The great metropolitan library, which has been waited for like the great American novel, seems at last to have come, or at least to have anchored in the offing. The preliminary negotiations between the trustees of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden libraries have been an object lesson to the world because of the broad spirit in which the representatives of these great trusts, each bearing the family name, have looked steadily to the good of the public rather than to the aggrandisement of particular institutions. The name chosen—"New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations"—curiously gives in an alphabetic arrangement of the great donors' names the order in which their noble gifts were made. The combined property will be about $8,000,000, half of which will be in endowment, thus yielding at 4 per cent $160,000 a year. It is taken for granted that after these great foundations are united the institution will also absorb the six branches of the New York Free Circulating Library, the Apprentices', the Aguilar, and perhaps some other libraries of the city. The growing demand for good reading in New York has been illustrated the past year by the work of the free library, carried on for the past fifteen years by voluntary subscriptions, while its friends have waited patiently, and sometimes almost despairingly for the coming of the greatly needed public library adequate to the metropolis of the western world. Last year they circulated 636,043 books from this one institution, an increase of 105,006 over the previous year.

A decade ago, when there was no little agitation in favor of a public library, the promoters seemed to think the proper course to be the erection of a monumental pile in Bryant Park or some other central position, and that the "mere bookish side of the enterprise" would care for itself. This folly seems, happily, outgrown, and it is now assumed by all that there will be not only a great central library, but branches at convenient points throughout the city to supply each citizen with the best reading within reasonable distance of his home. Popular sentiment agrees with professional experience in this matter, so that the site of the main library must be determined not by centre of population, but by the convenience of those who will have most occasion to use that scholars' storehouse. Of the locations so far suggested, or, in fact, possible, the strongest case has been made for that on Morningside Heights, which is clearly to be the future university quarter of the city. Not only will the various university departments of Columbia be clustered there, together with the Teachers' College, Barnard College, St. Luke's Hospital, and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, but inevitably other institutions will be attracted to the same neighbourhood, and the people who would most use the central library will be accommo-

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dated in that vicinity better than anywhere else on Manhattan Island. Superficial observers will make a plausible case against this location by drawing pictures of the busy man who is rushing to the station and cannot spend the few minutes extra time, and yet should share in the benefits of the public library. His case could only be fully met by having the library on the sidewalk like a newsstand. This new library should be for all the people and not for any class. It would be an outrage to compel the hurried men and women of business to go to the university quarter to get their books. Branches and deliveries must reach near to every home. It would be equally unwise to put the great scholar's collection not in the scholar's quarter, but down among the business men.

A lesson may be learned from commerce. Drug stores and various small retail shops must be scattered about the city near the homes. The great wholesale houses in any line the world over find it better to be grouped together. The branch libraries are the retail shops, and the great magazine of books at the central library corresponds to the warehouse or wholesale store, and belongs with its allied interests near the art and science museums in the university quarter. To scatter these all over the island, like churches or primary schools, would be as unwise as to distribute the various buildings and departments of a university equitably among the various wards of the city.

Though the new institution, with its $8,000,000, will be easily first among American libraries, New York must not forget that combination is not increase. Her present library facilities are increased only by the Tilden $2,000,000. The same great demand will remain as today for support from the public treasury of the at least twenty branches needed properly to supply the metropolis with books. Certain economies will result from consolidation, but it is well known that the Astor and Lenox libraries are far from meeting the present demands on them, and the mere fact of their consolidation will emphasise rather than remove the need for a substantial recognition in the tax levy of New York of the free library system as the necessary supplement to the system of popular education in the common schools. To fold the hands and wait to see the library millennium, which many seem to think is coming with consolidation, is as foolish as the methods of getting rich by combining accounts or other manipulations of figures without production of new wealth or increase of income. The splendid beginning by the trustees should stimulate every friend of education to earnest effort for prompt and proper recognition by the municipal authorities of the library necessities of the metropolis. Other large cities, like Chicago and Boston, appropriate yearly about one tenth as much for the support of the central library and its numerous branches and deliveries as they do for the common-school system. A man who opposed the use of the tax rate for our common schools would excite only contempt. Yet men are now living who have seen public sentiment undergo this change. Our children are clearly to feel the same contempt for any opposition to public support of an efficient library system, so rapidly is being recognised the true relation of the library as a necessary part of any successful plan of general education.

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

GROLIER CLUB PUBLICATIONS AT AUCTION.

A complete set of the publications of the Grolier Club was sold by Bangs & Co. at auction on the afternoon of March 18th. The prices were the highest yet realized at public sale, and probably far exceeded the expectations of the owner. The set, 23 volumes, and the etching, "Grolier in the House of Aldus," brought $941, a wonderful advance upon the original sum of about $165, at which they were issued to members at the time of publication.

The following is the list in detail with the prices at which they were sold. All were in the original bindings as published.

A Decree of Star Chamber concerning Printing. 150 copies printed. 1884. $116.00.

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Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam. 150 copies printed. 1885. $150.00.
Transactions. Part I. 740 copies printed. 1885. $5.00.
Irving's Knickerbocker's History of New York. 175 copies printed. 1886. $100.00.
Bookbinding as a Fine Art. By Robert Hoe. 200 copies printed. 1886. $85.00.
Historic Printing Types. By Theo. L. DeVinne. 200 copies printed. 1886. $35.00.
Peg Woffington. By Charles Reade. 2 vols. 250 copies printed. 1887. $62.00.
Christopher Plantin and the Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp. By Theo. L. DeVinne. 300 copies printed. 1888. $19.00.
Modern Bookbinding Practically Considered. By William Matthews. 300 copies printed. 1889. $30.00.
The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury. Edited and translated into English by Andrew Fleming West. 3 vols. 300 copies printed. 1889. $87.00.
Milton's Areopagitica. With an introduction by James Russell Lowell. 328 copies printed. 1890. $23.00.
Washington Irving: a Sketch. By George William Curtis. 344 copies printed. 1891. $40.00.
Catalogue of an Exhibition of Engraved Portraits. 200 copies printed. 1891. $11.00.
Catalogue of an Exhibition of Manuscripts and Books. 350 copies printed. 1892. $16.00.
Barons of the Potomack and the Rappahannock. By Moncure D. Conway. 360 copies printed. 1892. $37.00.
Catalogue of Original and Early Editions of some of the Poetical and Prose Works of English Writers. 400 copies printed. 1893. $21.00.
Facsimile of the Laws and Acts for their Majesties' Province of New York. Printed by William Bradford, 1694, with Introduction and Notes by R. L. Fowler. 312 copies printed. 1894. $48.00.
A Classified List of Early American Book-Plates. 350 copies printed. 1894. $15.00.
Transactions. Part II. 750 copies printed. 1894. $12.00.
Etching: Grolier in the Printing House of Aldus. Etched by the brothers Flameng. 300 copies printed. $29.00.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1895.

March business opened quietly, and continued so during the month. Library orders were good, and an increased demand has set in within the last few days for educational books, occasioned by the reopening of the schools after the spring vacation. I notice that new editions of Shakespeare are being largely bought. The Temple edition of Macmillan and the Ariel edition of Putnam's Sons seem to attract purchasers. Still, Rolfe's little classics continue to lead in sales.

The sales in Easter literature have as yet shown no great activity. European guide-books are selling well; the *Baedeker* is still the most complete and popular, while in a more compact form the new editions for 1895 of *The Satchel Guide* and Cassell's *Pocket Guide* are in fair demand. Paper-bound books, headed by *Chimmie Fadden*, are selling steadily. The paper edition of Kidd's *Social Evolution* is a good second. This was forced from Macmillan by the publication of uncopyrighted portions, and it promises to have a very large sale. The Cassell Company open a new series of paper books at fifty cents with *The Emigrant Ship*, by Clark Russell, and copyrighted works by well-known authors are announced to follow.

The most popular books published during the month are undoubtedly *A Man of Mark* and *Sport Royal*, by Anthony Hope, both old books reissued in uniform style with *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Other publications of the month which have been purchased largely are *The Idiot*, by John Kendrick Bangs, and *The Princess Aline*, by Richard Harding Davis. *Degeneration*, by Max Nordau, is selling splendidly on a steadily rising scale.

The publication of the fourth volume of Green's *Short History of the English People*, by Harper and Bros., completes this beautiful edition of a standard work which well deserves the sale it is commanding. The fourth volume of McMaster's *History of the People of the United States* is another book of the month which has met with exceptional favour, and which adds a new volume to an important work, for which there is always a steady call.

Several of the smaller publishing concerns have secured good works, which the public are appreciating. Notable among these are Stone and Kimball's edition of *Tristram Shandy* and *A Sawdust Doll*, by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, in attractive bindings. *The Yellow Book*, published by Copeland and Day, has been in vigorous demand, and *Hypnotism*, by James R. Cocke, issued through the Arena Publishing Co., continues to be popular.

The sales of the month have been rather light in comparison with former years. Reports from neighbouring cities indicate that a similar state of affairs exists throughout this portion of the country. Some of the publishers, however, are promising new publications for which there will be a demand, to appear within the next few weeks, so that business should hold its own during the spring. The books most in demand during the month were:

Sport Royal. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
A Man of Mark. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Idiot. By J. K. Bangs. $1.00.
The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Cloth, $1.50, and revised edition, paper, 25 cts.
Chimmie Fadden. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.
Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1895.

Trade during the past month may be likened to the prevalent weather of the season, which is

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changeable and unsettled. On some days the demand was all that could be desired. At other times, however, particularly during the middle and end of the month, orders were very light, and seemed to indicate caution on the part of the dealer, as the dull season approaches. Still, the average is good and quite up to expectation, which, in the still depressed state of business in the West and the unsettled financial condition of the country, gives us cause for much satisfaction.

The month has been much livelier than February in publishing circles, and quite a number of important new books have appeared. Perhaps the most important contribution to literature is the fourth volume of McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*, the advance orders being very large for a work of its class. This *History* seems to grow in popular favour with the advent of each new volume. The fourth and concluding volume of Harper's illustrated edition of Green's *Short History of the English People* also appeared, and is going fairly well. In fiction we have Richard Harding Davis's new story, *The Princess Aline*, which bids fair to rival in popularity anything he has yet written, excepting perhaps the ever popular *Van Bibber;* also *A Man of Mark*, by that indefatigable writer, Mr. Anthony Hope, and *A Sawdust Doll*, by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, which made its *entrée* late in the month, and is selling very largely. Being a society novel of the very latest pattern, *A Sawdust Doll* is likely to become quite a fad in fashionable and novel-reading circles. A new book by John Kendrick Bangs, detailing the further adventures of the "Idiot," the central luminary in his other book, *Coffee and Repartee*, has also reached us, and is in lively demand.

The time of year is now approaching when we may expect many calls for books on out door sports, on farming and gardening, etc., and dealers will do well to look over their stock of this kind of literature, and see that it is in good shape. Architectural works and books on building and construction will also be called for as the spring advances. It would be advisable also to look up works on Joan of Arc, for the magazines and newspapers are taking up and will probably exploit the career of this most extraordinary historical character. It will not be surprising if a Maid of Orleans fad displaces to a certain extent the Napoleonic one.

One would suppose that in the sales of paper-covered books, works of fiction would always take first place; but oddly enough, the cheap paper books most in demand at present are *Coin's Financial School* and *A Tale of Two Nations*, both dealing with the silver question. This is significant, as marking the deep interest the public are taking in this problem.

As will be noticed from the appended list of the best selling books, *Trilby* still leads the demand, and has lost but little, if any, of its popularity. *The Manxman* dropped off a little toward the end of the month, but *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* grows in favour, and each month finds it selling better.

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.
A Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. $1.25.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The United States from the Revolution to the Civil War. Vol. IV. By McMaster. $2.50.
A Man of Mark. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.
The Idiot. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.00.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Walter Besant. $1.50.
The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00 and $1.25.
Short History of the English People. Vol. IV., illustrated edition. By J. R. Green. $5.00.
First of the English. By A. C. Gunther. $1.00 and 50 cts.
Men Born Equal. By Harry P. Robinson. $1.25.

ENGLISH NOTES.

FEBRUARY 18 TO MARCH 23, 1895.

With the advent of Lent commences the quiet time of the Book Trade, and the present year is no exception, the decrease of business being very marked. Orders from India have been a little heavier, but otherwise there has not been much change outside the home trade.

Few modern treatises on theology have been so favourably received as Denney's *Studies in Theology*, published a few months since. Possibly the superiority of the style in which it was brought out contributed not a little to its popularity.

Will the bookseller's shop ever again be a centre of literary intercourse? A possible solution of the question may be found in the publication of the *Bulletin of New Books and New Editions*, which will shortly be issued twice a week in a form convenient for posting up in the shop or filing in the library. Although the list of the more popular books includes many of the latest novels, it must be borne in mind that the numbers sold during the last month are smaller than previously. The poets do not seem to attract much notice.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Earl Lavender. By John Davidson. 6s.
Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Tales of Mean Streets. By E. Morrison. 6s.
The Trail of the Sword. By G. Parker. 6s.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By W. Besant. 6s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Bondman, By Hall Caine. 6s.
Gallia. By M. M. Dowie. 6s.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. *net.*
The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Studies in Theology. By J. Denney. 5s.

A complete list of prices of the January Foote sale containing the names of buyers has been printed to bind uniform with the catalogue, by the publishers of THE BOOKMAN, *and will be presented to any subscriber desiring it. To others it will be sold at 75 cents.*

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1 and April 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Law of Psychic Phenomena. By T. J. Hudson. $1.50. (McClurg.)
5. Lesser Questions. By Lady Jeune. $1.75 (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Green's Short History of English People. Vol. IV. $5.00. (Harper.)
2. The Idiot. By J. K. Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Stories for all the Year. By Rice. $1.50 (Stokes.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. History of the English People, Vol. IV. By Green. $5.00. (Harper.)
4. The Idiot. By Bangs $1.00. (Harper.)
5. The Mermaid. By L. Dougall. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. The Face in the Mask. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
4. Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers. By A. Willard. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
 The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Despotic Lady. By W. E. Norris. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
6. Kitty's Engagement. By Florence Warden. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell & Coryell.)
4. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. Woman Who Did. By Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
6. Love and Quiet Life. By Walter Raymond. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Men Born Equal. By H. P. Robinson. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
6. Century of Charades. By Bellamy. $1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. His Broken Sword. By Winnie L. Taylor. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Idiot. By J. K. Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. In the Midst of Alarms. By R. Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
2. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
6. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Publishing Co.)
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2 00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Adventures of Jones. By Carruth. $1.00. (Harper.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50; paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. In Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
4. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. For Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Kentucky Cardinal. J. L. Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Stories of the Foot Hills. By Mrs. Margaret C. Graham. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
4. First of the English. By A. C. Gunter. 50 cts. (Home Pub. Co.)
5. Amateur Emigrant. By R. L. Stevenson. $1.25 (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Chimmie Fadden. By E. W. Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Out of the East. By Hearn. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. My Study Fire, 2d series. By Mabie. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead.)
5. Miss Cherry Blossom. By J. L. Long. $1.25 (Lippincott.)
6. Life and Letters of Erasmus. By Froude. $2.50. (Scribner.)

NEW HAVEN, CT.

1. Adventures of Jones. By Carruth. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By Besant. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Works of Chaucer, student ed. By Skeat. $1.75 net. (Macmillan.)
5. The Mermaid. By L. Dougall. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Half Century with Lawyers and Judges. By Willard. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Coin's Financial School. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
2. Poe's Works. $15.00. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. In the Midst of Alarms. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
4. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. Father Stafford. By Hope. 75 cts. (Neely.)
5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. Slum Stories of London. 75 cts. (Holt.)

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Jungle Book. By Kipling. $2.00. (Century)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Vernon's Aunt. By Cotes. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. Round the Red Lamp. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. 25 cts., paper. (Macmillan.)
3. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Amateur Emigrant. By Stevenson. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Kitty's Engagement. By Florence Warden. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. History of the People of the U. S. Vol. IV. By McMaster. $2.50. (Appleton.)

PITTSBURGH, PA.

1. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75 (Harper.)
3. Addresses and Sermons. By Wilson. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Miss Cherry Blossom. By Long. $1.25. (Lippincott.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Idiot. By J. K. Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
3. Sport Royal. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Out of the East. By Lafcadio Hearn. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. The Wind in the Clearing, and other Poems. By R. C. Rogers. $1.25. (Putnam.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The Ralstons. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

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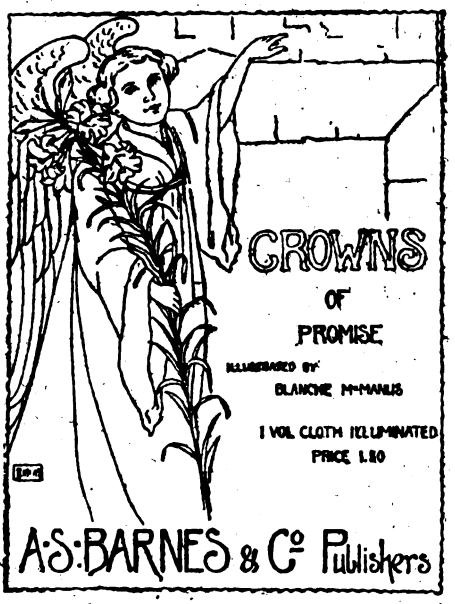
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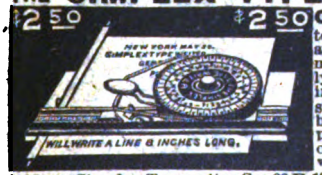
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Vol. I. MAY, 1895. No. 4

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A Literary ::Journal::

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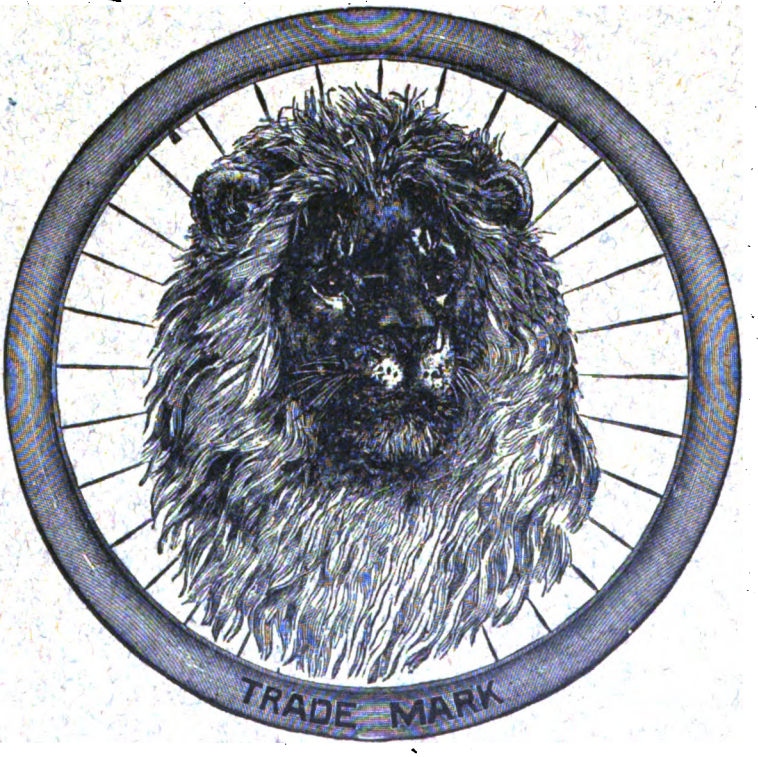
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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. MAY, 1895. No. 4.

NEWS NOTES.

The article on the poet Whittier in this number will be followed by the publication of some of his letters to Miss Helen Burt, which have not yet seen the light in print. The June BOOKMAN will also contain an article by Miss Beatrice Harraden, the author of *Ships that Pass in the Night*. Miss Harraden is still living with friends in California, whither she went a year ago, and she will recount some of her experiences and impressions, which, to judge by her correspondence, have been very happy, out in the West. She has been visiting Mrs. Graham, the author of *Stories of the Foothills*, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and says she has some pleasant things to relate about the book and its author.

❀

The *Trilby* fad is visibly on the wane, and its rapid disappearance may now be looked for. Having been successfully dramatised, which means, of course, vulgarised, and having reached the stage of parody, its *fine fleur* is lost to it. As to these parodies, not one has been produced with a single gleam of real wit. The most inanely dreary of them all is probably the *Billtry* of Mary Kyle Dallas.

❀

Yet though soon to be lost to the world of readers, the influence of Du Maurier's book will for some time be felt in the sphere of art. The Trilby type may be looked for in the work of contemporary illustrators for the rest of the year at least. The most conspicuous instance of it just at present is found in Mr. Gibson's frontispiece to *The Princess Aline*, which is a perfect Trilby, in an exaggerated form. By the way, what a pity that Trilby did not live to a good old age, so that we might have seen what a nutcracker face she must inevitably have developed! Even as it is, the Trilby jaw is quite as much in evidence as the Trilby foot.

❀

Fortunately, we are not left wholly in the dark as to the probable appearance of a mature Trilby. Mr. W. M. Butterfield, the artist who is responsible for the black and yellow poster which advertises the new novel *Melting Snows*, gives us a real Trilby, but a Trilby of some forty years of age—a Trilby who has reformed and eschewed cakes and ale, and who poses no more in the altogether; a lackadaisical Trilby, apparently suffering with remorse or the toothache. After seeing it, one is perhaps quite reconciled to the fact of the original Trilby's early death. The poster is hereby commended to collectors of Trilbyana and of *affiches*.

❀

The Princess Aline is to be put down as still another success of Richard Harding Davis. No one can lay any of this popularity to the logrollers or to anybody's *flair*, for Mr. Davis is quite the reverse of popular with most of his literary brethren, who invariably describe him as "too cockey." One of them, however, perhaps gave a clue to the source of this unpopularity the other day when questioned by a friend who asked him, "Now, really, what is it that you don't like about Davis's work?" And the answer came promptly with a cynical frankness, "Its success!"

❀

Arrangements have been made for a German translation of *As Others Saw Him: A Retrospect, 54 A.D.*, recently published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

❀

With the publication of *Master and Man*, a new romance by Count Leo Tol-

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stoy, which has just been issued, the Messrs. Appleton mean to revive the summer series which they started some years ago. The handy little volumes will be somewhat taller and narrower than those in the former series. The publishers are yet in doubt as to the nomenclature which they shall give the series, but a happy thought strikes us. The volume to follow *Master and Man* is a new story by Miss L. Dougall, entitled *The Zeit-Geist.* Why not call them the Zeit-Geist Series? Mr. William Dean Howells, who, by the way, has written an introduction to Count Tolstoy's new book, is our authority for stating that the Count spells his name with a final "y" instead of the "i," as it is commonly written.

❀

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling are to sail for India in the autumn. Mr. Kipling has been engaged to write for the *Cosmopolitan*, and we are told on good authority that the object of his projected visit to India is to gather material for this series.

❀

Mr. John Jacob Astor's *Journey in Other Worlds* has been translated into French, and has just been published in Paris by Hachette.

❀

Messrs. Stone and Kimball have in the press a new work by Gilbert Parker, entitled *When Valmond Came to Pontiac; or, The Story of the Lost Napoleon.*

❀

When Stevenson was passing through New York, on his way to Samoa, he met the St. Gaudens family, and became very much interested in Mr. St. Gaudens' little son. The result was a letter which he left with the boy on condition that it should not be opened until after the writer's death. The letter has proved to be a very characteristic bit of writing.

❀

Dr. John C. Van Dyke is to write the text for the *Portfolio of Dutch Painters* to be produced in the autumn by the Century Company. The engravings are to be the work of Cole.

❀

That apostle of the grotesque, Aubrey Beardsley, expresses satisfaction at the advent of the artist into billboard notoriety. "Beauty has now laid siege to the city," he says, "and telegraph-wires are no longer the sole joy of our æsthetic perceptions. Of course the public finds it hard to take seriously a poor printed thing left to the mercy of sunshine, soot, or shower; still the artist finds the bill-sticker no bad substitute for a hanging committee, and a paster affords much scope both as regards colouring and design."

❀

Mr. Beardsley is engaged on a *fin de siècle* version of "Venus and Tannhäuser," which will be a rococo rendering of the old legend. He is also at work upon "a modern novel," and a set of illustrations to the Book of Leviticus! which latter he says "suits me admirably." By the way, "The Mysterious Rose Garden," which appeared in the last volume of *The Yellow Book*, and caused so much revolt and horror, is in reality, he gravely asserts, "the first of a series of Biblical illustrations, and represents nothing more or less than the Annunciation."

❀

Mr. Beardsley speaks with indignation of the British critic's pretentious discovery of the unmentionable in his work. He relates how in *The Yellow Book* (Vol. III.) he produced two drawings and signed them with a *nom de guerre.* All the critics fell into the trap; one critic after referring to Beardsley's work contemptuously, actually praising the work of "Philip Broughton" one of his *incognito* drawings. Favourable reports have reached us of Mr. Beardsley's health since our last issue, but there is no word of his coming to America yet.

❀

The author of the series of articles relating to dramatic criticism, which appear regularly in the London *Saturday Review* over the signature G. B. S., is George Bernard Shaw, who is best known in this country for his very clever and unusual play entitled *Arms and the Man*, first produced in this city by Mr. Richard Mansfield.

❀

The following important piece of information appeared in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald:*

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Surprises in Heaven.

[By Commercial Cable to the *Herald*.]

New York, *March 31st*.—The *Herald's* leading editorial to-day says that many surprises await us in heaven.

❀

An agitated subscriber writes to ask why The Bookman uses what he is pleased to call the "English spelling," and why we do not adopt the system found in Webster and in the Century and Standard Dictionaries. We can best reply to this inquiry by repeating a conversation which took place not long ago between a distinguished Professor of Political Economy and a Profound Philosopher. The Professor of Political Economy, who had been flirting a little with various heterodox theories, said to his friend: "Now frankly, A——, what real objection have you to Socialism as a system?" To which the Profound Philosopher replied: "Only the same objection that I have to walking down Fifth Avenue wearing a bright green necktie!" It is this same objection that we have to such forms as "specter," "Savior," and "pedagog." We desire also respectfully to protest against describing this barbaric mutilation of words as being "American," and the full form as "English," since the latter is English only in the sense that our native language is English, and the other is American only in the sense that pie for breakfast is American.

❀

Two sumptuous volumes, rich in illustration and highly entertaining matter, have just been published; one by the Messrs. Appleton, entitled *Actual Africa; or, the Coming Continent*, by Frank Vincent. The other one is Henry T. Finck's *Lotos-Time in Japan*, the cover of which is a *tour de force* of the designer's art.

❀

Copeland and Day will publish during the month a new volume of poems by Francis Thompson, to be entitled *Songs Wing to Wing*. None of the poems seem to us to rise to the high-water mark of "The Hound of Heaven," but all are distinguished by Mr. Thompson's peculiar poetic quality.

❀

An Italian paper reports that Mr. Gladstone was seen, as his train left Cap Martin, reading the New York *Herald* without his glasses. The English and Continental press have followed the footprints of the honourable statesman on his vacation with amazing industry and sometimes with comic effects, as witness this *jeu d'esprit* from the London *Sketch*.



A VACATION EXERCISE.

The chief literary work which Mr. Gladstone has on hand at the present time is one on which he has been working for the last ten years in the short holidays of his crowded public life. This is a new edition of Bishop Butler, with annotations. Mr. Gladstone's book is to be in two volumes. The text will be in one, the annotations in another.

❀

The Columbia University Press, which was organised a year ago on the model of the Clarendon Press at Oxford and the Pitt Press at Cambridge, has at last

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begun to announce a list of publications. The first of these is *Municipal Home Rule*, by Professor Goodnow, of Columbia College, a notice of which will appear in our next number. In June the Press will bring out a handsome volume of plates and letter-press by Professor E. B. Wilson, illustrating his original and very suggestive biological researches in the life of the cell. These plates are prepared by a new process which applies photography to the results of microscopical work. The publications of the Press are issued through Macmillan and Company, its agents.

❀

Miss Peabody's beautiful poem, "Isolation," in the May *Atlantic*, which has been highly spoken of by several critics, is not the author's first published work, yet she is still a young girl, just completing her Freshman year at Radcliffe.

❀

A correspondent in a British periodical says: "You refer this week to the title 'Jan Maclaren' as an amusing error committed by *Le Chrétien Evangélique*. In a country newspaper, published within twenty miles of London, the name appeared as '*Jane* Maclaren' not many weeks ago."

❀

The posthumous works of Leconte de Lisle are to be published shortly by Lemerre. M. François Coppée is to help the relatives of the poet in preparing the volume, which will begin with the eulogy of Victor Hugo which Leconte de Lisle pronounced on the day of his reception by the Academy.

❀

Mr. Laurence Hutton sailed for Genoa on the 4th of this month. He will spend some time in Paris in order to gather material for a new book on the literary landmarks of Paris. His papers on the literary landmarks of Venice, Florence, and Rome will be issued by the Harpers in October.

❀

The *Saturday Review* for April 13th has two delightful blunders. One of its leading reviewers informs us that Alexandre Dumas the Younger is no longer living, and another contributor speaks of the personal recollections of Joan of Arc, now appearing in *Harper's*, as being an authentic, historical work translated by Mr. Alden. Since the recent change in its editorship, this leading English review has lost a great deal of its interest. It is no longer frivolous and flippant, but it has the much greater fault of being flat.

❀

The practical dismissal of Professors Bemis and Hourwitz from the University of Chicago not long ago, still continues to excite considerable discussion in academic circles. It is, of course, understood that differences of opinion arose between President Harper and the two professors with regard to the tendency of their economic teaching. Professor Bemis, it is said, had some pretty well-defined theories about the control of the gas supply by the municipality. As such control would be inimical to the interests of the Standard Oil Company, which has local gas works, it is easily seen that a university whose funds ooze out of the Standard Oil pipes found its *Lehrfreiheit* considerably hampered. It was a contest between science and gas, and, as might have been expected, science was promptly asphyxiated.

❀

Mr. Frank Stockton writes us that he was not present at the meeting between the Poet and the Harvard undergraduates described in the March number of THE BOOKMAN. This leaves only Mr. Laurence Hutton and the Poet himself to be heard from; so that our article on "The Genesis of a Joke" may soon see the light. We are also gathering material incidentally for another article on "Humourists Who Take Themselves Very Seriously."

❀

The May number of *McClure's Magazine* publishes a portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm (p. 533), and labels it "The Emperor Frederick."

❀

Messrs. Appleton and Company, in preparing and publishing their *Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America*, have taken the pains to produce a book which at once aspires to become a standard and popular work; being, on the one hand, written by one who is an acknowledged authority in ornithology, and who has studied the birds and their habits direct from nature; and, on the other hand, having avoided all techni-

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calities, and containing, as it does, over 200 illustrations drawn at first hand from bird life. Not the least favourable feature about its production is its very moderate expense. Most books that deal authoritatively and at length on this subject are confined by their scientific method to the practised ornithologist, and also command a high price. The cheaper handbooks are insufficient, and when more or less reliable are unsatisfactory at best. So that it will be seen that there is a want for just such a book as that written by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the Museum of Natural History; indeed, it would gratify our readers if they could see the warm letters which have been received from well-known authorities who have read the book in sheets.

❀

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Miss Alice Brown have started together on a walking trip through England. Miss Guiney and Miss Brown have been literary collaborators of late; in the *Three New England Heroines* last autumn, and now in the Stevenson Memorial, just published by Copeland and Day.

❀

Miss Brown is a native of New Hampshire, but she spends her winters in Boston, living in an old street that has numbered among its residents Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott, and Whipple, the essayist. Miss Brown was once on the *Transcript* staff, but now works for *The Youth's Companion*. Mr. Alden calls her one of the strongest of the younger poets.

❀

"John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie), whose novel of the long name is reviewed on another page, is the daughter of a Mr. Richards, who, we understand, is the proprietor of a famous patent medicine. She is a dark, handsome woman, with large, luminous eyes, and a very high colour. She dresses very smartly, and in conversation is as epigrammatic and brilliant as in her books. *Some*



T. H. Craigie.

Emotions and a Moral, *The Sinner's Comedy*, *A Bundle of Life*, *A Study in Temptations*, and the title of her last novel, *The Gods*, *Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham*, tell us at a glance what to expect before turning a page. Indeed, Mrs. Craigie avows that "the title in each case will be found to explain, so far as a title may, the character of the work." She styles them "philosophical fantasies." Her first book, which she finished in the autumn of 1891, was composed "during many months of wearing illness and under the strain of domestic anxiety," and most of her work since has been pro-

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duced "during long days and hours of invalescence."

❀

Miss Lilian Bell began the writing of *A Little Sister to the Wilderness* several years ago, but it was laid aside until, as



LILIAN BELL.

she says, "I should grow up to it." Her sympathetic portrayal of the common people, with their humours and eccentricities, makes her a master in her field; her humour is of an excellent quality, but in pathos her emotion is apt to get the upper hand yet. For a second book by a young writer of twenty-eight it is remarkable, and as an advance on the *Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, published in 1893, it confirms an impression that Miss Bell will make her mark in fiction. She understands, as few writers do, the middle classes, and her sympathies are thoroughly democratic. In conversation Miss Bell is brilliant, and in discussing the topics of the day she exhibits a rare good sense and a ready wit. Miss Bell lives in Chicago, but she comes from the South, her father being Major Joseph Bell, of Kentucky.

It is proposed to collect some of Miss Bell's short stories, which may issue in book form from the press of Stone and Kimball in the autumn. Her two books have been published in England by Messrs. Sampson Low and Marston.

❀

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new *Jungle Book* will not be ready until the autumn, at which time his volume of poems will also appear. His *Walking Delegate*, which was published in the Christmas *Century*, will not be included, as Mr. Kipling is reserving this for a book on American backwoods life, or, we might rather say, of underbrush life. This new collection of verses will consist wholly of sea-songs, a striking change of setting from that of his ballads of the barrack-room, but one that will give even greater opportunities for a stirring lyrical treatment.

❀

The new volume of essays by Mr. Brander Matthews noticed in the last number of THE BOOKMAN as about to appear in London contains a dedication to Mr. Kipling which begins as follows:

TO
RUDYARD KIPLING,
OF
BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

When this was shown to Mr. Kipling he was much amused by the way in which he had been converted into a Yankee—an amusement in which many will share.

❀

Harry Perry Robinson, whose novel *Men Born Equal* is having a good reception, was in New York for a few days at the end of April. He proposes gathering together the best of his short stories published some years ago in various magazines, and when he has written two more, making a volume of them, which may appear, through the Messrs. Harper, in the autumn.

❀

It is rumoured in literary circles—we give the story with all reserve—that the author of the clever satire just published by Roberts Brothers, *The Curse of Intellect*, is Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury. Lady Gwendolen has written some clever tales, notably a ghost story which appeared in *Blackwood's* a few months ago.

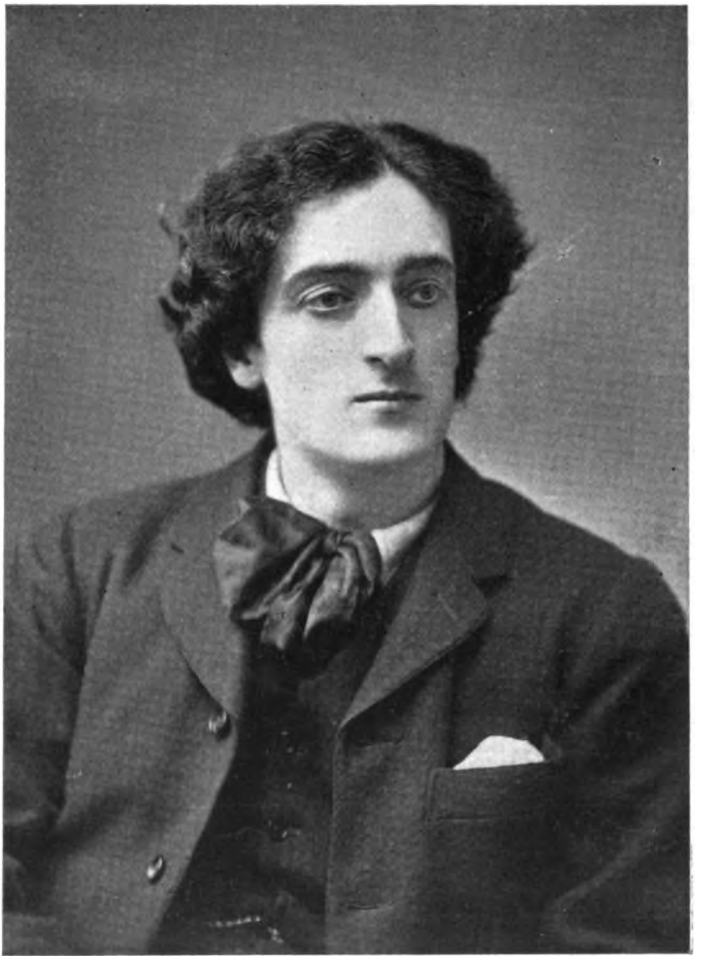
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The current number of the *Idler* contains the first of the "Tales of Our Coast" series, which Mr. Robert Barr has been arranging for some time past. "There is Sorrow on the Sea," by Mr. Gilbert Parker, makes a strong start, and Mr. Barr promises that those to follow will excel anything that has been done in this way for a long time. Mr. Harold Frederic has written the second story, "The Path of Murtogh," and Mr. Quiller Couch ("Q") is also expected to contribute to the series. The scene of Mr. Parker's story is laid on the east coast of England, while that of Mr. Frederic is on the southwestern coast of Ireland; and he has written a powerfully picturesque and romantic story full of savage superstition and wild vengeance. The "Tales" will be copyrighted in this country, and will be published in book form simultaneously in England and America on their serial completion.

❀

Inasmuch as Scottish fiction was cradled in the work of John Galt, and that public interest in him has never died out, it would seem well worth while during the present revival of Scottish literature to bring out a new edition of the popular works of the Ayrshire novelist. Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons announce through Messrs. Roberts Brothers a handsomely printed and illustrated edition of Galt's novels, to be introduced and annotated by Mr. S. R. Crockett, and to be revised and edited by Mr. D. Storrar Meldrum, the author of *The Story of Margrédel*. *The Annals of the Parish* and *The Ayrshire Legatees*, in two volumes, are now on the point of publication.

The first book to receive the imprint of "The Bodley Head" was also Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's first published work, *Volumes in Folio*, which appeared in 1889. A copy of the first edition was sold in Boston on April 24th at the Maxwell sale. Dodd, Mead and Company will be the American publishers of Mr.



Richard Le Gallienne

Le Gallienne's forthcoming volume of retrospective reviews to be entitled *A Literary Log*. The portrait of Mr. Le Gallienne given above is reproduced for the first time from a new photograph recently taken. Mr. Le Gallienne, who arrived in New York with Mr. Lane last month, returned again by the same steamer a week later. He is coming again in the autumn to lecture.

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Dr. E. J. Dillon, whose most interesting book of Biblical criticism, *The Sceptics of the Old Testament*, has just been imported by Thomas Whittaker, is the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Persistent rumour continues to identify him with the "E. B. Lanin" of that terrible book *Russian Characteristics;* and the correspondence from Armenia, which appeared in the *Telegraph* and excited so much comment, is also believed to have been written by Dr. Dillon.

❀

The inventive genius of Max Pemberton which elaborates his stories, unlike the wild vagaries which run riot in Jules Verne's work, would seem to bear scientific analysis. On another page the reviewer notes the convincing realism which makes the reader, despite its improbability, believe in his "impregnable city." In a previous novel, *The Sea Wolves*, Mr. Pemberton, after a careful study of the modes of transporting gold to Russia, conceived the idea of an immense amount of bullion being stolen in the course of transit from the tugs to the steamers, and worked out such a scheme in the course of his novel. It seems that certain well-known firms of financiers have noted the story, and recently held searching inquiry with a view to ascertaining whether the methods described in *The Sea Wolves* were at all feasible of accomplishment. As a result, it appears to have been decided to make a fundamental change in the mode of sending gold abroad, and to discontinue the use of tugs in its transport.

❀

A well-known writer and editor of an alleged comic journal, who lives in a small New Jersey village, was lately lamenting, with much picturesque detail, the difficulty that he is having in letting his cottage for the summer. "Why," he concluded, "this year, when I am anxious to rent it, not a soul comes by the place all day long; whereas last year, when I had no notion of renting, they came pouring in at every leak in the roof with their hands full of certified cheques!"

❀

Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica, by Mr. Bangs of Yonkers, has just been issued by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Laurence Hutton writes a paper on prize-fighting for *Harper's Weekly*. A friend suggests as a suitable title, "Notes from a Scrap-Book."

❀

Mr. Labouchere has turned the lash of his pen on the "Ibseny and Green-Carnationy" in a sprightly little essay entitled "The Doom of Literature," which appeared recently in the London *Truth*, and Mr. J. H. Millar castigates the canny Scot for his "muckle conceit" in "The Literature of the Kail-yard" in the pages of *The New Review*. In the right little, tight little island both are liable to be taken seriously, but at this distance they simply amuse us. The old woman who lived in a shoe had a happy time compared with the anxieties which these erring children cause the maternal solicitude of their critics. Mr. Labouchere actually threatens at the close of his article to call in the police. Fancy the Home Office in consultation with Scotland Yard deciding what is innocuous and what is incontinent in literature! Surely the Liberal Whip meant to wind up his tale of woe with a little joke, or has his wit grown dull as his days grow old?

❀

Mr. Stead, the apostle of the New Journalism, partook of the hospitality of his fellows in Chicago, and went home and wrote a book describing what would be found there, "If Christ came to Chicago." "If Moses came to London," says Mr. Zangwill, "he would be very disgusted with Mr. Stead." The reason why, he details at length, "without prejudice" (!) in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for May. (Mr. Zangwill, by the way, has been in an ill-humour lately—or is it a Jewish humour?) We now learn that General Booth is engaged on a new work dealing with the submerged humanity question, which was pressed on his attention during his recent tour in America. Is it not safe to predict that the title will be *In Darkest America?*

❀

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, whose acquaintance with Russian literature as the translator of Tolstoy gives him some title to review Miss Isabel F. Hapgood's *Russian Rambles* on another page, has a summer novel in the press of Joseph Knight and Company which will be out shortly. *On the Point* gives a pleasant

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picture of New England life, but the interest of the story hangs on the playful touch of satire and agreeable humour with which Mr. Dole has already made us acquainted. It will be illustrated.

❀

The *Cosmopolitan* has added to its literary correspondence Mr. Richard Le Gallienne and Friedrich Spielhagen. Mr. Spielhagen has just finished a new romance, entitled *Susi, a Tale of Court Life*, which will be published by Engelhorn, of Stuttgart.

❀

Mr. John Lane claims that *The Woman Who Did* is selling in England at the rate of a thousand a week. Roberts Brothers, the publishers of the Keynotes series in this country, sold as many as that during the last week in April. They have just completed the tenth thousand.

❀

It may not have been generally observed that with each volume the key which is the sign-manual of the series varies, and that the initials of the author are wrought into the design.

❀

Mr. Lane has made arrangements in this country to publish an edition of Thoreau's poems.

❀

Dr. Richard Garnett has finished a book of translations from Dante, Petrarch, and other Italian sonneteers. He is adjudged by those who have seen the manuscript to do even better as a translator than as a poet in his own right.

❀

The scene of Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel, which is to begin running in the *Idler* in February of next year, is laid in Greece. In spite of Mr. Hope's prolific literary efforts, it is said by those who have seen the novel to far surpass anything he has yet done.

❀

Much interest has been felt among American women in the recent marriage of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin to George Christopher Riggs. Mrs. Wiggin—begging her husband's pardon, Mrs. Riggs—is to spend some weeks in England during the summer, and afterward she will divide her time between New York and her country home in Maine. She is one of the most fascinating women, has much personal beauty, and her golden hair and blue eyes have not been dimmed in the least since she first won the hearts of the ragged bairns of San Francisco.

❀

Mrs. Riggs's first husband was a young lawyer, whom she met in San Francisco,



MRS. GEORGE RIGGS (MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN).

and who died shortly after they removed to the East. One of her most charming accomplishments is the singing of Mexican folk-songs to the accompaniment of the guitar. She was born in Philadelphia and educated at Andover. In the small town of Hollis, Me., she has a house with the appropriate name of Quillcote, in which her best work has been done.

❀

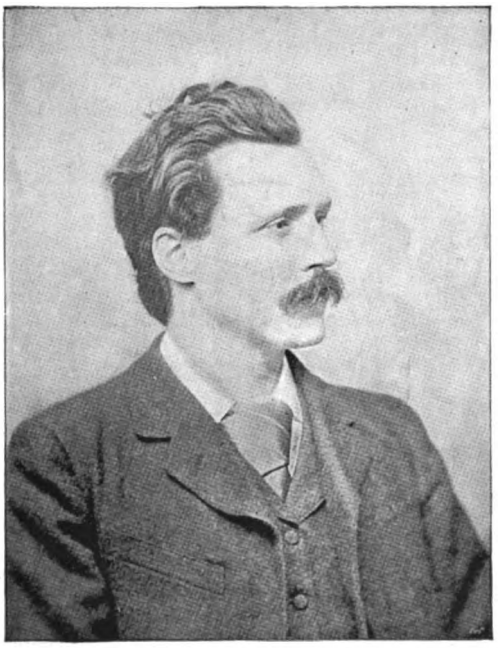
Considerable amusement was caused last month in the dramatic profession by the sudden resolve of a leading lady to withdraw one of Oscar Wilde's plays from her repertoire. This amusement was due to the very general knowledge of the fact that the lady was six weeks behind in her payment of the author's royalties on the play in question—a fact which is believed to have considerably

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quickened her *sæva indignatio* against the luckless Wilde.

❀

Mr. George Gissing, whose latest story, *Eve's Ransom*, is reviewed on another page, has so far succeeded in evading the wiles of the biographer, preferring to be known by his books only. His early literary struggles gave him the groundwork for his novel, *New Grub Street*. He is a patient and faithful real-



GEORGE GISSING.

ist, and *Demos*, *Thyrza*, *The Emancipated*, *The Odd Women*, *Born in Exile*, and *In the Year of Jubilee*, occupy a place of their own in modern literature. His work has lately received a good deal of critical attention in France, and American critics are also waking up to the fact that Mr. Gissing is a force in realistic fiction to be reckoned with. *In the Year of Jubilee*, which was reviewed in our March number, is protected by copyright in America, and will be published in the early summer by the Messrs. Appleton.

❀

The Humane Society, whose headquarters are at Cambridge, Mass., is sending out letters to a large number of educators asking their views as to the desirability of restricting or even prohibiting the practice of vivisection in our medical colleges. The documents accompanying these articles are remarkable for their temperate and dignified tone, and for the absence of such ranting exaggeration as marred the anti-vivisection crusade of Frances Power Cobbe in England. We wish success to the Society's attempt, but are not especially sanguine of its attainment. The medical profession might possibly give up its present privileges, but the medical student, never! The latter feels so very large when, in the days before he is allowed to maim the human form divine, he can practice his alleged science upon the predatory cat or the homeless dog.

❀

Messrs. Scribner's Sons, by the way, have just published *A Laboratory Guide for the Dissection of the Cat*, prepared by two instructors in Brown University.

❀

Much of the literature of this subject is ephemeral and not generally interesting, but the following little poem, which appeared some fifteen years ago in a college journal, has merit of its own, which leads us to reprint it here and thus rescue it from undeserved oblivion:

The Medic calls the yellow dog,
In confidence he comes;
The Medic takes the yellow dog
Into the Medic's rooms.

His owner seeks the yellow dog,
He seeks for him in vain.
Alas! alas! the yellow dog
He'll never smile again!

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day have nearly ready Mr. Le Gallienne's new volume, the title-page of which reads: "Robert Louis Stevenson: An Elegy and other Poems Mainly Personal. By Richard Le Gallienne." We have received an early proof of the Elegy, from which we quote the following lines:

"High on his Patmos of the Southern Seas
Our northern dreamer sleeps,
Strange stars above him, and above his grave
Strange leaves and wings their tropic splendours wave,
While, far beneath, mile after shimmering mile,
The great Pacific, with its faery deeps,
Smiles all day long its silken secret smile.

* * * * *

"Death! why at last he finds his treasure isle,
And he the pirate of its hidden hoard;

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Life ! 't was the ship he sailed to seek it in,
And Death is but the pilot come aboard.
Methinks I see him smile a boy's glad smile
On maddened winds and waters, reefs unknown,
As thunders in the sail the dread typhoon,
And in the surf the shuddering timbers groan ;
Horror ahead, and Death beside the wheel :
Then—spreading stillness of the broad lagoon,
And lap of waters round the resting keel.

* * * * *

" Not while a boy still whistles on the earth,
Not while a single human heart beats true,
Not while Love lasts, and Honour, and the Brave,
Has earth a grave,
O well-beloved, for you !

That is also a wondrous line in which he says that through " the Poet's skill"

" God put all Heaven in a woman's eye."

❀

George Macdonald's new novel *Lilith* will be published in September by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The same firm will also publish a new story, *Fettered, yet Free*, by the popular English author, Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith).

❀

The guest of the New Vagabonds at their dinner in London last month was Mr. I. Zangwill. In the course of his speech, the author of *The Children of the Ghetto* (which, by the way, is coming out in a new edition from the press of Macmillan) made a witty allusion to the popular idea as to the way in which authors obtain their local colour. Referring to his new book, *The Master*, Mr. Zangwill said he had had his room filled with ice—the subject being Nova Scotia—in order to get the necessary environment to realise the cold scenes he wished to describe. One day, by mistake, a fire was lighted in his study, and the ice melted and caused canals on the floor. His younger brother, coming in to do some writing, the scene inspired that young gentleman to write his *Drama in Dutch*.

❀

Miss Frances Frederica Montrésor, whose novel, *Into the Highways and Hedges*, has received such well-merited praise from many reviewers in England, and which has just been published here by the Messrs. Appleton, and is noticed in our Novel Notes, is a daughter of the late Admiral F. B. Montrésor. Miss Montrésor has lived almost all her life in London, and although this is her first attempt at publishing any of her works, she has already had good offers for her next novel.





Miss Montrésor's brother, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, was killed in the Soudan.

❀

Into the Highways and Hedges was originally begun some seven or eight years ago. In its first rough copy it must have rivalled *Sir Charles Grandison* in length, and have numbered about six volumes ! It was rewritten entirely (for the last time) between March and October of 1894, and several characters were cut out of it.

❀

Mrs. Belle C. Greene has written a story called *The Hobbledehoy*, which is said by an expert judge of boys' stories to achieve, with a measure of success

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hitherto unreached, the difficult task of drawing the boy as he moves, lives, and has his awkward being when he is passing into young manhood. Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, who read the manuscript of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, says that this story affected him in manuscript in the same way, and drew the moisture to his eyes, not by any pathos in the narrative, but by the writer's fine tact and innate human sympathy. Mrs. Greene, of whose New England idyll, *The Adventures of an Old Maid*, were sold 150,000 copies, is staying in Rome with her son, whose age would suggest that the "hobbledehoy" has been drawn from life. The illustrations are of exceptional merit, and are the work of a promising young artist, Mr. E. Chase Emerson.

❀

The Lothrop Publishing Company, who will publish *The Hobbledehoy*, have also a book of child sketches from the novels of George Eliot under way. Most of these glimpses of boy and girl life appeared in *St. Nicholas*, from the pen of that charming writer, Miss Julia Magruder, whose story, *The Princess Sonia*, beginning in the May *Century*, is expected to attract a wider attention to the writing of this young author. The illustrations to *Child Sketches* will be done by Mr. R. B. Birch, the famous illustrator of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

❀

The new volume in the Iris Library just published by Macmillan and Company is *A Lost Endeavour*, by Guy Boothby; and *Maureen's Fairing*, by Miss Jane Barlow, is announced for an early date. Messrs. Appleton and Company have just issued a new novel entitled *The Marriage of Esther*, by Guy Boothby, and Miss Barlow has already made a strong impression by her charming *Irish Idylls* and *Bogland Studies*, published two years ago. For future contributions to the Library, the publishers have secured the popular author of *A New Note* and Mrs. F. A. Steele, the author of *Tales from the Punjaub*. Mrs. Steele is now in the East, and is gathering material for the volume of short stories to be issued in this series.

❀

The names of great men are frequently subject to many vagaries in the way of spelling and pronunciation. We are accustomed to Audobon for Audubon, but the dry-goods clerk who addressed a package to the granddaughter of the famous ornithologist the other day, and wrote O'Dobbin, celebrated himself as an unconscious punster of sublime ignorance and innocent Hibernian humour.

❀

Captain Mahan, the author of *The Influence of Sea Power*, and who was appointed recently to the Naval College, at Newport, R. I., "for special duty," has almost finished a new work which he expects to have ready for the press shortly.

WARNING.

If thou dost know a soul that lives with thine,
Oh! keep the wondrous precious secret fast;
Scarce tell it to the stars, when in the night,
Thou stand'st with arms thrown up in joy to heaven,
Or with head bowed, and hands so meekly clasped,
In language of thy soul the truth is felt.

Oh! guard the mystic tie so tenderly,
Let soul alone announce it unto soul;
Gross words would soon dispel the shadowy thing,
And quick thy kindred soul would hide itself—
As doth the sea-anemone when touched.

Eleanor B. Caldwell.

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STEPHEN CRANE.

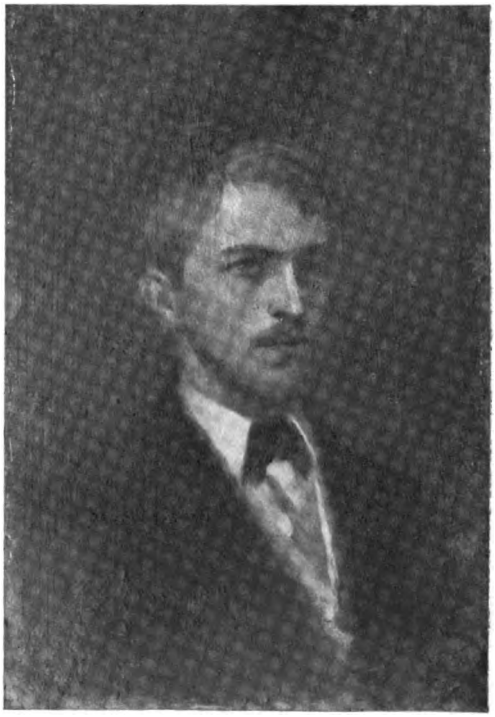
AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK RIDERS, AND OTHER LINES."

You will look in vain through the pages of the *Trade Circular* for any record of a story of New York life entitled *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*, which was published three or four years ago in this city. At the moment of going to press the timorous publishers withdrew their imprint from the book, which was sold, in paper covers, for fifty cents. There seems to be considerable difficulty now in securing copies, but the fact that there is no publisher's name to the book, and that the author appears under the *nom de plume* of "Johnston Smith," may have something to do with its apparent disappearance. The copy which came into the writer's possession was addressed to the Rev. Thomas Dixon a few months ago, before the author went West on a journalistic trip to Nebraska, and has these words written across the cover: "It is inevitable that this book will greatly shock you, but continue, pray, with great courage to the end, for it tries to show that environment is a tremendous thing in this world, and often shapes lives regardlessly. If one could prove that theory, one would make room in Heaven for all sorts of souls (notably an occasional street girl) who are not confidently expected to be there by many excellent people." The author of this story and the writer of these words is Stephen Crane, whose "Lines" (he does not call them poems) have just been published by Copeland and Day, and are certain to make a sensation.

Stephen Crane is not yet twenty-four years old, but competent critics aver that his command of the English language is such as to raise the highest hopes for his future career. The impression he makes on his literary coworkers is that he is a young man of almost unlimited resource. The realism of his *Maggie*—a story that might have taken a greater hold on the public than even *Chimmie Fadden*, had the publishers been less timid—is of that daring and terrible directness which in its iconoclasm is the very characteristic of rugged undisciplined strength in a youth of genius. We hear the echo of this mood in number XLV. of his "Lines":

> "Tradition, thou art for suckling children,
> Thou art the enlivening milk for babes;
> But no meat for men is in thee.
> Then——
> But, alas, we all are babes."

Mr. Crane started to write for the press when only sixteen, and he has



STEPHEN CRANE.

been at newspaper work ever since. He has done very little outside of journalism; some of his stories have been contributed to the *Cosmopolitan*, and a story entitled *The Red Badge of Courage*, which relates the adventures of a recruit under fire for the first time during the Civil War, was one of the most successful serials which the Bachelor Syndicate have handled in a long time. This serial has now been set up in book

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form, and will be published in the summer by Messrs. Appleton and Company, who think very highly of his work. Among other manuscripts which are now in the publishers' hands is one entitled *A Woman Without Weapons*. It is a story of New York life, like *Maggie*, but its scenes are laid on the borderland of the slums, and not down in the Devil's Row and Rum Alley. When Mr. Hamlin Garland read *Maggie* and reviewed it in the *Arena* on its appearance, he sought out the intrepid young author and introduced him to Mr. W. D. Howells, who in turn extended his kindness to young Crane, and made him acquainted with several of his *confrères* who were likely to encourage his literary aspirations. For over a year Mr. Crane has been on the staff of the Bachelor Syndicate, and he is now in Mexico "writing up" that country for them.

Mr. Crane is a New Yorker, and both his father and mother are dead. All the stanzas in the little volume which has just been published were written in a sudden fit of inspiration, in less than three days, and were polished and finished and sent off within a fortnight. The cover design of *The Black Riders* was drawn by Mr. F. C. Gordon, whose work on the beautiful holiday edition of Tennyson's *Becket*, published last Christmas, met with signal approbation. A review of *The Black Riders* appears in "Some Recent Volumes of Verse" on another page. What Hamlin Garland said of the author a few years ago may be now repeated with a more certain assurance of fulfilment: "With such a technique already in command, with life mainly before him, Stephen Crane is to be henceforth reckoned with."

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Crane is taken from a sketch in black and white by Mr. David Ericson, through whose courtesy we are able to reproduce it here.

REMINISCENCES OF THE POET WHITTIER.

I.

A Summer at the Bearcamp, West Ossipee, with Whittier.

"I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn
The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming o'er
Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,
And human life as quiet at their feet."
Whittier.

When I was invited to join the Whittier party at West Ossipee, N. H., in the summer of 1880, I had expected to find the *entourage* of the usual mountain summer resort. Imagine my surprise when on landing at the wayside station not a semblance of human habitation appeared in sight but the old Bearcamp River House, nestling alone in a crescent-shaped valley among the foot-hills of the distant White Mountains. There was no clamouring of hack-drivers, and the cars glided away with a rare silence disappearing in the valley. I afterwards learned that this consideration for human sensitiveness to noise was especially shown out of regard for Mr. Whittier's comfort.

The Bearcamp River House was a relic of the old stage-coach days, and took its name from the bear-hunters who camped there in olden times. It was a long, white wooden building of two stories, with dormer windows. The front door of the house opened from the piazza into a hall, on each side of which were southeast and southwest corner sitting-rooms, furnished in the colonial style. Mr. Whittier's room was back in the northwest corner of the house, remote from passers-by, and care was taken to give him few neighbours, or at least quiet ones. At the end of the hall the door opened into a large dining-room, with windows framing the exquisite views of the western mountains. To the south lay the valley, and towards the southwest began the range of the Ossipee. In the west stood Mount Whittier and Mount Israel, the Sandwich Dome, the Passaconaway, Paugus, Chocorua, and lower ranges, behind which could be seen, on clear days, the distant peak of Mount Washington.

Mr. Whittier had been in the habit of

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going to some quiet place among the mountains in the summer, until crowded out by strangers he would change his summer abode. Lucy Larcom was the Columbus who discovered Ossipee and the Bearcamp River House; and it was there that she and Mr. Whittier edited in collaboration the volume of selected poems for children called *Child Life;* there also Mr. Whittier gathered around him many admirers and friends.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

From a pastel by Miss Helen Burt, now in the possession of General Ewen, and considered by the poet and his friends to be one of the best portraits of him.

I well remember what an unusual stir and ripple in our quiet life among the hills Mr. Whittier's coming made on the evening of his arrival. People usually walked from the seldom arriving trains; but the ancient yellow and red stage-coach with four horses were harnessed, and our host of the Bearcamp, the most expert stage-driver of all the country around, turned out as of yore to do honour to his expected guest.

As Mr. Whittier stepped out of the coach, my first impression was strange and unexpected. Having often heard him called a fanatic on the slavery question, and judging from pictures of him which seemed to harmonise with that expression, I was prepared to see a cold, stern-looking man, but my preconceived idea was completely changed by the appearance of the real man. He had a tall, erect, slender figure, agile in movement. There was a hint of the Quaker in the cut of his coat, which helped to accentuate his sloping shoulders; his remarkable height of brow, all are familiar with from his pictures. But those who have not seen him can only receive a mere outline of the man. His true and characteristic expression seems to have eluded the photographic art. The lines of Puritanic firmness in his face were illumined by his kindly, sympathetic smile, and by the humorous twinkle of his fine brown eyes, which

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on occasion, nevertheless, could dart a shrewd flashing look as piercing as an eagle's. Mr. Whittier was in a sense like his beloved Ossipee, which he interpreted so well—

> "A man to match his mountains, not to creep
> Dwarfed and abased below them."

And "the strength of the hills was his also." Yet with this flint-like character he combined the delicacy and refinement of the noblest type of womanhood.

After Mr. Whittier's arrival and during his days of resting, the little ripple on the placid stream subsided. We led a simple, quiet, unostentatious life. There was not much time spent on toilets, Mr. Whittier's naïve protest to one of our number, "How can thee get well, and spend so much strength in changing thy dress so often?" having its due effect on us. The poet sat at the head of our table. The meals were served in the old-time New England fashion; dinner at noon and tea at night, with pie on the breakfast table. One could look with almost envy and awe on those who ate it. Mr. Whittier was rather abstemious about his food. It was a pleasant and often merry table. Mr. Whittier enjoyed telling and hearing amusing anecdotes and jokes. He used the Quaker "thee" and "thou" in his conversation, and, as New Hampshire people do, often left off the "g" in "ing." A letter written by one of our party had this passage: "Tell —— that the Poet and the Hampshires leave off their 'g's,' so that she can talk about her comin' and goin', ridin' and walkin' in peace with such precedents." Mr. Whittier sat with his back to the light between two windows, and I can still see the aureole of sunlight that circled around his venerable white hair. Our lingering over the tea-table after the meal was past was usually broken up by his reminder, "Oh, we are losing the beautiful sunset," when we would scatter in the twilight outside.

I came to the dinner-table one day with a very curiously marked and coloured maple leaf of bright green shot with a heart of brilliant scarlet pinned on my waist. It attracted the attention of all at the table; some doubted its genuineness and thought it painted. As it was passed around for inspection, Mr. Whittier remarked, when it came to his turn, "I don't see anything remarkable about it." When one explained the striking colouring to him we learned that he could not distinguish between the scarlet and the green; it all looked green to him, but he was only colour-blind on red. One would never have guessed, from his painting of landscapes in poetry or conversation, that his sense of colour was imperfect. It has been said that Mr. Whittier did not care for pictures, but I know that this is far from the truth. He saw and spoke of his own poems and of other poetry as pictures. He was pre-eminently a landscape painter in poetry. His poems of "Among the Hills," "Sunset on the Bearcamp," "A Mystery," "The Seeking of the Waterfall," "The Voyage of the Jettie," were all pictures from nature at Ossipee. "The Henchman" was written there for Jettie—"the Bay State's graceful daughter."

One day I was painting a bit of sylvan woodland which I thought I had been the first to discover, when I heard a rustle and the snapping of twigs under foot. On looking up I saw Mr. Whittier loitering in my direction. On coming up to me he began to examine my sketch with that kindly interest which he always took in the work of others. "Thee must have more satisfaction," I remember him saying, "in painting nature with brush and colour on canvas than with pen and ink on paper." Of course I could not agree with him, and he replied, "It makes, after all, but little difference with what pencil we work, if the soul guide the hand and its medium;" then with his shy, self-repressive manner he withdrew, saying, "I will no longer interrupt thy work." Later in the day I learned that I had been painting "Whittier Nook," whither the poet frequently retired to brood "on man, on nature, and on human life," and where most of his poems bearing on the scenery of this neighbourhood were composed.

Occasionally transient visitors would drop in for a night or a day, drawn by the presence of Mr. Whittier. One of these incidents is worth mentioning. Two ladies had arrived toward evening. It was soon whispered about that one was a harpist and a composer of music, and that she was going to sing Mr. Whittier's poem of Barbara Frietchie set to her own music. We gathered in the parlours in the evening on tiptoe with

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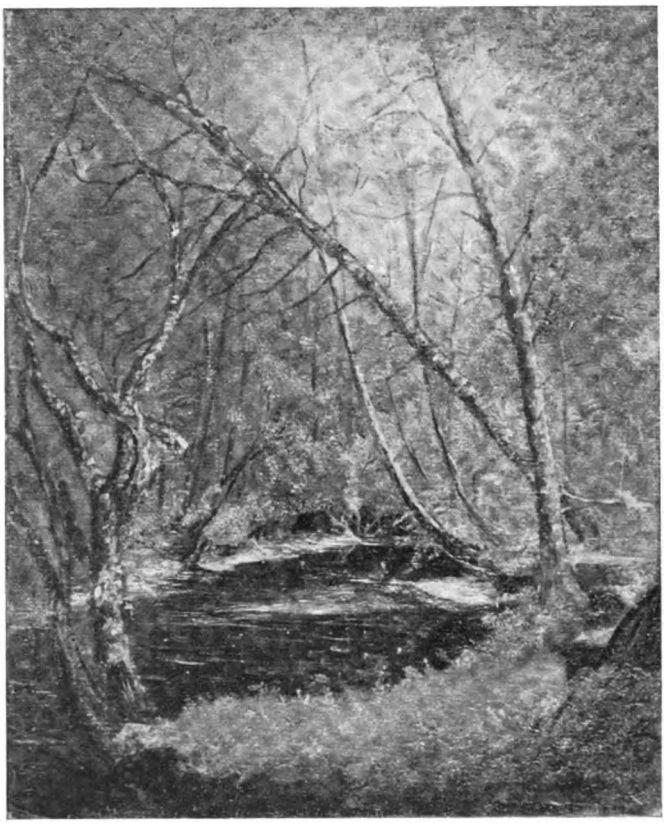
expectation. Mr. Whittier was with us, and after some musical preluding our talented guest sang Barbara Frietchie, with harp accompaniment. When she had finished, the audience did not dare show any demonstration, for we expected Mr. Whittier would show some expression of gratification; as the performance had been given in his honour. But as he continued to sit mutely by we gave a gentle covering applause, during which Mr. Whittier disappeared.

The next morning one lady, bolder than the rest of us, questioned the poet. "How did you like your Barbara Frietchie which the lady sang last night?" "My 'Barbara Frietchie,'" he exclaimed in astonishment; "was that 'Barbara Frietchie'? Thee don't say! Why, I didn't know it!"

It struck him as so ludicrous that he should not have recognised his own poem that he laughed heartily, and then his sympathy was stirred, and he said, "Poor thing! Oh, I am so sorry! To take all that trouble and get no appreciation. Why didn't thee tell me?" and then he burst out laughing again.

The long cold rain seemed to be the turning point from summer to fall-like days and cooler evenings. Mr. Whittier never showed to better advantage, never was more genial than when sitting by the early autumn fire, for it was his prerogative to be fireman-in-chief, and if any one ventured to give it a sly poke, he would mend and poke it again.

What a picture that made! I seem to see him now, resting in his arm-chair drawn before the fire, looking into its bright blaze, with his friends circled around him, the firelight flickering and lighting up his face, for the light of the fire was often the only light in the room, as it pleased him better. His fireside conversation was chiefly remarkable for its concise, clear, common-sense way of going direct to the point. He was entirely lacking in the circumlocutory way of the native New Englander with his hesitating drawl. In general conversation he did not care to lead, but one could see how quickly he read down to the depths or shallows of the talker. Sometimes, if he saw one sitting solitary and apart from the others, he would circle about like a bird and draw near, say a few words and go away; then, fearing, perhaps, lest he had not said the right thing, he would go back again. There was always that sincerity and keen insight of intense sympathy about him which won the confidence and freed the heart of its burden. Once to one who had suffered much, and rebelled with the usual question "Why?" he



WHITTIER NOOK.

From a painting in oil by Miss Helen Burt. It will be observed that the trees in the foreground form the letter W.

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said, "Alas! by thy questioning I fear thee have not yet suffered enough."

These fireside unions seemed to throw over us a premonitory feeling of regret and sadness, for it foreshadowed the tearing asunder of the summer tendrils that held us together. Soon the relentless wheel of time and the train that waits for none came to carry us far apart. We scattered, hoping to meet again at the same rendezvous next summer. Most of the party left before Mr. Whittier, and the sad look that settled on his face as we drove away recalls now his last verse from the "Voyage of the Jettie":

> "And I pray that every venture
> The port of peace may enter,
> That safe from snag and fall
> And siren-haunted islet,
> And rock, the Unseen Pilot
> May guide us one and all."

Little did we guess that nearly all the members of that party would enter "the port of peace" before him.

Helen Burt.

THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK.

It might have been assumed by Samuel Louden, bookseller and proprietor of the *New York Packet*, that four years from the close of the War of Independence was too short a period of time in which to expect the citizen of the newborn American Republic to repair his broken fortunes and turn his thoughts from the din of battle and the tented field to the gentle arts and walks of peace. As the sequel proved, he did forestall somewhat the domestic market for such wares, when in 1787 he ventured upon the publication of a literary magazine in the city of New York. It was patriotically christened the *American*, and was placed under the editorship of that American lexicographer and grammarian whose name has so long been the schoolboy's household word, if not his terror, Noah Webster. This pioneer of New York magazines was ushered into being December, 1787, and in November, 1788, it quietly passed away, bequeathing to the Commonwealth an example of laudable though unsuccessful endeavour, and an octavo volume of 882 pages.

The *American* was without illustrations, so that the mantle of leadership in the army of New York illustrated periodicals, since become so numerous a body, rests upon the *New York Magazine*, the prospectus and first number of which made its appearance about a twelvemonth after the demise of its short-lived predecessor. It was continued for eight years without interruption, from January 1790 to 1797, when it also ceased to exist, either from lack of patronage or for other good and substantial reasons unknown to the writer.

Magazines identical in scope and character were established almost simultaneously in the two principal cities of the Northern States outside of the city of New York—the *Columbian* in Philadelphia, and the *Massachusetts* in Boston. The latter, as an illustrated magazine, was preceded by the *Royal American*, founded in January, 1774, by Isaiah Thomas. It was suspended at the expiration of six months, and soon after abandoned by him. Later it was revived by Joseph Greenleaf, and continued under his management until the beginning of the War. It was the last periodical established in Boston before the Revolution. It contains engravings executed by the patriot, artist, and silversmith, Paul Revere, including the portraits of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, which are, considering the pre-Revolutionary origin of the prints and the national fame of the engraver, the most interesting, as they are the rarest of all existing specimens of early American engraved portraits.

Copper-plate engravings were also used in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, published in Philadelphia in 1775 and 1776, by Robert Aitkin. They consist of maps, plans, and views, the most interesting of the latter being "A Correct View of the Late Battle at Charlestown,

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June 17th, 1775," published in the number for September of that year.

It behooves the seeker of early American prints to bear the titles of these four magazines well in mind, although he will not run chock-a-block against them in the first bookshop he comes to nor in the second. The *Philadelphia Magazine* is not quite so difficult to find as the other three.

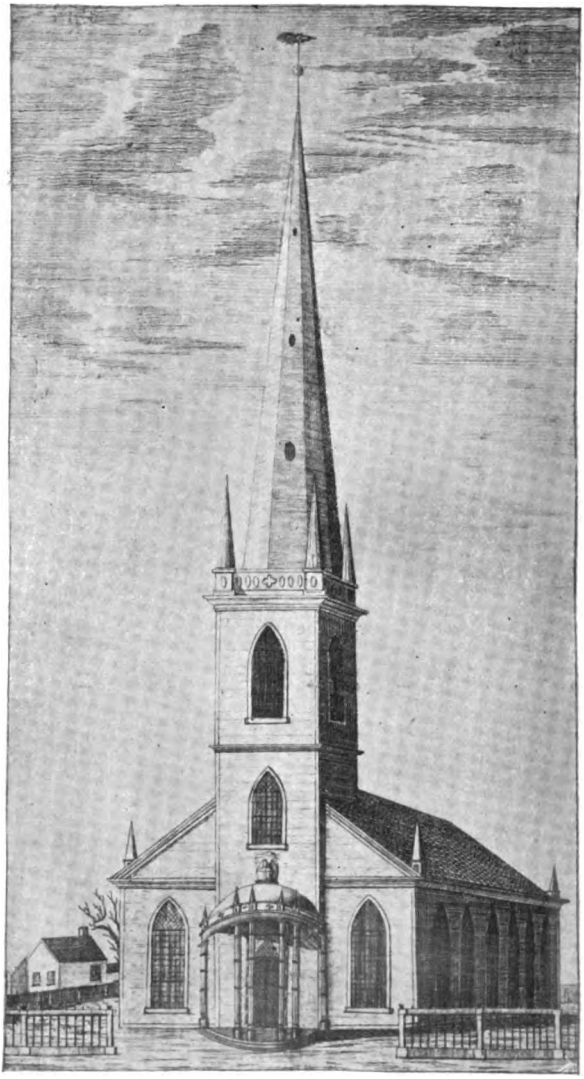
The publishers of the *New York Magazine* were Thomas and James Swords, of No. 44 Crown Street, known for many years as publishers of books relating to the Episcopal Church.

They recite in their preface that the proposed work will be printed with beautiful new type cast by the ingenious Mr. Caslon, on good American manufactured paper, that it will consist of 64 pages, and be published the first of each month. "Each number," they add, "will contain one or more copper plates representing some particular passage in the work."

The price to subscribers was fixed at eighteen shillings, payable upon the instalment plan; five shillings upon the delivery of the first number; five on the delivery of the sixth, and the remaining eight at the expiration of the year. The generous proposition was also made, that if on delivery of the third number the work should not appear to equal the expectation of any subscriber, it would be at his option to discontinue his subscription under forfeit of the five shillings already paid. To non-subscribers the price of each number was two shillings.

The publishers appear to have launched their literary craft with some mental misgivings, and in an address to the public they humbly solicit the countenance and support of the native and free-born Americans, "whose characteristic has ever been to foster and cultivate the arts, and to reward honest industry by the bounty of a liberal hand." In conclusion they state that if "this appeal for support is merely sufficient to defray expenses the magazine will live; if it is inadequate it must DIE."

The magazine began its career with the respectable number of 369 subscribers. The list is headed by their



TRINITY CHURCH IN 1795.

Excellencies the President and Vice-President of the United States, and in its columns appear the names of New York's most prominent citizens, the Jays, Duers, Bleeckers and De Peysters, Richard Varick, Gabriel Furman, Elias Hicks, and John Pintard. There are also a goodly number of out-of-town subscribers, among them Ralph Izard,

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of Charleston, and the Van Rensselaers, of Albany, and curiously, there are not a few names from that—in those steamerless days—far-off land of the blue noses, Nova Scotia. The *New York Magazine* certainly began its career under fairly promising auspices, and should have enjoyed a longer period of usefulness.



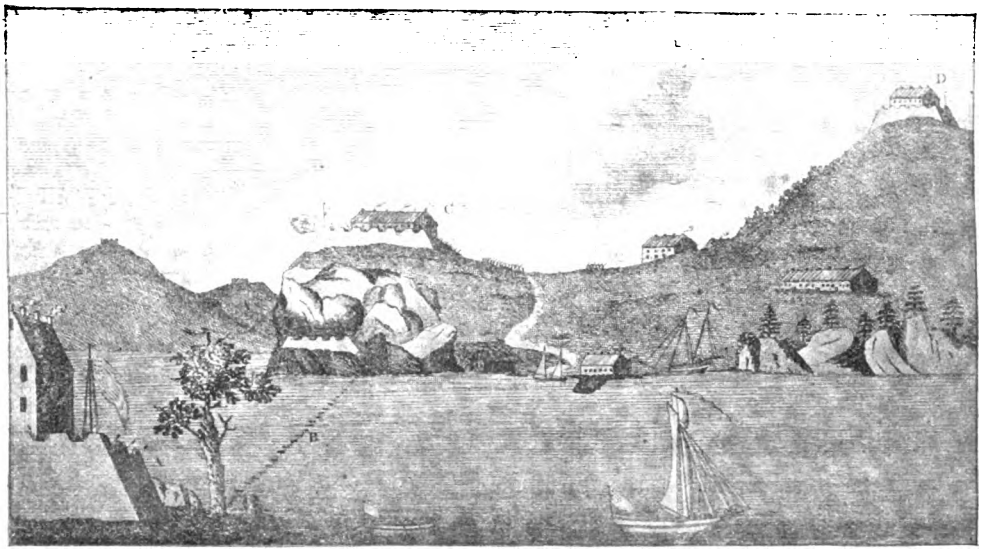
DESPAIR.

The literary feast which the editors of the *New York Magazine* spread before its readers was sufficiently diversified to suit the most catholic tastes. It embraced meteorological observations, historical sketches, essays, travels, hints on gardening, short stories, tales of adventure, Congressional reports, foreign and domestic intelligence, marriages and deaths. A large portion of its space was devoted to poetical effusions, and the editors appear to have made every effort to foster the budding American muse, and assist in its laborious ascent of Mount Parnassus.

The stories are either of the highly sensational or sentimental order, and are generally pointed with a moral. All are expressed in the stilted phraseology, ornate to the point of grotesqueness, that flowed in such full and turgid streams from the pens of eighteenth-century story-tellers. The poetry leans to the pathetic and lovelorn, and is attuned to touch the tender sensibilities of the members of the gentler sex who were among the favoured readers of the only literary magazine of the day.

Aside from the record of marriages and deaths and a few local items of some slight historical importance, there is nothing in the literature of the *New York Magazine* that, if it had been totally destroyed, would have proved a serious loss to posterity or to the world of letters; but in its pictorial features we find matter of very considerable value and interest. The publishers builded better than they knew when they summoned to their aid Anderson, the artist, and Tiebout and Scoles, the copper-plate engravers, and bid them depict for the pages of their magazine the architectural beauties of the city of New York. Unfortunately, however, with these embellishments to tempt the cupidity of the print collector, they implanted the seeds of destruction in their work. What has become of the 369 copies of the *New York*

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WEST POINT FROM THE NORTH AS IT APPEARED AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

Magazine that we *know* must have been printed? is as unanswerable a query as is, "What becomes of all the pins?" Presumably an edition of at least 500 copies was issued, and yet there is at the present time in all probability not half a dozen perfect copies in existence. The one belonging to the New York Historical Society is perfect, and contains all the plates, but it required years of cat-like watchfulness of auction sales and patient groping through booksellers' catalogues to make it so. I doubt if all the descendants of all the subscribers named in the prospectus could muster a perfect copy. Some old grey garret rat in one of their ancestral homes might possibly pilot us to the hiding-place of a few of its sere and yellow leaves.

Illustrations in the *New York Magazine* are as delightfully varied in character as are its literary contents. Pictures of birds, beasts, and flowers are there to please and instruct the embryo naturalist. Views in foreign parts are presented in great variety. By the magic wand of the artist we are transported in open-eyed wonder from the great Pagoda at Tanjore all the way to Kamschatka, stopping long enough *en route* to catch glimpses of Mt. Etna in a violent state of eruption, and to stand aghast at the sight of a vessel with its shrieking, living freight, on the point of being engulfed in the Maelstrom of Norway. By way of fashion plates we are furnished with pictures of the Esquimaux Indians, of Hudson's Bay, and the dresses of women in the Isle of Nio, in the Grecian Archipelago.

The titles of the illustrations to the stories suggest, to one not privileged to gaze upon them, their romantic and sentimental character: "Her Sense had Fled," "The Cornish Lovers," "Edwin and Angelina," "Alcanzar and Layda," "Despair, or the History of Delia and Lorenzo," "The Death of Adonis," and "The Babes in the Woods." What a waste of the engraver's time and skill! Would that some good fairy could have stood at his elbow and induced him to give us, instead of these copper-plate platitudes, more pictures of our beloved city in those olden times.

If we omit the portrait of Isaiah the prophet, which we are hardly justified in believing to be a veritable likeness, we are furnished with only two "counterfeit presentments," those of the Revolutionary heroes, Generals Greene and Wayne.

Scattered through the pages of the magazine are a number of views of places in different sections of the country, of which the most important from an historical or topographical standpoint are the following:

"West Point from the North as it appeared at the close of the War."

"The Palisades."

"Town of Kaatskill. Hudson River."

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"Inside View of the New Theatre, Philadelphia." (A picture of great interest to the collectors of American dramatic illustrations.)

"A View of the Town of Boston from Breed's Hill in Charleston, and another of the Bridge over Charles River, Mass.," will delight the eye of the Bostonian. When he has secured these prints, the engravings of a similar character that are to be found in the *Massachusetts Magazine*, Paul Revere's noted engraving of the Boston Massacre, and the print of Castle William* in the Harbour of Boston, he will have captured about all the graphic memorials of this early period in the history of his native city that exist.

The local topographical illustrations which give the magazine its unique value and importance to the New York collector remain to be noticed. They are, with one exception—that of Federal Hall—the only existing pictures of the places they represent, made at the period to which the magazine belongs, or, as far as I am aware, at any previous epoch in the history of our city. These engravings number ten in all, and seven of them appear in the first volume. Two views of the Monument and of the Lighthouse at Sandy Hook are of minor importance; the remaining eight subjects are as follows:

"An East View of Trinity Church" (the rebuilding of which had just been completed).

"A Perspective View of the Federal Edifice in the City of New York" (then lately reconstructed. As before noted, a contemporary picture of this building, on a larger scale, is to be found in the *Columbian Magazine*).

"A View of Columbia College in the City of New York."

"A View of the Present Seat of his Excellency the Vice-President (John Adams) of the United States." This is properly styled a "rural view." It was the famous Richmond Hill House, built by Abraham Mortier, Paymaster-General of the Royal forces. It stood embowered in trees and shrubbery near the banks of the North River, at the southeast corner of Varick and Charlton streets, on what was then the road to Greenwich. It was occupied in the summer of 1776 by General Washington as a country residence, and afterward assumed additional historical importance as the residence of Aaron Burr at the time of his duel with Hamilton. It was sold by Burr's creditors, after his flight, to John Jacob Astor for $25,000.

A View of Hell Gate is the last illustration in Vol. I. With this plate the artist appears to have exhausted for the time being this valuable material for his pencil. No other pictures of buildings in this city appear until 1795 in Vol. V., when we are given a view of Belvedere House, a building erected on the banks of East River, near Corlear's Hook, in 1792, by thirty-three gentlemen composing the Belvedere Club.

The January number of 1795 contains an interesting engraving of the Government House, so called because it was appropriated to the use of the Governors of the State, although originally intended as a presidential residence when it was thought that New York would be fixed upon as the Capitol City of the country. This building was erected on the spot where Fort George formerly stood, fronting Broadway. The view is taken from the northwest corner of the Battery near the end of Greenwich Street, and shows a part of the city and some portion of the Battery.

In the same volume (October, 1795) we have the last of these attractive pictures of old New York. The series closes with a view of St. Paul's Church, which displays, in addition to the chapel, the lower portion of the City Hall Park, then surrounded by wooden palings. The spire of this venerable edifice still points heavenward, as it did in the days when Anderson drew its graceful outlines, but every other architectural landmark depicted in the pages of the *New York Magazine* has long since vanished as completely as the baseless fabric of a dream.

With the exception of a few comparatively large engravings, such as the memorial portrait of Washington standing on a pedestal in front of Bowling Green (also engraved by Tiebout), that *rara avis* among New York prints known as the Rip Van Dam plate of the Middle Dutch Church, and the "Federal Edifice" in the *Columbian Magazine*, the old periodical before us supplies all the engravings of New York in the latter part of the last century that to the best of

* Built by Colonel Romer, A.D. 1704, by order of the General Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts.

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my knowledge exist. These pencilled records of the past are few and simple, but precious in the sight of every collector of memorials of this goodly town of Manhattan, and in their modest, unpretentious way they supply important links in the chain of our topographical history.

W. L. Andrews.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

IV. THE FIRST DELIGHT.

"We were reading Plato's Apology in the Sixth Form," says Mr. Symonds in his account of his school life at Harrow. "I bought Cary's crib, and took it with me to London on an *exeat* in March. My hostess, a Mrs. Bain, who lived in Regent's Park, treated me to a comedy one evening at the Haymarket. I forget what the play was. When we returned from the play I went to bed and began to read my Cary's Plato. It so happened that I stumbled on the 'Phædrus.' I read on and on, till I reached the end. Then I began the 'Symposium;' and the sun was shining on the shrubs outside the ground floor on which I slept before I shut the book up. I have related these unimportant details because that night was one of the most important nights of my life. . . . Here in the 'Phædrus' and the 'Symposium,' in the 'Myth of the Soul,' I discovered the revelation I had been waiting for, the consecration of a long-cherished idealism. It was just as though the voice of my own soul spoke to me through Plato. Harrow vanished into unreality. I had touched solid ground. Here was the poetry, the philosophy of my own enthusiasm, expressed with all the magic of unrivalled style." The experience recorded in these words is typical; it comes to every one who has the capacity for the highest form of enjoyment and the highest kind of growth. It was an experience which was both emotional and spiritual; delight and expansion were involved in it; the joy of contact with something beautiful, and the sudden enlargement which comes from touch with a great nature dealing with fundamental truth. In every experience of this kind there comes an access of life, as if one had drank at a fountain of vitality.

A thrilling chapter in the spiritual history of the race might be written by bringing together the reports of such experiences which are to be found in almost all literatures—experiences which vary greatly in depth and significance, which have in common the unfailing interest of discovery and growth. If this collocation of vital contacts could be expanded so as to include the history of the intellectual commerce of races, we should be able to read the story of humanity in a new and searching light. For the transmission of Greek thought and beauty to the Oriental world, the wide diffusion of Hebrew ideas of man and his life, the contact of the modern with the antique world in the Renaissance, for instance, effected changes in the spiritual constitution of man more subtle, pervasive, and radical than we are yet in a position to understand. The spiritual history of men is largely a history of discovery; the record of those fruitful moments when we come upon new things, and our ideas are swiftly or slowly expanded to include them. That process is generally both rapid and continuous; the discovery of this continent made an instant and striking impression on the older world, but that older world has not yet entirely adjusted itself to the changes in the social order which were to follow close upon the rising of the new world above the once mysterious line of the western horizon.

Now, this process of discovery goes on continuously in the experience of every human soul which has capacity for growth; and it is the peculiar joy of the lover of books. Literature is a continual revelation to every genuine reader; a revelation of that quality

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which we call art, and a revelation of that mysterious vital force which we call life. In this double disclosure literature shares with all art a function which ranges it with the greatest resources of the spirit; and the reader who has the trained vision has the constant joy of discovery: first, of beauty and power; next, of that concrete or vital form of truth which is one with life. One who studies books is in constant peril of losing the charm of the first by permitting himself to be absorbed in the interest of the second discovery. When one has begun to see the range and veracity of literature as a disclosure of the soul and life of man, the definite literary quality sometimes becomes of secondary importance. In academic teaching the study of philology, of grammar, of construction, of literary history has often been mistaken or substituted for the study of literature; and in private study the peculiar enrichment which comes from art simply as art is often needlessly sacrificed by exclusive attention to books as documents of spiritual history.

It must not be forgotten that books become literature by virtue of a certain quality which is diffused through every true literary work, and which separates it at once and forever from all other writing. To miss this quality, therefore, is to miss the very essence of the thing with which we are in contact; to treat the inspired books as if they were uninspired. The first discovery which the real reader makes is the perception of some new and individual beauty or power; the discovery of life and truth is secondary in order of time, and depends in no small measure on the sensitiveness of the spirit to the first and obvious charm. If one wishes to study the life—not the mere structure—of an apple-tree in bloom, he must surrender himself at the start to the bloom and fragrance; for these are not mere external phases of the growth of the tree, they are most delicate and characteristic disclosures of its life. In like manner he who would master *As You Like It* must give himself up in the first place to its wonderful and significant beauty. For this lovely piece of literature is a revelation in its art quite as definitely as in its thought; and the first care of the reader must be to feel the deep and lasting charm contained in the play. In that charm resides something which may be transmitted, and the reception of which is always a step in culture.

To feel freshly and deeply is not only a characteristic of the artist, but also of the reader; the first finds delight in creation, the second finds delight in discovery; between them they divide one of the greatest joys known to men. Wagner somewhere says that the greatest joy possible to man is the putting forth of creative activity so spontaneously that the critical faculty is, for the time being, asleep. The purest joy known to the reader is a perception of the beauty and power of a work of art so fresh and instantaneous that it completely absorbs the whole nature. Analysis, criticism, and judicial appraisement come later; the first moment must be surrendered to the joy of discovery.

Heine has recorded the overpowering impression made upon him by the first glimpse of the Venus of Melos. An experience so extreme in emotional quality could come only to a nature singularly sensitive to beauty and abnormally sensitive to physical emotion; but he who has no power of feeling intensely the power of beauty in the moment of discovery, has missed something of very high value in the process of culture. One of the signs of real culture is the power of enjoyment which goes with fresh feeling; all great art is full of this feeling; its characteristic is the new interest with which it invests the most familiar objects; and one evidence of capacity to receive culture from art is the development of this feeling. The reader who is on the way to enrich himself by contact with books cultivates the power of feeling freshly and keenly the charm of every book he reads simply as a piece of literature. One may destroy this power by permitting analysis and criticism to become the primary mood, or one may develop it by resolutely putting analysis and criticism into the secondary place, and sedulously developing the power to enjoy for the sake of enjoyment. The reader who does not feel the immediate and obvious beauty of a poem or a play has lost the power, not only of getting the full effect of a work of art, but of getting its full significance as well. The surprise, the delight, the joy of the first discovery are not merely pleasurable; they are in the highest degree educational. They reveal the sensitiveness of the nature to those ultimate

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forms of beauty and power which art takes on, and its power of responding not only to what is obviously beautiful, but is also profoundly true. For the harmonious and noble beauty of *As You Like It* is not only obvious and external; it is wrought into its structure so completely that, like the blossom of the apple, it is the effluence of the life of the play. To get delight out of reading is, therefore, the first and constant care of the reader who wishes to be enriched by vital contact with the most inclusive and expressive of the arts.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

There is much in Mr. Richard Burton's recent plea for a "healthful tone" in American literature with which all candid and thoughtful critics will agree. It is quite true that the pseudo-realism preached by Zola and echoed by his imitators has ended, or is ending, in dismal failure. It is also quite true that the best and most vital literature cannot be produced in a period of decadence. But sweeping conclusions are as dangerous in criticism as anywhere else. I cannot help thinking that there is a gap in the logical process which makes the doctrine of "art for art's sake" responsible for the vagaries of Mr. Oscar Wilde and Mr. George Moore. I am inclined to believe that in some cases the badness of the art rather than the badness of the doctrine is at fault. It is not necessary to plunge too deeply into a discussion of the subtle relations between art and life in order to discern the fallacy of Mr. Burton's conclusion. One differs from so accomplished a critic with hesitation; but it is at least permissible to state the other side of the case as modestly as may be. The doctrine of "art for art's sake" is not inevitably promulgated solely by "the spirit that denies." It is not inevitably a Mephistophelian cry, "Evil, be thou my good." On the other hand, a thoroughly healthy and sane art must find in itself its chief reward. The artist, if he be a conscientious artist, must paint life as he sees it. His failure, if he fails, is less likely to be due to a false theory than to arise from a distorted vision. Mr. Burton implies that distorted vision is the rule with those who hold to what they call an artistic point of view. They cannot see straight. They have no sense of perspective. Everything in their horizon assumes equal proportions. If this were true, nothing could be said in their defence. But is it true?

It will perhaps be more useful to try to suggest some aspects of the question that Mr. Burton seems to have overlooked than to engage in any laborious compilation of evidence for the other side; more especially as no lover of literature can help agreeing, at least in part, with Mr. Burton on many points. I trust that I shall not do the essential part of his argument injustice if I sum it up by saying that, although he sees a brilliant opportunity for literature in the United States, he thinks that American writers, as a rule, fail to take full advantage of it, largely because of the prevalence among them of the doctrine of "art for art's sake," and the influences of spiritual unrest at the bottom of it; that the fallacy of the creed thus adopted is obvious; and that philosophy and æsthetics are alike opposed to the arguments in its favour. This is by no means a full statement of his position, but I think that it covers the ground sufficiently and fairly.

In the first place, I feel that Mr. Burton has somewhat overstated the degree, not to say the kind, of "stimulus to literary endeavour" which American life offers. True, this life is varied and diverse. It is lived in a constantly shifting scene. It drives ahead under the highest pressure. It surges against a thousand social and economic barriers. But these things tell against art rather than for it. The man who is on the ground, who is a part of the action, gets a very confused idea of the progress of the battle. The analogy is imperfect, but it is perhaps none the less illuminative. Art demands leisure and the ability to see life as a whole. It is not until the sharpness of the struggle for

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life is a little abated that a nation has time for art. If our American literature, as a rule, revolves about an older civilisation, there may be some better reason for it than the incapacity of our writers. There came out of the West not long ago a defiant—perhaps I should have said an exultant—protest against the crushing critical domination of the East. It was intimated that the breath of artistic life blew freely only on the prairies, and that one must be a simple child of nature, with a home in the setting sun, to produce literature truly patriotic. But I do not think that we want to make our art quite so provincial as that. Of course, criticism should deal as kindly as possible, even to the point of indulgence, with the artist who shows a sense of local colour, although the colour may be crudely put on. But the same ear can delight in a simple Scottish ballad and a masterpiece by Verdi; the same eye can find satisfaction in a Wouverman and a Rubens; and the same mind can appreciate Mr. Hamlin Garland and Mr. Henry James. There need be no "new art" and no "new criticism" to convince us of this. Yet it is in the main true enough that the problems of an older civilisation have more intrinsic value as well as greater extrinsic attraction to the novelist and the poet than a newer civilisation whose problems are hardly formulated. Fifty years ago New York and Boston were perhaps not as well known to fiction as Chicago and Denver are to-day. But New York and Boston have produced some rich literary results within a half a century. It would be strange if as much could not be said of Chicago and Denver fifty years hence. A novel like *The Golden House* is answer enough to the charge that American writers do not appreciate the possibilities of American life. But Mr. Burton objects to "specialisation, the study of particular environments and local types," and I suppose there is no doubt that *The Golden House* would come under this characterisation. He wants our novelists to set to work with "broader national motives." I fear that in the case of most of them there would not be enough to go around if they spread themselves out too thin. The writer who tills well his own particular and local plot may at least console himself with the reflection that he has at least caught one phase of contemporary life which is likely to be of use to the historian or the romancer of the future. And, perhaps, only that historian or that romancer, dealing with the things of the past, can get the true perspective and interpret the broader motives. If a great national novel were possible, would it not almost of necessity hark back to times far enough behind to permit the historical estimate, which is truer than the contemporary estimate?

It is not the difficulty of the task, however, according to Mr. Burton, which keeps American fiction provincial. Our writers, he assumes, are too much under the influence of the spirit that denies. They suffer from defective perceptions of morality. When they talk about "art for art's sake," it is because they are dominated by "spiritual unrest," and no longer have "religious convictions and ethical ideals." I will not say that the complaint is wholly unfounded. But if it were wholly justified we should be, artistically speaking, in a very bad way. I fully sympathise with Mr. Burton in his dislike of the so-called Decadents—the men who find life truly artistic only in the moral and spiritual slums. But it seems to me like begging the question to say that if a man holds the "art for art's sake" theory he is necessarily a Decadent. No, not the theory, but the vision, is at fault. How, indeed, can the conscientious artist paint life otherwise than as he sees it? Whose eyes are likely to be as useful to him as his own? The trouble with the Decadents—or the Pseudo-Realists—is not that they deal with humanity in its darker aspects, but that they deal only with these aspects, so that the total result of the composition is quite as false to reality as the most extravagant exaggerations of the Romanticists ever were. They may paint what they see, but they do not see the whole. They would not mend matters by leaving the solid ground of observation, and endeavouring to paint what they did not see. Their only hope is in restored eyesight; and this is, I fear, a futile hope.

Now when I say that the artist is bound to paint what he sees, I am not advocating a gross materialism. I do not say that it is necessarily good art to go into the haunts of vice and crime, to select the most repulsive figures which frequent those haunts, and to reproduce

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with microscopic exactness every loathsome feature. The phrase, "art for art's sake," rightly interpreted, does not imply that. The artist must have a spiritual as well as a physical vision. To make the world and the men and women in it merely sordid and squalid is neither truth nor art; and art is before all else truth—truth in the largest and noblest sense. The vision must be the "vision and the faculty divine." It must be able to discern "some soul of goodness in things evil." Properly speaking, the writers of the Zola school are not realists at all. The distinctively and essentially bestial world in which their imaginations live is not the real world. They are falser—far falser—to the facts of life than Hugo or Dumas ever dreamed of being. There is more human nature "as it is" in Jeanie Deans than in Nana. Thackeray is a greater realist than Mr. George Moore. That is a convincing touch when Becky Sharp says that with ten thousand a year she could have been a good woman. Thackeray saw the soul of goodness in things evil. Zola sees in humanity only the muck and the slime. There is little reality in these modern studies of immorality and crime. They are as absurd in one way as the old-fashioned melodrama is in another. But they are offensive because of the artist's lack of skill, because he apprehends his subject vaguely, not because the subject itself is never to be chosen. The ability to distinguish between the false and the true in art, to paint vice as well as virtue in such a way that the moral lesson will be made obvious by the processes of art and not by the processes of argument—this ability is a question of æsthetics rather than of ethics. The moral tag is sure to be resented—the book "with a purpose" is sure to be dull. It is a degradation to art to say that it shall exist for the sake of philosophy or theology or sociology or economics. The artist who discards the formula of "art for art's sake" yields by that act the dignity of his calling. Art, as I have said, is truth in its larger aspects, life in its fuller development. And there can be no immorality in the perception of truth or the presentation of life. Immoral art is a contradiction in terms. A novel or a poem that is immoral is as bad from the æsthetic as from the ethical point of view. The artist who ignores vice and the artist who shows us nothing but vice are equal offenders against that highest form of truth which is art.

Let me repeat, therefore, at the risk of being tiresome, that only in holding to this theory of "art for art's sake," which Mr. Burton condemns, is the artist likely to keep his rudder true and reach the mark at which he steers. "Morals" and "purposes" are delusive lights. The novelist is an historian before all else, an historian of the life and soul of man; and when he has narrated his history with a degree of accuracy as undeviating as human conditions will permit, he has accomplished his task, and the morality of the result need not trouble him. Departure from fact is immoral; exaggeration is immoral; but not the fact itself. So long as there is vice in the world he who takes human nature for his theme cannot ignore it. That is a poor sort of morality which consists in merely closing one's eyes. To paint evil as it is means the strongest sort of work for morality; for evil is always repulsive except when it is seen through rose-coloured spectacles. This was what Shakespeare and all the great ones to whom Mr. Burton appeals certainly did. It seems to me that Mr. Burton hits upon the weak point in his own argument when he says that the so-called realists ignore "two potent elements"—taste and selection. True; but why does he assume that the fault lies in a defective theory, rather than in a defective vision? The Decadents are right enough in believing in "art for art's sake," but they are wrong in thinking that they have grasped the true significance of that theory. They are like some modern colourists who use the brush before they are expert with the pencil. They are the impressionists of literature, distorting life, not portraying it. Writers of that sort will certainly add no strength to our literature; there is no health in them. But to point to them as illustrating the fallacy of the theory of "art for art's sake" is not a very convincing *argumentum ad hominem*.

Edward Fuller.

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NAPOLEON AT ELBA.

[The following hitherto unpublished fragment was received by the Hon. Albert Gallatin in 1815, from the Marquis of Huntly, afterwards Duke of Gordon, whom he had met at Geneva. It is a memorandum made by Lady Lucy Barry of an account given her by Mr. Douglas, a member of Parliament, immediately after visiting Napoleon at Elba. The original is in the possession of the New York Historical Society. For a copy of it THE BOOKMAN is indebted to the courtesy of the Comte de Gallatin.]

Mr. Douglas dined with Colonel Barry yesterday. He is just come from the island of Elba, where he had an audience of nearly two hours with Bonaparte. His account of him was nearly as follows: On his arrival in the island he went to General Bertrand (who is a sort of chamberlain), to state that he was a member of the English Parliament, etc., and to request permission to pay his respects to the Emperor. General Bertrand was ill, but he received a very civil answer from General Drouet in the affirmative. He was accordingly introduced, and was received with great courtesy. Bonaparte asked several questions about his journey, and then, to the surprise of Mr. Douglas, began to talk in the most unreserved manner of the state of affairs in Europe. He said he lamented that the present government had not given up the slave trade; that had he remained in power he would have done so, as it was a system of brigandage by which France was not benefited. He had proposed a plan for the settlement of St. Dominique, to give up the centre of the island to the blacks and to establish factories upon the coast. That he had conceived it would be attended with advantage to allow polygamy among the blacks, but upon consulting a certain Bishop, "un bon homme; cet evèque m'a dit, c'est contraire à la religion Chrétienne." He abused the Emperor Alexander with great violence; said he was *faux et un fat.* "Vous ne pouvez pas avoir une idée de la fausseté de cet homme." We were right, he said, in supposing that there has (have) been secret articles in the treaty of Tilsit. Alexander was bound by them to go to war with England. "Cela entra dans mon système." He said the Bourbons would repent it if they gave up Belgium; that he would have given up anything else; but that he knew the French people would not allow him to remain on the throne except as a conqueror. France would not bear to be confined to her ancient limits. He compared her to air compressed within too small a compass, the explosion of which was like thunder. "Malheur aux Bourbons si jamais ils font la paix sans conserver aucune conquête; il y a dans la France une jeunesse bouillante de 100,000 hommes accoutumés au métier de la guerre." He was here evidently carried away by his subject, and suddenly recollecting himself, said: "Mais ce n'est pas mon affaire; je suis mort."

In the course of conversation, Prince Metternich was mentioned, and Mr. Douglas said: "C'est un bon politique." Bonaparte answered, "Non, c'est un homme très aimable, et qui parle très bien en compagnie, mais qui ment toujour; on peut mentir toujours mais ce n'est pas selon ma politique."

England was, he said, at the height of power and glory, but that we must remember that when nations were arrived at that point it was said they were near a decline; that the continental powers were jealous of our maritime rights, and in time of peace would be as much so as they had been of his territorial acquisitions. He laughed and joked a great deal about the Pope and the tricks he had played to get him into his power, constantly repeating, "Moi qui suis le meilleur Catholique du monde; il n y a pas dans le monde un meilleur Catholique que moi," and sentences of this sort. He said he understood the world had expected that he would have put a pistol to his head. But no, he had been born a soldier; had found the throne of France vacant; circumstances had placed him on it; that he had remained there fourteen years, and had been obliged to descend from it. Having borne this, "ce serait un tâche qui ne pourrait pas soutenir l'existence."

He was sorry, he said, that at the close of the last campaign, when he had advanced to Ville-Iuif, he had not pushed on to Paris. He had thirty thousand of his Guards with him, who would have shed the last drop of their blood for him, and he thinks his pres-

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ence would have raised the people to defend the town. He wished much to do so, but was dissuaded by his generals. He complains bitterly of Marmont: "Could you have believed it, that a man to whom I had actually given bread would have deserted me in that manner?" He said we had not done justice to the Americans; that there had never been any treaty between him and Madison; and that they had held as high language to him as they had done to us. Mr. Douglas had crossed the Alps by the passage of the Simplon—one of the most splendid works of Bonaparte's reign, who, hearing it, made many inquiries about the state of the road, etc., appeared minutely acquainted with it, and interested on the subject. This is as well as I can recollect nearly the whole of what Mr. Douglas related to us.

He says Bonaparte is in excellent health; not so fat as had been told; very dirty and vulgar in his manner of speaking, and extremely poor. The French Government have not paid him his pension, and in consequence he has been obliged to reduce his household one half. He has twelve hundred troops in his pay, mostly veterans who have followed his fortunes, from the Imperial Guard. Mr. Douglas says his apparent want of feeling is beyond anything he could have conceived. He could not learn anything on the subject of the reports that he was to leave Elba. Some time ago a felucca landed in one of the most barren parts of the island, and a messenger was dispatched to Bonaparte; he came down unattended by any servant, and received a lady whom he conducted to a country house of his. She remained there two days, at the end of which time he reconducted her in the same manner. They embraced often at parting; the Elbans think it was Marie Louise, but it is generally supposed to have been a Polish lady * to whom he was attached. Mr. Douglas in the course of conversation two or three times mentioned the Empress, whom he had seen in Switzerland; but Bonaparte took no notice of it, and appeared anxious to avoid the subject.

ROMANCE.

A wayward, witching wonder-child is she,
 Of Fancy and Imagination born,
Upon whose fearless features one may see
 The ardours of the morn.

She claims a kinship with the adventurous airs
 That down the paths of heaven range and race,
And with the reckless star that swiftly flares
 Athwart the abyss of space.

Hers are the passionate impulses that run
 At nesting-time from wing to shimmering wing,
That mount from root to bough-top when the sun
 Loosens the sap in spring.

Her presence is reviving as the dews:
 Her gaze has all the glamourie of truth:
She fills the veins, she thrills the flaccid thews
 With ichor of lost youth.

Hearken!—her voice from tangled wood-ways blown,
 As wildly sweet as an elusive bell:
How dull the listener's ear that doth not own
 The splendour of her spell!

Clinton Scollard.

* Probably meant for Madame Walewska, though certainly not she.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF MAETERLINCK'S "RUYSBROECK AND THE MYSTICS."

Before his recent departure from England, I had the pleasure of a short talk with M. Maurice Maeterlinck. His admirers might perhaps complain that he had made haste to leave them, and that during his four days' visit he had responded somewhat shyly to their eager welcome. Every one who met him was charmed with the modesty and simplicity of his bearing. His conversation does not show the least trace of literary





egoism. He has, indeed, been much surprised to find himself a lion. When I asked if he were satisfied with his reception in London, his answer was that it had far surpassed his expectations. "As if I were a famous man," he added, "instead of merely a beginner."

It is delightful to think that M. Maeterlinck's career is indeed only beginning, and that he has given us as yet but the first fruits of his genius. For the future he is full of plans and dreams. It would be difficult to find an author who lives more entirely in the world of imagination. Like his own Ruysbroeck, he might say, "I have no concerns outside." "What is there to tell about my life?" he protested. "It is the story of a man who works with pen and paper." Those who have heard him converse are haunted with his sense of the sadness of mortal things.

"Et la tristesse de tout cela, mon âme, et la tristesse de tout cela,"

is the closing line of a poem in his volume of lyrics, and it expresses his deepest thoughts on human destiny. With his "dark, vague eyes and soft, abstracted air," he came among us like Arnold's wanderer, a guest half understood and too quickly gone.

M. Maeterlinck told me that he began to write as a schoolboy, and that he and two other friends had started a literary brotherhood. His parents wished him to be a barrister, but he never felt the smallest inclination for the law. "I could not be troubled about my own affairs; was it likely that I should care to manage other people's?" He read eagerly in French, German, and English literature. Very few foreigners have so intimate an acquaintance with Carlyle. Emerson is another favourite; in M. Maeterlinck's opinion he is by far the greatest of American writers. Rossetti and Swinburne are among his best-loved poets. Those who possess the first edition of his *Serres Chaudes*, a volume of lyrics published in 1889 by Léon Vanier in Paris, will remember that among other works mentioned on the title-page as "forthcoming," there is a book of *Notes sur les Préraphaelites*.

I asked M. Maeterlinck how he first came to study the mystics.

"I had always a taste for that kind of reading," he replied, "but it was stimulated by the discovery in the public library of Brussels of the ancient and curious Flemish manuscripts of Ruysbroeck. I see that Mr. William Sharp regrets that I did not make an anthology from the works of Ruysbroeck, instead of translating in full 'The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage.' It might perhaps have been better for me to do so, but I confess I felt that the complete

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work well deserved to be rescued from oblivion."

M. Maeterlinck went on to express great satisfaction that his essay on Ruysbroeck had been made known to English readers. His studies of the mystics are now an all-absorbing occupation. He is becoming tired of the drama as a medium of literary expression, for, as he says, it is difficult to keep out the element of love, and the colours must be laid on too thickly. *Grossier et vulgaire* is the phrase he used in speaking of the exigencies of the theatre, and those who are best acquainted with his marvellous dramas cannot but feel that they are too delicate and too subtle to be fully appreciated on the stage. *L'Intruse*, for instance, with its ghostly terrors and its softly stepping unseen visitant, cannot be well understood in a theatre between eleven and twelve at night, when the maunderings of the old man are half lost in the noise of people tramping out.

From what M. Maeterlinck told me of his forthcoming works, I gathered that he has no new plays in hand. "When I return to Belgium," he said, "I expect to find that my book on Novalis has appeared in my absence. It has been delayed too long, for I hoped to be able to send you a copy by the end of November; but now it is really on the point of publication. I am at present engaged in the study of the French mystics, especially of Claude de Saint Martin, who wrote, as you may remember, during the French Revolution, and whose works are a rich mine of treasure. I hope by the end of the summer to bring out a book of essays called *Le Trésor des Humbles*, in which I shall give appreciations of some of his writings. One or two of the essays are to appear beforehand in the *Nouvelle Revue*."

I inquired of M. Maeterlinck what, in his opinion, was the explanation of the revival of interest in the mystics which has taken place both in England and on the Continent during recent years.

"I think," he replied, "that we are living in one of the ages when the human soul awakes. There are such times, and they are to me the only really interesting periods of history. A new inspiration, a new activity becomes felt, not in one country, but all over the world. The ancient Egyptians had such awakenings; the mystics of the fourteenth century had their part in another and not less marvellous revival. In dull and self-conscious times the soul seems small, poor, and limited, but in the great ages of mysticism its powers and its resources are felt to be inexhaustible. Truths after which humanity was dimly groping are expressed by the mystics with unerring certainty."

We spoke next of his poetry, and the readers of *Serres Chaudes* will like to know that he is bringing out a little volume of "Songs" this year. He described it as "of slight importance," but his readers, I imagine, will form a different judgment.

"Have you any short unpublished piece you could give me for this article?" I suggested, and thereupon M. Maeterlinck took my note-book and wrote in it, from memory, the following five verses, which he called "A Song of Mélisande."

Mélisande, as my readers may remember, is the heroine of one of his plays; and the idea of the poet is to express the vague yearning with which a young girl might be supposed to crave after some as yet unknown delight. Here are the verses:

CHANSON DE MÉLISANDE.

Les trois sœurs aveugles
(Espérons encore),
Les trois sœurs aveugles
Ont leurs lampes d'or.

Montent à la tour
(Elles, vous et nous),
Montent à la tour,
Attendent sept jours.

Ah! dit la première
(Espérons encore),
Ah! dit la première
J'entends nos lumières.

Ah! dit la seconde
(Elles, vous et nous),
Ah! dit la seconde,
C'est le roi qui monte.

Non, dit la plus sainte
(Espérons encore),
Non, dit la plus sainte
Elles se sont éteintes.

The following is an exceedingly rough and literal translation:

The three sightless sisters
(Let hope not grow cold),
The three sightless sisters
Have each lamps of gold.

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They climb to the tower
(They, you, and we),
They climb to the tower;
There seven days they tarry.

"Ah," saith the first one
(Let hope still be near),
"Ah," saith the first one,
"'Tis our lamps I hear."

"Ah," saith the second
(They, you, and we),
"Ah," saith the second,
"Comes the King, maybe."

"No," saith the saintliest
(Hope without doubt),
"No," saith the saintliest,
"Our lamps are gone out."

M. Maeterlinck told me that he has no regular methods of work. Sometimes he makes rapid progress, at other times will spend whole days in meditation. Those who have learned to love his writings, not only for their intrinsic beauty, but for the promise they give of

"Golden lilies of days to come"
("Lys jaunes des lendemains"),

must hope that he may yet become the historian of mysticism. No English or foreign writer is half so well equipped for the task. As we parted at the door of his hotel, he spoke of his admiration for Carlyle's essay on Novalis, and remarked that no Fleming had ever any difficulty in the study of German.

Jane T. Stoddart.

THREE GOOD THINGS.

"Bona in terrâ tria inveni—
Libros, Venerem, Vinum."

Three good things I've thanked the gods for—
Play, and love, and wine.
So by Tiber sang my poet;
Would the song were mine!

Yet methinks I would not turn it
Just the Roman way,
But for *ludum* say read *libros*,
Books are more than play!

Through the togaed Latin trembles
Laughter half divine;
Flash the dice beside the column;
Rosy flagons shine.

I, for gleams of yellow Tiber,
Down my garden way,
See a water blue and beaming
In the northern day;

Ovid, Meleager, Omar,
In the orchard shade,
With a jug that gurgles gently,
And a white-armed maid.

Three good things I thank the gods for—
Books, and love, and wine!
So, my Poet, singing later,
Would have run *your* line!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

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LONDON LETTER.

The Literary Agent.

During the last ten years or so the literary agent has become a most prominent and potent figure in the world of letters. In fact, it is not too much to say that he has revolutionised it. Some twenty years ago Mr. A. P. Watt was engaged with Mr. A. Strahan, then almost at the head of the publishing trade, as reader of manuscripts. Mr. Strahan, who by the way is Mr. Watt's brother-in-law, did not maintain his position, and his shrewd and able coadjutor cast about for another field of labour. As a matter of friendship he disposed of a story by Dr. George Macdonald, and in this way the idea of a literary agency occurred to him. Since that time he has advanced by sure and rapid steps, until a very large part of the publishing business is done through his hands. Other agents have appeared in the field, but, compared with those of Mr. Watt, their transactions are not large. Mr. Watt has a thorough knowledge of the literary world and the publishing trade in all its branches. He has many of the leading authors on his books, and business naturally gravitates to him. It might be added, if it were necessary, that he is a man of much foresight, perseverance, and courage. Firm, yet invariably quiet and courteous, he is not daunted by rebuffs, and as he looks back upon his career he must see in it a succession of unquestionable triumphs, such as few men could have had the wit and strength to accomplish.

The first result of the literary agent's work has been a general rise in the prices paid to authors. No living author, it is true, receives the sums which were paid to writers like Charles Dickens and George Eliot, but it is hardly possible nowadays to rob an author of his or her fair share of profits. One of the most notable novels of this century was sold outright for £500. Seventeen years after the author's death the publisher's ledger showed that a profit had been realised by him of over £19,000. One of the most popular novelists of the present day sold the copyrights of her favourite books for about £50 each. She now receives for work which is not superior, and which may not sell so well, something like £2000. The agent takes care that his authors shall never sell a copyright. For a first book he may not be able to get a good royalty, still he sees that there is a royalty, so that in the event of an immense success the author has a share in it. With popular writers the royalty has been greatly increased—in fact, the selling of a popular author's book is something like an auction. The volume goes to the highest bidder, though the literary agent who knows his business does not give the last turn to the screw. He knows well enough that unless a publisher gets something for himself he will never take proper pains in pushing a book. While some of the older publishers contrive to get good six-shilling novels at a royalty of ten per cent, or a little more, others have been obliged to give a shilling on every copy, and where the writer is exceedingly popular, eighteen-pence. This latter sum would be paid to writers who can practically be sure that their books will sell—say, 20,000 copies.

A great stimulus to the literary agent was given by the Authors Society. The whole burden of Mr. Besant's writing in the publications of that association was the incompetence of authors to transact their own business, and the readiness of many publishers to cheat. As the result a feeling of distrust was stimulated, and the advice invariably given was in many instances taken—do not transact your own business with a publisher, but let an agent manage everything for you.

Another impulse to the literary agency was the Copyright Act with America. Authors who contrived to transact business with their own publishers at home found themselves utterly confused and baffled when they had to deal with America. They did not know where to take their wares, they could not tell what terms would be reasonable, and, above all, they could not enforce payment. The English literary world still remembers well an American gentleman who made many purchases in this country. He paid very little in advance, as a rule, but his royalties were calculated on the most liberal scale. The result

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was, as a rule, bitter disappointment. One novel which is said to have sold 50,000 copies in America has up to the present hour returned to the writer exactly £25. Here the literary agent has proved invaluable, and it is difficult to see how his aid can be dispensed with. I cannot understand, for my part, why no one in America establishes an agency for English publishers and authors. A man of Mr. Watt's type might do a great business there in arranging for the publication of books and in collecting royalties. Then there is something to be had from other countries for serial fiction. An Australian paper will pay as much as £150 for the right to use a good story, and I believe in India sales can also be effected. The literary agent takes the whole management of an author's affairs into his hands. While he will not refuse to transact occasional business, he much prefers that the author should never deal directly with any editor or any publisher, and he likes an engagement to be made for a term of years.

Naturally enough the publishers did not take well to the literary agent, and even yet many of them are strongly opposed to doing business with him. But they cannot well help themselves. Rudyard Kipling, for example, sells everything through his agent, and if a publisher refuses to deal with an agent, that means simply that he can have no transactions with Mr. Kipling. The same thing applies to other authors equally well known. The case of publishers is simple enough. They say that personal friendship between them and their authors is destroyed, and that part of the money which ought to be divided between author and publisher goes to a middleman. For example, suppose an author taking a novel direct to a publisher receives an offer of £450. Suppose he is dissatisfied, and takes the book to an agent. The agent, let us say, takes it to another publisher and sells it for £500. The author, however, does not receive £500; the agent's ten per cent—£50—has to be deducted. Secondly, the author receives what the first publisher offered him. The second publisher pays £50 more, and that £50 goes into the pockets of the agent. Would it not, it is asked, be more satisfactory if the first publisher had paid the author, say, £460? It is, therefore, urged that no one has anything to gain from the literary agent. If he offers you anything, you are sure that he asks for it the maximum price, and that there is no possible profit. But I find that these objections are gradually disappearing in many quarters. I know of publishers who actually prefer to arrange the business matters with an agent, and to cultivate the author's friendship on a footing undisturbed by such things. Besides, it is perhaps safer, sounder, and surer business to publish a book which will yield a small but certain profit, and will have a very large circulation, than to publish at a small royalty a work which may turn out a complete failure.

I do not think, as a rule, that unknown authors gain much by going to a literary agent, and indeed I doubt whether the agent cares much for them. The prejudice against interference is still strong, and a manuscript has more chance perhaps to be read and fairly considered if it is sent direct by the author. I also think that, as things are at present, no author should bind himself to sell all his work through an agent. The agent will undertake willingly enough what is put in his hands, and it is wise to reserve the liberty to deal directly in cases where this is advisable. Why should an author shut the door upon himself in any quarter?

As a rule, the literary agent's charge is ten per cent upon an author's receipts, diminishing in certain cases to six per cent. Obviously enough, if the business is large, the calling is most lucrative. Next to no capital is required, there are no losses, the expenses of conducting an office are very small. When a transaction is completed, it continues to yield a result for years and years. The most profitable transactions are the easiest. To sell the books of a popular novelist is not hard, and the lucky man of business enjoys a royalty upon every copy of said books sold during the whole period of copyright. It is obvious that as years go on his income keeps continually mounting up, because he has not only the gains of new business, but the gradual accumulations of the past, and every popular book of the period which has passed through his hands pays toll to him. I know one novelist whose income next year will be very little if at all under £10,000. In

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return for transacting his business, the literary agent receives the handsome sum of nearly £1000, and his clients, it must be remembered, are very numerous. No losses have to be set against these gains.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, April 23d, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

M. Catulle Mendès is now nursing a good sword-wound in his right arm, which he received from M. Jules Huret, the able *Figaro* journalist, in the duel which was fought recently. The reason of the quarrel was that M. Huret had spoken of Mendès as being, with Marcel Schwob and Jean Lorrain, one of the "familiars" of Mr. Oscar Wilde when he was in Paris. Mendès answered by calling Huret a liar and a fool, and as a natural consequence a duel ensued. I think that Huret was mistaken about Mendès, for I never heard of his even having met Oscar Wilde. Marcel Schwob, on the other hand, who is now deserting my unhappy friend, was most certainly on very intimate terms with him, and at that time was proud to describe himself as Wilde's friend and admirer. Things have changed since then, and now Marcel Schwob is challenging Huret for making a statement which is true in every respect. Jean Lorrain has also written to deny Huret's statement, and writes a most gentlemanly and sympathetic letter to say that he only met Wilde twice in Paris, and that so charmed was he with his society that he regretted that indeed he had not been one of his familiars, as Huret expressed it. For my part, I am glad of this opportunity to say that I have known Wilde as a friend for over twelve years; that I owe him more than I can ever hope to repay, and that during all these years I have never seen anything in his conduct to make him forfeit my affection and respect.

People in Paris are talking much about Mr. George Moore's refusal to fight a duel with Mr. Whistler, and I am sorry to say that Mr. Moore's conduct is being blamed. Certainly the reasons which he gave for refusing the artist's seconds were not very good ones. When one man challenges another, he does so at his own risk and peril, and it is not open to the person challenged to decline the encounter on the ground of his possessing superior physical advantages over his would-be adversary. Mr. Moore's best answer would have been, that he is an Englishman living in England, and that in England duelling is looked on by the law as a crime and by public opinion as folly, and that his respect both for his English law and English public opinion prevented him from giving Mr. Whistler the satisfaction he demanded.

In the case of an Englishman living permanently in France, matters are quite different. Such a man if challenged has no option but to go out, however much he may disapprove of the practice, however much his common sense may revolt against such a method of adjusting a quarrel. To refuse to fight on the grounds mentioned above would be to brand himself in the eyes of French society as a coward. In Rome one must do even as the Romans. An English journalist resident in Paris is, especially, in this respect, in an awkward position, for whatever may be his private opinion about the *duello*, he is bound to go out when challenged. The alternative would be to forfeit all standing among his French *confrères*.

M. Alphonse Daudet leaves for England on May 6th. He will be accompanied by his family and one or two well-known writers. He has had to decline various offers of hospitality which have been made to him, the state of his health being decidedly unsatisfactory.

Léon Daudet is bringing out a new novel, entitled *Kamtchatka*. This book will appear in June It is a fighting book, and Léon tells me about it, "In this book I ridicule snobs of every description, literary, political, and artistic, anarchists in evening dress, the *précieux ridicules* of the small reviews, the symbolards, and all the rest of them." Léon Daudet seems to love fighting. I am afraid he will make himself many ene-

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mies, but, fortunately, he does not mind them. His uncle, Ernest Daudet, who is one of the most indefatigable workers in France, has two books in preparation. One is entitled *La Police et les Chouans, sous le Consulat et l'Empire*, an historical work which ought to be very interesting. This will be published by Messrs. Plon and Nourrit, toward the end of June. In the mean while, Ollendorff will publish M. Ernest Daudet's new novel, *Un Amour de Barras*, which, as the title implies, deals with the French Revolution.

It is with much pleasure that the many admirers of M. Mirbeau have heard that it is his intention to publish, at an early date, those *Mémoires d'une Femme de Chambre;* or, to give the book its real title, his *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre*, which appeared serially some time ago in one of the boulevard papers. This is one of the cleverest studies of life, in a certain phase, that has ever come under my notice, and the analysis of the woman's character is a most powerful piece of work. M. Octave Mirbeau is, to my thinking, the foremost writer in France, and one looks to him for great things in the future.

Everybody connected with literature in France deplored the death, at the early age of fifty-two, of M. Plon, the publisher, of the well-known firm of Plon, Nourrit et Cie., in the Rue Garancière. M. Plon was one of the most courteous of men, and could refuse a manuscript in such a manner that the would-be author would go away absolutely delighted with the result of his visit. M. Plon was a man of very extraordinary appearance, for though perfectly bald, he always refused to wear a wig, and was clean-shaven withal. He pinned his faith as a publisher to historical works and memoirs rather than to novels, and made a very great success in this branch of publishing. All the best historical works published during recent years in France were issued from the Rue Garancière, and especially complete is the catalogue of Messrs. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. in works dealing with the French Revolution.

The Napoleon craze seems to flourish More and more books on the subject and on the period are appearing. One has not space to mention them. And more are promised for the coming month. A volume which should be of some interest is the promised collection of the letters of Baron de Menéval, who was private secretary to Napoleon for eleven years, and whose Memoirs, dealing with the memory of his master in a tone of the most servile adulation, were published in London about a year ago. Menéval must have possessed some very interesting letters from the Emperor, and these, I presume, will be included in the forthcoming collection. If the letters are in any way as amusing and interesting as the Memoirs, the book should have a very good reception from the reading public.

Madame Sarah Grand is in Paris, and proposes to remain here for some weeks. She is studying life in certain phases here, but for the nonce has laid her pen aside. It is difficult to get Madame Grand to speak about literature in general, or about her literary plans and ambitions in particular, for she declares that she hates to talk "shop." This rather surprised me, as what in the world can writers talk about when together, if not about books? At Daudet's house, for instance, we never talk of anything else, and books, books, books are the only topics at M. de Goncourt's Sundays.

The number of would-be authors is a very large one in France. I remember speaking to the editor of a weekly paper here which publishes short stories. He declared to me that he had in stock over seven thousand manuscripts to be read, and that that number was increasing daily. A few days ago a man was arrested on the complaint of a great number of literary aspirants. He had founded a paper called the *Phare Littéraire*, and undertook to publish original contributions on receipt of payment of so much a column. The grievance of the people who laid the information against him, was that he took the so-much a column and never published the work. Indeed, the *Phare* only appeared on rare occasions. He confessed to the police-officers that he had made over two thousand pounds at this game in a few months.

Robert H. Sherard.

123, Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

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LITERARY LOGROLLING IN ANCIENT ROME.*

Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor, ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores,
Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille,
Qui minus argutos vexat furor iste poëtas?
Carmina compono, hic elegos. "Mirabile visu
Caelatumque novem Musis opus!" Adspice primum,
Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
Spectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem!
Mox etiam, si forte vacas, sequere et procul audi,
Quid ferat et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Caedimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis nisi Callimachus? Si plus adposcere visus,
Fit Mimnermus et optivo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo et supplex populi suffragia capto;
Idem, finitis studiis et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

[The same, Englished.]

Two Romans, counsellor and pleader, went
Through life on terms of mutual compliment;
One called the other Gracchus, he supposed
His brother Mucius; so they praised and prosed.

Our bards to-day the selfsame madness goads:
My friend writes elegies, and I write odes.
O how we puff each other! "'Tis divine!
The Muses had a hand in every line."
Remark our swagger as we pass the dome
Built to receive the future bards of Rome;
Then follow us and see the fame we make,
How each by turn awards and takes the cake.
Like Samnite fencers with elaborate art,
We hit in tierce to be hit back in quart.
I'm dubbed Alcaeus, and retire in force:
And who is he? Callimachus of course!
If this seem feeble, then I bid him rise
Mimnermus, and he swells to twice his size.
Writing myself, I'm tortured to appease
Those wasp-like creatures, our poetic bees;
But when my pen's laid down, my sense restored,
I rest from boring and from being bored.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

* Hor. *Epist.* ii. 2, 87 foll.

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NEW BOOKS.

SOME RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE.*

Mr. Stephen Crane is the Aubrey Beardsley of poetry. When one first takes up his little book of verse and notes the quite too Beardsleyesque splash of black upon its staring white boards, and then on opening it discovers that the "lines" are printed wholly in capitals, and that they are unrhymed and destitute of what most poets regard as rhythm, the general impression is of a writer who is bidding for renown wholly on the basis of his eccentricity. But just as Mr. Beardsley with all his absurdities is none the less a master of black and white, so Mr. Crane is a true poet whose verse, long after the eccentricity of its form has worn off, fascinates us and forbids us to lay the volume down until the last line has been read. Even in the most fantastic of his conceits there are readily to be found a thought and a meaning. In fact, if Walt Whitman had been caught young and subjected to æsthetic influences, it is likely that he would have mellowed his barbaric yawp to some such note as that which sounds in the poems that are now before us. A few examples of Mr. Crane's manner may serve at once as an illustration and as a diversion to those who have not yet made his acquaintance. Mr. Crane will perhaps pardon us if we neglect to display his lines in the capital letters that he appears to love.

The following is a fair specimen of Mr. Crane's treatment of things religious —or as one might more truly say, of things dogmatic :

"Two or three angels
Came near to the earth.
They saw a fat church.
Little black streams of people
Came and went in continually.
And the angels were puzzled
To know why the people went thus,
And why they stayed so long within."

Here is a good instance of his allegorical way of giving new expression to philosophic truths or truisms :

"I saw a man pursuing the horizon ;
Round and round they sped.
I was disturbed at this ;
I accosted the man.
'It is futile,' I said,
'You can never—'

"'You lie,' he cried,
And ran on."

Very few of his poems sound the note of love ; and when they do, there is always something gloomy or unhappy either in the main thought or in the accompanying suggestions. This short poem is sufficiently typical of the rest :

"Should the wide world roll away,
Leaving black terror,
Limitless night,
Nor God, nor man, nor place to stand
Would be to me essential,
If thou and thy white arms were there,
And the fall to doom a long way."

Here is an example of his weirdness :

"Many red devils ran from my heart,
And out upon the page.
They were so tiny
The pen could mash them,
And many struggled in the ink.
It was strange to write in this red muck
Of things from my heart."

On the whole, Mr. Crane's work has traces of *Entartung*, but he is by no means a decadent, but rather a bold—sometimes too bold—original, and powerful writer of eccentric verse, skeptical, pessimistic, often cynical ; and one who stimulates thought because he himself thinks. It is no exaggeration to say that the small volume that bears his name is the most notable contribution to literature to which the present year has given birth.

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Beeching are both excellent examples of the great technical perfection to which so many modern writers of verse attain—an excellence that to earlier generations would have seemed marvellous. Their mood

* The Black Rider, and Other Lines. By Stephen Crane. Boston : Copeland & Day. $1.00.

The Wind in the Clearing, and Other Poems. By Robert Cameron Rogers. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

In a Garden, and Other Poems. By H. C. Beeching. New York : Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

The Inevitable, and Other Poems. By Sarah K. Bolton. New York : Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 00.

In the Garden, and Other Poems. By Emily Elizabeth Veeder. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00.

Poems and Later Poems. By Edward Octavus Flagg, D.D. New York : T. Whittaker. $1.25.

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and manner are very much alike, and each is fond of themes drawn from the study of the classics. If there were not so many other poets whose excellence is just as great, we should give them high praise for their melodious measures, their bits of picturesque phrasing, the sincerity of their sentiment, and the *curiosa felicitas* of their language. Yet truer every day is the half lament, "All may have the flower now, for all have got the seed." To rise above the level of the minor poets something more than these very desirable qualities is necessary—that indescribable something which Sir Joshua Reynolds could only denote by a despairing snap of the fingers. And this unknown quantity is, more's the pity, not discoverable in the verse of Mr. Rogers and of Mr. Beeching.

Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton has also a good deal of metrical skill, though very much less than the gentlemen just mentioned. When she is writing of Giorgione, and the battle of Cuzzola, and Arghun Khan (who was Arghun Khan, by the way, and what does Mrs. Bolton know about him?), and Khatun Bulughan (!), our poetess is quite out of her *milieu* and might far better be making pies; but when she writes simply and naturally of the life she has lived herself and really knows, of the chestnut-gathering, and the New England coast, and the homely tasks of the household, she is very well worth reading indeed. One poem in particular, with a very human note, and entitled "From Life," deserves more than a passing mention. It is simply, almost crudely, expressed, yet it has the true feeling in it and tugs hard at the heartstrings.

Mrs. Veeder's volume is to be especially noted as one of the most exquisite bits of bookbinding that have come from the American press this year. So delicate and dainty is the appearance of the book, that for its sake the reviewer will refrain from any comment upon the rhymes which it contains—a piece of forbearance which the reader may estimate at its proper value by reading the following stanza which is quoted from the—well, let us say poem on "The Rain":

> "Digging the gullies
> Around in the grasses,
> It truly belongs
> To the working classes."

The Rev. Edward Octavus Flagg, D.D., prefixes to his collection of verses a biographical sketch of himself, which originally appeared in the *University Magazine*, and which was probably inserted by that enterprising publication at the usual rates—fifteen dollars it used to be, a year or two ago. From this sketch we learn that Dr. Flagg "came naturally by his abilities," that he "has travelled extensively," that he was once "spoken of for Bishop of Texas," that he was chaplain of the Ninth Regiment N.G.S.N.Y., and preached the funeral sermon over Colonel James Fiske (*sic*); and that Colonel James Fiske (*sic*) "once told his private secretary that his purpose was to erect for the Doctor ultimately as handsome a church as could be found in the city of New York." The Doctor "from early youth has been a favourite of the Muse," and has written a large number of poems, "all of which show not only a musical spirit, but a decided originality and versatility." It is pleasant to know these circumstances, and they are hereby culled out and restated for the benefit of the literary world. They are undoubtedly true, for the Doctor, by printing them in his own book, guarantees them and makes them his own. Having done so, any comment on the poems themselves is rendered unnecessary, and it only remains to quote a few stanzas to satisfy the reader's natural yearning for originality and versatility.

> "The first bear I ever met in the Adirondacks
> Had such a paw
> And such a jaw
> As did my courage sorely tax."

There is a lilt and rhythmic pulsation in that first line, such as can be found nowhere else in modern verse outside of the lyrics of Bloodgood H. Cutter of Long Island.

The following is from a somewhat lengthy poem on the Prodigal Son:

> "To drown remorse he quaffed the bowl,
> While imps shrieked through the air,
> As reason fled beyond control,
> Uprose a lurid glare;
> And when deep tolled the midnight bell,
> Before him yawned avenging hell."

Dr. Flagg has naturally a professional interest in imps, as another verse of his testifies:

> "See entire nations bowing
> Dancing round the golden calf,
> With their best the god endowing,
> While complacent demons laugh."

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"Complacent demons" is good. The reader may be tempted to wonder whether the complacency of these demons was not more or less enhanced about the time that Colonel James Fiske (*sic*) had the little conversation with his private secretary that is recorded above.

Harry Thurston Peck.

OLD PICTURES OF LIFE.*

David Swing was a man of brains and a scholar; but it was not for his intellect or his erudition that those who knew him loved and honoured him most. It was for the universal kindliness of his heart and his broad, wholesome, human sympathy—a kindliness and a sympathy which not only included all men and women and children who thought or loved or talked, but extended to every animal and thing that walked or crawled or swam or sang or blossomed.

He was, as has been said, a scholar; and a large part of the essays collected in these two volumes deal with scholars' subjects—with the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, with Demosthenes and with Vergil, with Dante, with Cordelia and Antigone. Never, however, did scholarship show itself less scholastic or more free from pedantry. His acquaintance with the classics was an every-day, fireside, easy-slipper familiarity. He liked the company of the old writers for the sake of their odd personalities and for the interest which he felt in whatever they had to tell him about the men and women of their days. For the manner of their speech, except only in its broad characteristics, he cared little. Homer was to him as a "dear old friend" of "childlike simplicity." Socrates he delighted in for a "jolly fellow, . . . as simple as Selkirk in his island or as Thoreau in the woods, but ten times as amiable as Carlyle or Judge Jeffreys." He welcomed Vergil as "a Roman gentleman, . . . a visiting guest from an older nation which we all profoundly respect." What attracted him to Demosthenes, far more than the virility of his diction, was the resemblance which he saw between the ambitions and ideals of the last Greek orator, filled with the vision of an independent and united Greece, and the ambitions and ideals (more fortunate in their issue) of our own forefathers of Revolutionary days.

"Greece," he says in one place, "lies very near indeed to us." And again, "Greece was, in reality, our mother, while England was only a kind and wise stepmother." He loved to reach across the waste of the submerged centuries, to walk with the Greek men and women, and to learn what they did and how they thought and whom they loved. The *Odyssey* appeared to him partly as a wonder-tale—a glorified Jack-and-the-Beanstalk; but, secondly (and perhaps more), for what it tells of the ways and manners of three thousand years ago.

"It is with pleasure we note that a fashionable dress was fastened about the bosom with twelve gold buckles; that some of the wives wore veils; that to make iron hard it was heated red-hot and then dipped into cold water; that even princesses helped to wash the most ornamental articles of apparel; that they put the washing into a cart and drove to a far-off creek or river, and did the washing off in the wilds; that while the clothes were drying the ladies played ball on the clean grass, having first flung down their sunbonnets; that sulphur was burned to purify infected houses; that a stranger should be offered the best chair and be treated as a person of great merit; that men need the help of the gods."

"Modern beauty is linked by a gold chain to old beauty," and to David Swing the beauty of all times and ages was one and equally to be desired—the beauty of Sappho's rosy cheeks or Antigone's filial heroism, of the burning exhortations of Demosthenes, or of the doctrines of the Humane Society of the present day. As in his life he was helpful and kindly to every one who crossed his path, to men and to children and to horses and to dogs; so no one can read these essays, with their tender touch and the genial glow that is over them, without being the better for it. To offer the best chair to a stranger was his instinct; to accept whatever and whoever arrived as best, until proved otherwise. He had to the full Charles Kingsley's love of the world and of all that it holds not altogether bad.

* Old Pictures of Life. By David Swing. With an Introduction by Franklin H. Head. 2 vols. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $2.00.

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The only persons against whom in these pages any sustained or persistent hostility is shown are clergymen, by whom he means the narrower denominational preachers.

"If the clergyman ever has an assurance of faith, it is on this point—that if the whole world were brought before his pulpit every Sunday morning, it would need very little of the novel, of the newspaper or the magazine, for does he not know it all? and so cheap!" "As the Dutchman asks, 'How many glasses can I drink without imperilling health and the peace of my family?' so the clergyman asks, 'How many sermons can I preach without dying and without killing the congregation?'"

"Dogmatic Theology," David Swing maintained, "is no part of literature." To him the Church (the "enlarged Church") was "the earthly administrator of a celestial kindness." "The old kingdom of worship," he wrote elsewhere, "but opened to admit the kingdom of benevolence." He had no patience with those who, "through some narrowness of Theology, have become stationary, sickly, scum-covered." But even in this one country there was no personal bitterness against the individual for what he was (or still less for anything which he might have said or done against Professor Swing), but only a generic regret for the loss to the world by what he failed to be.

It is not necessary to go the whole length with Mr. Head in his preface when he asserts that from "Swing's sermons" some loving hand will sometime compile an anthology rivalling that by Shakespeare, Franklin, or Emerson." It is enough that in his life David Swing had a most lovable personality, wherein wit and wisdom and tenderness and poetry were combined, and that in these essays that personality is reflected.

The volumes themselves, in paper and binding and press-work, are well and daintily put out. They fail only in a lack of care (or what would rather seem to be a lack of scholarship) in the proof-reading. It is not well, when quoting passages from Demosthenes in the Greek, to make typographical errors; nor to speak of a "bucolica;" nor to let Pallas Athene appear as two persons, with a comma between.

Harry Perry Robinson.

ROMANCE AND REALISM.*

The two dominating forces in present-day literature are pressed sorely on our serious attention again by two new arrivals in fiction. We have learned what to expect from Mrs. Craigie, although her new novel deepens and saddens the impression anticipated by this expectation; but in Max Pemberton we have received a delightful surprise. Dissimilar in method and material, they are still farther apart from each other in point of view and treatment of life. *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham* is a very probable, very life-like, and very disagreeable story; *The Impregnable City* is quite improbable, in externals strange, yet true to the motives and passions that eternally sway men and women, and fills the reader with a delicious sense of wonder and a thrill which leaves that happy individual in a condition of serene pleasure and satisfaction when he comes to its close.

"It should be the purpose of all good craftsmen," said the late John Addington Symonds, "not to weaken, but to fortify; not to dispirit and depress, but to exalt and animate." What is to be said, then, for one who purposely makes the tragic destiny of her hero and heroine turn on the coquetries of a harlot who is seductively introduced to us under the guise of innocence, so that our sympathies shall have been first won over to her before we come into the full knowledge of her *bourgeois* sin? Surely the dreary repetition of all the sickening data of life, already too well comprehended by a sorrowing humanity, is needless, fruitless for either the uses of time or eternity. The greater need, as one has said, is an induction in a mood which rises superior to these antinomies, bracing men for hopeful, manly work and loving worship. True to life, vividly naturalistic this book of Mrs. Craigie's may be; but does the knowledge subserve any good purpose? The bitterness, the cynicism, the morbidness of modern life are reflected with a certain and sure touch known to those who have felt its baleful breath. Anne Passer,

* The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Impregnable City. A Romance. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

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"the adulterous woman," is the only character in the book who really seems to forget herself and find full pleasure in mere living. To make a hero and a modern martyr of Simon Warre it is necessary to put him through his whining moods and tenses in front of the footlights. "If it be necessary nowadays," Stevenson once remarked, "to have a great deal of puling over the circumstances in which we are placed, in Heaven's name let it be done off the scenes, not in the presence of the audience." Lord Wickenham is top-loftily dignified and morose, and struts the stage as one of the lords of creation. He mends somewhat or deteriorates—it is difficult to tell—toward the end. Allegra is a rather tender *spirituelle* creation, stirring our imagination and winning our liking; but we see too little of her and too much of her sister in the flesh—"Allegra was an innocent Anne; Anne was a vicious Allegra"—which smart saying goes to show that Mrs. Craigie is still addicted to her inveterate habit of epigrammatising, also to her love of the fine phrase beyond all things. We do not commend Anne Passer for her animal enjoyment of existence, but what we note is that she alone—upon whose conscience there rests no moral tension—of the motley crowd of "mortals" seems to be capable of happy self-abandonment. Now, the world does in part lie in shadow, and life may be in some quarters as Mrs. Craigie depicts it; but it is not the sort of life that we want to live or that we want our sons and daughters to live. If these things she chooses to write of are so, we wish at least to imagine a better state of things; we have our ideals. There is a more wholesome, saner world, and we elect to have its joys and hopes and agonies presented to our imagination. Mrs. Craigie has written a clever book, some of her characters are typically hit off to the life, and a constant shower of epigrammatic fireworks and harsh mirth, like the crackling of thorns under a pot, gives a meretricious brilliancy to her style; but all the same it is bad art, and carries with it its own condemnation in time.

The story of an impregnable city set upon an unknown island rock discovered in the Southern Pacific by a count who has evidently been patterned on Count Tolstoy, seems to afford little scope for romantic material. But since reading that most improbable of stories, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, we have found none so deliciously improbable, yet so convincing and realistic in its vigorous and rapid movement, its exciting adventure and thrilling tale of tender passion, as *The Impregnable City*. The whole conception of the romance is bathed in the light of a glorious imagination, and the superabundantly healthful tone and irresistible rejuvenescence of the tale-teller have a most exhilarating and bracing effect. The reader is carried along with breathless haste from one scene to another, and the strong interest of the tale never once flags until the *dénouement* is reached in the final chapter. Irwin Trevena, like Rudolph Rassendyll, recounts his own story—"the story of a life; the story of an unknown city; the story of men who dreamed dreams; the story of mercy and of death, of darkness and of light, of order and of chaos." How Dr. Trevena is kidnapped from his rooms in Wellbeck Street, London, and carried to the mysterious island with its marvellous setting in the southern seas; its strange government and stranger denizens; the novel yet ever old drama enacted on its citadel, with which it challenges the civilised nations of the world—how all this is conceived as happening some five or six years ago, with a verisimilitude of actual history that begets belief in its existence, may seem passing strange, but is nevertheless realised by Max Pemberton with a wonderful mastery and skill that proves him worthy to be ranked among the young school of romantic writers. More wonderful still is the fact that we are not conscious of any imitation. We are reminded of Anthony Hope's *chef d'œuvre* and of Stevenson's morose fanatic and his island home, more by the likeness of the story to the method of the first, which is a mere coincidence, and by the religious fanaticism which is characteristic of both Count Andrea and Attwater; the conception of the story and its play of human passion with circumstance is wholly original. It does not seem unwarrantable to predict that in a short time everybody will be reading *The Impregnable City*; so rare a piece of fiction is sure of universal acceptance.

James MacArthur.

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TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA.*

Every book that contributes to the sum of truth in the world ought to be welcome. Most works dealing with Russia are repositories of curiously-masked fictions engendered by prejudice and ignorance, some of them venerable with age, some of them fine examples of reincarnated lies. A series of articles, recently given publicity through a syndicate, purporting to relate the experiences of a certain, or rather a very uncertain Lady Isabel Stewart, most ludicrously illustrated the varied assortment of misinformation which the average superficial tourist may be expected to bring away from the land of the Tsar. Now Miss Hapgood's *Russian Rambles* ought to be welcome. She acknowledges that she "imported into Russia, untaxed, undiscovered by the custom-house officials, a goodly stock of misadvice, misinformation, apprehensions, and prejudices;" but she had some preliminary knowledge of Russian, unusual keenness of observation, and a superabundant audacity which, according to her own confession, acquired for her "the nickname among the natives, *molodyetz*—that is to say, a dashing, enterprising young fellow, the feminine form of the word being non-existent." In her encounters with custom-house officers, post-office officials, press-censors, and *chinovniks* of every sort she invariably came out first best. Even the cab-drivers seem to have acquired a wholesome awe of this energetic, clever *Amerikanka* with her astounding independence, shrewdness, and display of knowledge.

Her book consists of a baker's dozen of articles reprinted from various periodicals. The title very well expresses the book. She does not attempt to co-ordinate or classify the information which she gives with lavish hand, nor does she philosophise on history, politics, literature, sociology, or any of the great questions which agitate the Russia of to-day. She does not imitate Georg Brandes in covering the whole field of Russia with a brilliant veneering of impressions; with the exception of her two chapters relating her acquaintance with Count Tolstoy and her visit at Yasnaya Polyana, the Count's country home, she does not exploit her acquaintance with celebrities. Even in her report of conversations with Count Tolstoy, she gives her own clever arguments at greater length than his, and she lets it be clearly understood that the Count was more than once converted from the error of his ideas by the overmastering logic of hers. The author's personality, whether frankly expressed under the first person singular or half hidden under the imperial "we," dominates the book.

In her first chapter she chats entertainingly of passports and the mistaken notions that have obtained in regard to them as an *open sesame;* she incidentally corrects many prevalent errors regarding the stringency of police surveillance. The third article shows how easily she obtained prohibited literature from the very claws of the much-dreaded censor. The fourth illustrates some of the wiles of the canny Russian merchant and the methods to be observed—or which Miss Hapgood successfully observed—in dealing with him. This chapter has valuable information concerning various kinds of furs. Scattered throughout the book are multitudes of curious facts relating to the dress of the peasants, to the distinctively Russian ways of preparing food, and to hosts of other topics, which even if of no very great importance, are important enough to deserve accuracy of detail. Many are such as only a woman's eye would be likely to observe.

In the second chapter is a lively and semi-historical description of the Nevsky Prospekt in Saint Petersburg, with its kaleidoscopic varieties of strange and picturesque life. Miss Hapgood spent some weeks at Tsarkoe Selo, which is one of the summer resorts near the capital, and here again she was enabled to observe the Russians under the most favourable conditions. She gives a graphic account of the holy city of Kief on the Dnieper, and the wonderful monastery of the Catacombs, which is one of its "sights." Then she describes a voyage down the mighty "Mother Volga," on her way to the distant estate of Prince X., who gave her a vision of bears and the opportunity to inspect a genuine Russian kumys cure. This journey included a visit to the great Fair at Nizhni Novgorod.

For the sake of those unfamiliar with Russian pronunciation the author places graphic accents on the words and names

* Russian Rambles. By Isabel F. Hapgood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.

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that she uses, but she is not always consistent in applying them. Surely it is absurd to quote the celebrated saying of Napoleon regarding Russians and Tartars and spell the word Tatárs. Neither is Miss Hapgood consistent in her transliteration of Russian words. The same Russian character stands for her *shtsch* and her *stch*—that unfortunate character which is responsible for so many current jests about sneezing. Less important is her uncertainty whether to use the Russian or the English plural to such words as *izvoshchik* and *dvornik*. Again, she speaks of *ikóni* and *izbúi*. Her English style is easy and often careless. Here are one or two examples:

"As an offset to my anecdotes about our being lost through inability to riddle out our name on the part of the police. . . ." "Here and there, not very far away, a log-house may even be espied. . . ." "It is one of those things at which one smiles or fumes, according to the force of the instinct with which he has been blessed—or cursed—by nature. . . ." "Really good specimens [of pears], however, come from Poland, the lower Volga, Little Russia, and other distant points which renders them always rather dear. . . ."

Misuse of the relative pronoun "which" is responsible for most of the obscure passages in Miss Hapgood's generally facile style. But in a book which is for the most part so lively and entertaining, so crowded with pleasant anecdotes and agreeably imparted information, the outcome of genuine observation, it seems invidious to pick out flaws so insignificant. Within its comparatively narrow limits her *Rambles* is by all odds the best book on Russia that has been produced in many a long day, and may be safely recommended as a wholesome antidote to the poisonous trash which so frequently does service for those curious about their nearest European neighbour. It is full of the genuine Russian flavour; there is not a dull page in it, and there are many passages that sparkle with honest Yankee wit.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

A LITTLE SISTER TO THE WILDERNESS.*

The many readers who enjoyed that quaint and delicate bit of fiction entitled *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, published about two years ago by the Messrs. Harper, will welcome the appearance of another story by the same author; while all lovers of tasteful bookmaking will appreciate the form in which the volume is given to the public, with its heavy, uncut leaves, its wide margins, and dainty binding.

In *A Little Sister to the Wilderness* Lilian Bell allies herself with that goodly company who are digging for treasure in the "local field," and, by the way, Miss Bell's story does not, as several critics have opined, invade the territory in which Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) has broken ground. Miss Murfree writes of the highlands of Eastern Tennessee, while Miss Bell has chosen the bottomlands of the west. Miss Bell has done well in giving to this uncharted desert a local habitation and a name in the literature of to-day. The poor whites of the lowlands are far rarer in fiction than are their brethren of the mountain districts, and while the two classes have certain traits in common, the environment is quite different, and naturally produces a distinct type. It is this fact which makes an introduction to the lowland whites, by one who knows them well, a matter of genuine interest to those who enjoy, as most of us do, the study of humanity in sections.

Their chronicler evidently does know them well, not only through association, but better still, through insight and sympathy. Moreover, she has the power of putting the reader completely in accord with these poor "Bottomites." Oddly enough, it is this very fact—making as it does the charm and strength of the book—which invites criticism. Since the author has the gift of true insight which enables her to make these poor lowland folk objects of interest, how unfortunate it is that she should select as her heroine a girl in no way typical of their character and ambitions. In the preface she says of her heroine: "In attempting to portray the character of Mag, I have been led by the cry of the inarticulate, of that large, not-to-be-ignored portion of humanity whose thoughts need an interpreter." Despite our sympathy with the "inarticulate," we must yet believe that the highest art lies in the sympathetic interpretation of typical character. Such interpretation requires, too, a much rarer and keener

* A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

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insight than is demanded in the creation of exceptional men and women. That Lilian Bell has the power to invest with interest the rank and file of humanity, is clearly and delightfully proven by the vivid delineation of Mag's humble relatives and friends. We have often met in the world of romance the misunderstood but superior woman, while as for the popular preacher who is bowed down by some secret sin, his name in fiction is legion. It is a pity, therefore, that a writer, capable of creating Mag's father and mother, the gossips at "the store," and so delightful a rustic as Ralph, should have chosen these old acquaintances for her leading parts. We are a little surprised, too, to see Mag drop her dialect altogether under the influence of a few months' friendship with Camden, the preacher, who, by the way, is said to be an idealised portraiture of Dr. George C. Lorimer, late of Chicago and now of Boston, to whom the volume is dedicated.

From the hero and heroine we gladly turn to Mag's mother—a delightful creation, who would justify a novel in herself. Mag's mother is by far and away the best bit of character drawing in the book. Nothing could be better than the first visit of the preacher to Mag's home. Here flashes out most brightly that quaint humour which is one of the author's best gifts. The whole scene is so good, it is almost a pity to select parts:

"Company always did make Maw skittish," said Tobe, watching his wife with interest. . . .

"Hush your mouth, Tobe," answered Mrs. Manley, using the skirt of her gown to dust a chair with a coquetry worthy of a better cause. Mag stood by a motionless churn watching her mother's vivacious movements helplessly. Mrs. Manley sidled up to her with a playfulness quite irresistible.

"That's right, stand still and wish. You ain't got a bit of git up to you, Mag Manley!" . . .

"Mag ain't much on talkin'," said Mrs. Manley apologetically to her visitors. "She ain't much like me 'n her Paw any way you can fix it."

Another bright bit is the description of Mrs. Manley's toilet, made in honour of "protracted meeting." Upon being asked her opinion of it, Mag says:

"With that bonnet, Maw, seems like you ought to wear shoes."

"Git out, Miss Mag Manley," answered her mother, with an asperity born of the flaunting head-dress; "who all's goin' to look at my feet with thish yere head awn me?"

Throughout the volume such bits of humour bubble up spontaneously, and relieve a certain note of sadness which haunts the story; but in this chapter the humour fairly overflows. "The Protracted Meeting" is full of the most delicious humour, and the scene where Brother Tate discomfits Brother Green by pitching the tune from the open door just as his rival is clearing his throat to begin, is one of those rare touches which sends a thrill of unwonted pleasure through the reader, and indicates the hand of a master at work.

True dramatic instinct is also shown. Its finest example, perhaps, is the unexpected decision of the minister to go home with the rebellious, heart-broken Jeff. The scene in Jeff's cabin is full of strength and pathos. 'Lasses, whom we meet there, is a baby to love forever. What woman could withstand this picture of 'Lasses at meeting!

All the women loved to watch 'Lasses. They made inarticulate motherly sounds of endearment, and nudged their neighbours to look at her. And 'Lasses, feeling herself noticed, smiled peacefully at them over the back of the pew.

Praiseworthy in itself, *A Little Sister to the Wilderness* holds out promise of better things to come. It is not probable that the author will continue to keep her most lifelike creations in the background, nor that she will cling to a certain tendency to "fine" writing, which, for one instance, spoils the proposal in the book. Moreover, there is a strain of sentimentality noticeable in this story which cannot long run side by side with such fine humour and such wholesome appreciation of a good situation as are shown throughout the narrative.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

OUT OF THE EAST.*

The vague and misty charm of the languorous East rests almost too heavily on these latest recorded impressions of Lafcadio Hearn; for it is as an impressionist that we must take him, or, peradventure, we might fall out with him betimes, when his musings become tinctured with a vain philosophy, and his

* Out of the East. Reveries and Studies in New Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

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strongly biased estimate of New Japan blinds his historical perspective, and pagan pride misconstrues Christian humility of character. We do not want to quarrel with one who has steeped our senses in forgetfulness and unloosed for a season the tense cord of life with such delectable things as are contained in "The Dream of a Summer Day," "Of the Eternal Feminine," "The Red Bridal," or "A Wish Fulfilled." But a word of protest must be entered against his serious arraignment of Christianity in Japan.

Lafcadio Hearn twice pays homage to Mr. Herbert Spencer in unqualified terms—once as "the world's greatest thinker," and again as "the world's greatest philosopher;" and he buttresses his argument against the introduction of Christianity into Japan, and, indeed, into any foreign country, with patches of philosophic statement from his favourite teacher. This at once explains his un-Christian attitude and his general *laisser faire* way of looking at all things Japanese. He is all for a conservatism in the government and life of that country, rooted in the traditions of the past, and hails with pleasure the recent retrogression among the people to the old, and their relapse from the new, currents of national life, simply because the old is their own peculiar possession and expresses their national individuality, while the new was an adoption and an assimilation of modern and occidental life, extraneous to Japanese custom and to the very root ideas of their notion of life. We cannot go into his plausible evidences against the progress or the practical utility of Christianity in Japan; his arguments are specious enough to be easily refuted by any one who conceives of the Christian religion rightly, and who does not place it alongside other beliefs as a mere superstition. It has been said with great truth that "the Church that first adopts for her intending missionaries the study of comparative religion as a substitute for subjects now taught will lead the van in the path of true progress." For it is on this platform that missionaries in the future will have to contend with the worldly philosophy of pessimism, which practically says, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." All religion, reasons Mr. Hearn, is a peculiar evolution of the whole ethical experience of a race—their idols are as good as yours, and are better adapted to the moral government of their life than yours could ever be. To those who are of a mind to take this chapter on "Jiujutsu" more seriously, we could not recommend a more authoritative book than Dr. Griffis's *Religions of Japan*, reviewed in the April BOOKMAN. The sympathetic spirit in which Dr. Griffis writes is a great recognition of the truth of Dr. Fairbairn's words, "Between fetichism and Christian faith there is a great distance, but a great affinity—the recognition of a supersensible life."

Lafcadio Hearn would better not have meddled with the "theological bias;" after all, he interests us chiefly by his wonderful emotional susceptibility to the life about him and the vivid power with which he can set forth the shapes that flit across his pages, "faint as old memories," but as poignant and redolent of melancholy delight. He is an artist, not a philosopher; a poet, and not a scribe; and he casts an unmistakable glamour over us when he weaves enchantment with his delicate brush, and all about us we feel the spell of poetry falling "like the thrilling of a ghostly web." To describe his work, you naturally drop into his own phrases; and to hear his name is like music telling of a song that bewitches men. With the artist and poet it is a land where it is always "luminous afternoon." You sink into reverie or nod with his mood; you watch the flashing of the dragon-flies, the infinite network of rice-field paths, the slowly shifting lines of lonely peaks in the horizon glow, and the changing shapes of white afloat in the blue above all. Suddenly and very softly a thought, a vision steals into the mind, and you feel the keen prick of pain as you find yourself face to face with some phase of the Universal Riddle, which has a strange fascination for all of us, as it has for the author.

"I gaze and dream and nod by turns." Yet as in our moments of dreaming and nodding we see the strange phantasmagoria of life take on new shapes and recreate new forms, so that in our waking we borrow from these crude fancies the conceptions of a larger, fuller, freer world: so in these reveries and studies we get a larger view and a richer colouring of the life of the Japanese, and marvellous pictures of the Orient lying in a

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glory of light float into fuller and clearer vision, brought at summons of the magician's wand "out of the East."

J. M.

RELIGIOUS AND DIDACTIC.

Dr. Arthur T. Pierson has added one more to the volumes on self-culture, whose name is legion. *Life-Power, or Character, Culture, and Conduct* (Fleming H. Revell Company, $1.00) is no worse and no better than others included in this category; but as the old books pass away with the young generation they were written for, there is always room and to spare for the followers of their great modern prototype, Mr. Samuel Smiles, whose works on *Character, Self-Help, Thrift*, together with sundry notable biographies of self-made men, are a creditable monument to the untiring literary industry of a lifetime. Dr. Pierson discusses with a constant stream of illustration and biographical incident such topics, perennially interesting to youth, as "the elements and secrets of power," "the use and abuse of books," "the genius of industry," "the ethics of amusement," "the inspiration of ideals." His long practice with the prelectoral pen gives the author that facility in writing which places him at ease with his subject and makes his readers *con amore* with his treatment of it.

In *Civic Christianity*, by William Prall, S.T.D., Ph.D. (Thomas Whittaker, $1.00), the rector of St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich., has "touched upon the hem of several things" in a series of sermons which treats of the relation of Christianity to civic life. Some of these have already appeared in the periodical press, but they have been revised and enlarged for the present volume. They include such subjects as "Christ and the Multitudes," "The Alienation of the Masses," "The Sin of Gossip," "Good Citizenship," "The Cross the Resolvent of Difficulties;" in all there are twelve sermons. Dr. Prall does not mince matters, indeed, his outspoken and blunt manner of speech verges on intemperance at times, and jars on one's sense of things sacred, as when he says of some stories that have been gossiped about town in Detroit: "I hope to God that they are not true!" Let us do justice, however, to the timeliness of his straightforward statement on the necessity of a clean, moral government in civic affairs, which gives an honest and magniloquent ring to these platform utterances. Fine flashes of scorn and wit, as from a rough diamond, light up the dark places into which these researches enter, and there is plenty of fact for the hard-headed statistician as well as moral inspiration for the optimistic reformer.

Not so long ago Professor George D. Herron startled certain classes with a sermon on the message of the Gospel to the rich, which appeared in *The Christian Union*. Since then this able preacher has followed up his opportunity on several occasions, and now he publishes, through Messrs. Crowell and Company (price, 75 cents), *The Christian State: a Political Vision of Christ*, which is composed of a course of six lectures delivered in various American city churches. Professor Herron's manner is that of the pulpit; it is dogmatic, in the theological sense of the word, and not apologetic. He speaks as one having authority, and not as the scribes. His dignified moral earnestness, his strength of conviction and prophetic quality, with a fine thread of intellectual fibre running through all his religious enthusiasm, have invested that magnetic power in him which moves men mightily by voice and pen. His point of view in the present little work is that of a political and social learner of Christ. The author writes under a profound sense of divine compulsion; and with a great political faith in Christ, he appeals to those who look for the redemption of our nation and a juster civilisation through the leavening power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In this respect Professor Herron's "political vision of Christ" will supplement Professor Ely's *Social Aspects of Christianity*, published by the same firm, and will lend additional force to the study of sociology within the Church.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have just published two little books *How We Rose* and *God's Light as it Came to Me*, both of the morbidly introspective order, which profess to treat of means to spiritual health, but which seem to us to be so tinctured with a diseased self-consciousness as to be spiritually unhealthy. Ruskin's plea that our age is too conscious of self already to allow the mind to brood over books that tend to medi-

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tative inwardness, and that a state of *mens sana* is only to be induced by books and things that take us out of ourselves, gains emphatic testimony in the useless publication of such books as these.

Of a more healthful tendency is a little volume of "studies of the outward as related to the inward life," by Marion D. Shutter, D.D. (Boston, James H. West). *A Child of Nature* leads the reader into the highways and hedges, and what preaching there is, is done by the wayside in the open air, so that the mind sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought is refreshed even as the dusty flowers smell sweet after the shower. Still one has to wade through long morasses of commonplace to get at the intermittent groves of coolness and delight. Few there be who can deny themselves the indulgence of moralising when the text is obvious. It is the commonest anodyne of passive souls who shrink from rough actual contact with the workaday world.

A book which we can highly recommend to studious readers of the Bible in the present time of unrest and of unsettled views regarding its inspiration and infallibility comes from the press of Thomas Whittaker. *The Breath of God* (price, 75 cents), by the Rev. Frank Hallam, is a historical, critical, and logical sketch of the doctrine of inspiration, which has many merits to commend it to those whose study of the Bible is limited to the Authorised or the Revised Version in English. Mr. Hallam is a keen exegete and scholar, and his numerous references on every page testify to his erudition and wide research among original sources. But with these he has a clear, vigorous style, and the literary form of his work is fresh and striking. There is a blending of common sense and ready satire in his handling of certain flimsy notions concerning biblical interpretation which lets light in upon a truth, and makes its significance more telling and clearer of comprehension. It gives evidence of the beneficial results to be derived from a sane and wholesome view of the important work which the Higher Criticism is doing, and to be convinced of this the fair-minded inquirer cannot do better than consult Mr. Hallam's interesting and helpful little volume.

Dr. William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, has contributed a notable volume to the study of social theology. *Outlines of Social Theology* (Macmillan and Company, $1.50) groups its discussion of the social movement in relation to Christianity under three heads: Theological, Anthropological and Sociological. The time has not come yet, Dr. Hyde holds, for anything more than theological skirmishing on the frontiers of sociology, but "a man may blaze a path even though he lacks the materials and the capacity to build a road." The present work is an attempt to foresee what the logical relations of the doctrines of theology will be when the Christian life shall have become more fully the embodiment of love. It is needless to add that Dr. Hyde has not failed by his intellectual acumen and spiritual insight to shed light on the trackless way whither social theology is tending. *M.*

NOVEL NOTES.

THE STORY OF CHRISTINE ROCHEFORT. By Helen Coate Prince. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Among recent works of fiction *The Story of Christine Rochefort* must take no second place. By its vivid and truthful picture of a provincial strike, and the fine balance which it casts between the evils of anarchism on one side and the sure if slow benefits to be derived from social amelioration on the other, the book affects the problematic questions uppermost in the minds of all thinking men at the present time. But while to some this will be a sufficient reason for reading this novel, there are others—a numerous company, indeed—who will frankly enjoy the story for its delicious romance and exquisite pictures of French provincial life. The *motif* of the novel is not to be found in the clash between capital and labour, but in the development of a sensitive and beautiful soul reaching out toward the realisation of the high dreams which took possession of the youth of Christine and burned in her pure young breast, all through the years of agonising and discordant strife

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between the inner ideal and the outward form. The character of Christine is excellently wrought of fine gold ; like a king's daughter, she is all glorious within and her beauty shines and lives in the pages, casting a glamour over us. She appeals to the imagination much more than does her husband, Gaston Rochefort, whose strong virility and manly love of justice act as a foil to the gradual unfolding of her nebulous unreasoning womanhood. The story of her married life, with its passionate love on her husband's part, met by respect and grateful affection on hers ; the advent of de Martel and her idealised love for him, then the discovery of the deeper, stronger love that was growing all the time in her loyal heart for her own true husband is delicately portrayed, and the interest in the trivialities of their domestic life, wedded with the social claims of their environment, is well sustained.

The issues of the story baffle our grasp and the kindly Nemesis that shall "create the love to reward the love" keeps in the background until on the last page —one of those memorable pages to us in fiction—Christine, standing under the great cedar against the golden sky, the sunset glory touching her hair, speaks the words we have been waiting for, "Gaston, I love you."

"Each one of us stands alone as far as our inward life goes. How surprised we should be to hear ourselves described by those who love us best, and to whom we are the nearest! The silent drama played by all of us is never so much as guessed by those whose daily life we share. Living needs infinite patience."

In these words we find the keynote to the "still, sad music" which beats its way in the hearts of Christine and Gaston Rochefort to a fuller harmony and sets its notes to a diviner air.

EVE'S RANSOM. By George Gissing. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Mr. Gissing's last volume is much slighter, both in conception and in execution, than *In the Year of Jubilee*, which we had occasion to notice two months ago. It is to be hoped that he is not going the way of so many writers, and producing too rapidly for his own reputation. Nevertheless, although inferior to his greatest work, *Eve's Ransom* is a strong and impressive story, and one that holds the attention of the reader to the end. The principal male character is a young mechanical draughtsman from the Black Country, who works from morning to night for a meagre salary of two pounds a week, and with nothing to relieve the monotony of existence. Becoming unexpectedly possessed of a few hundred pounds, he resolves, as he says, at any rate for a few months, to discover how it feels really to live, so that he may at least have something to remember in after years. He casts aside his work, rushes up to London, visits Paris, and plunges into various forms of distraction, but at first in utter loneliness. At this stage of his career, he makes the acquaintance of a more or less attractive young woman, who, like himself, has led a narrow, provincial life, and longs for a glimpse of the world of luxury. It is easy to see to what end one of the decadent school of fiction would have conducted this affair ; but Mr. Gissing, though pessimistic, is no decadent. His heroine is very unconventional, but nothing worse. The book deals largely with the development in the man of a perfectly unselfish affection, and with the conflict in the woman between unselfishness and motives that are mercenary. The latter are made to win. The psychology of Eve Madeley is a very curious study, and perhaps involves a certain amount of paradox ; but the analysis is carried out very convincingly by Mr. Gissing, and the book on the whole will detract nothing from his reputation.

A SAWDUST DOLL. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. The Peacock Library. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

TWO WOMEN AND A FOOL. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Illustrated by C. D. Gibson. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.50.

These two volumes offer the book-lover all that could be desired in the way of paper, print, and binding, which are handsome enough ; but here the recommendation must unfortunately stop. We say "unfortunately," for no amount of good taste expended on the external appearance of a book will mitigate the bad taste of its contents. After the expectations aroused by the announcement of a new society novel purporting to be amusing and entertaining, it is grievously disappointing to seek in vain through the pages of Mrs. de Koven's story for some gleam of wit, wisdom, or wickedness. Of course the author will remind us that she only claims

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to write of a "sawdust doll," and so may parry the charge that her characters are not of flesh and blood, but only projections of sentimental fancy which she has dressed up to wile away an idle hour. But sawdust dolls are unsatisfactory things to play with when "childhood's years are passing o'er us;" in fiction as in life we put away childish things and choose a nobler company.

Mrs. de Koven's story, in its reflection of humdrum society life, may sometimes seem inane and heathenish, but it is at least respectable and does not outrage one's sense of decency, as her brother-in-law has succeeded in doing in *Two Women and a Fool*, which is as gross a piece of pseudo-realism as we have yet seen in American fiction with any pretence to that title. It is a pity if this is indicative of the way the new literary currents are tending in the West; one must lament to see real ability and cleverness prostituted to such degrading ends. For Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, unlike his literary relative, has considerable wit, a modicum of wisdom—of a worldly cynical sort, it is true—and much wickedness. But it all has a Dead Sea fruit taste, and the apple of lust and lies, so inviting to the eye, is rotten at the core and turns to ashes in the mouth. It is an insult to one's moral sense to be expected to find any interest in the liaison of a Bohemian artist with a music-hall beauty, and to enjoy the confessions of a slave to passion's whim. Messrs. Stone and Kimball deserve credit for their excellent artistic taste in the mechanical portion of these books, but one could wish that they had not sullied the lustre of their growing literary reputation with the responsibility of at least one of them.

INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES. By F. F. Montrésor. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Miss Montrésor has achieved a great popular success without consulting what is generally supposed to be the popular taste of the day. Perhaps unconsciously she has divined more correctly than most what the popular taste really is beneath the morbidities and frivolities that froth on its surface. In any case her success is deserved, for she has done some rather unusual things, has written a religious book, for instance, that will interest and attract non-religious persons, and has made us believe that an event with almost certainly unhappy consequences—the marriage of a woman to a man of markedly inferior rank and culture—turned out happily in the end. There is no good trying to approve altogether of the construction, and perhaps the fact which, having already been published, may be mentioned here, that the story was curtailed from an earlier and lengthier version, may account for some defects. Even the description of special incidents—though the scenes in the jail are vigorous and vivid—does not show the writer's special talents. Her first novel gives promise of a quite unusual understanding of varied human types. She has her characters so clearly in her mind that, whether their actions are perfectly or only doubtfully convincing, we know them with intimacy. We except Mrs. Russelthorpe, who, with her abnormally jealous love for her brother, puzzles us; and the heroine's personality is not always clear. But Barnabas Thorpe, the man of faith, of little logic, and of invariable rectitude, a quixotic hero, hiding his quixotries heroically; the clever, sharp-tongued, penetrating Tom, with the kind heart shining through his cynicism, and his boundless admiration for his idealist brother; Deane, the selfish, guileless, careless, cultivated enthusiast, are all admirable. Miss Montrésor has, in our opinion, shown her best power in George Sauls. It is quite improbable that for all his hardness he would have ever let the woman he loved so passionately plead so long and desperately for her husband's and his rival's life. But he is a very real man all the same, this Jew with the passion for success, the keen mind, the dominating will, his delight in fighting the world with its roughest weapons, in driving hard bargains, and who yet kept two sanctuaries in his mind inviolate. It is perfectly certain that the creator of George Sauls knows human nature well enough to be a creator of many more living men and women, and we wait confidently for their acquaintance. Miss Montrésor has written a novel of character, but her warmest desire was perhaps to make us glow with gratitude to those who are willing to risk all and contend to the uttermost for their ideal. And she has not failed.

PRINCE ZALESKI. By M. P. Shiel. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

Prince Zaleski was a glorified Sher-

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lock Holmes. "The victim of a too importunate, too unfortunate love, which the fulgor of the throne could not abash," took to meditation on the past and future of mankind, and when some one brought him the chatter of the daily newspapers, which he scorned to read, he would deign to light up the mysteries of the present with his magnificent mind. If only he could have been wiled from his gloomy palace to watch the sordid wickedness of the world, not one crime would have gone undetected. But he was probably not much interested in the detection of crime; only in the philosophy of the motives, and in the illustration crime affords of the strange workings of the human soul. We can imagine him saying, with a yawn, to an ordinary baffled Scotland Yard officer, "Oh, there is nothing in that. Show me something more difficult." Indeed, Mr. Sheil had to invent impossibly difficult puzzles for him, otherwise he would not have dared to approach so magnificent a creature at all. "He lay back on his couch, volumed in a Turkish *beneesh*, and listened to me, a little wearily perhaps at first, with woven fingers, and the pale inverted eyes of old anchorites and astrologers, the moony greenish light falling on his always wan features." His *mise en scène* is magnificent; an open sarcophagus with the mummy of an ancient Memphian, palæolithic implements, gnostic gems, fretted gold lamps, fumes of *cannabis sativa* make part of it. Plainly, only crimes of a poetic order could be brought for detection here. And yet a terrible thing happened. Europe had been convulsed with an epidemic of suicide and murder. The murderers had left, as their mark, a scroll with hieroglyphics on it. These puzzle pictures would have driven any one else mad. Even Zaleski's great mind was severely taxed. But surely his soul must have revolted when part of the interpretation resolved itself into a pun—a hideous pun, by which a male and a female figure are made to form the word Lacedæmon. We refuse to humiliate our readers by saying how. The murderers were a high-minded band, whose motives he approved. Yet he did not join them, or endow them with any part of his vast wealth. He said they were "ill-advised," but we have a shrewd guess it was their vile pun that rankled in his solemn soul. Mr. Shiel's mysteries are very good, if a trifle laboured, and he has put them into literary form. But as he has not quite got us under the mystic spell, we are not able to maintain a constant gravity before his gorgeous prince.

NEIGHBOUR JACKWOOD. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Messrs. Lee and Shepard have launched *Neighbour Jackwood* on a new voyage of delight after considerable overhauling. Mr. Trowbridge, who has had this old pioneer of New England fiction in the dry dock for some time, has revised the old scenes and introduced some new ones into the story. We question the wisdom of such a course; in the first place, it is taking a liberty with what has become for a long time public property, and again one sees things through other eyes "when one is old," and the perspective of a work of fiction is apt to be thrown out by an intellectual obliquity. Although we may not agree with John Burroughs, who declares without stint that it is "like a novel of Scott, and that its characters would shine in any page Scott ever wrote," *Neighbour Jackwood* has genuine merits of its own which will keep the good craft afloat for many a day yet. A portrait of the author and a picture from a photograph representing the characters who acted in the play in the Boston Museum in 1857 are given; but that which is worth buying the book for alone is an extremely interesting chapter of autobiography which Mr. Trowbridge published in a recent *Atlantic Monthly*, and which he has incorporated in the new edition of his novel. *Inter alia* he tells us how he came by his title. "The story finished, I had great trouble in naming it. I suppose a score of titles were considered only to be rejected. At last I settled down upon "Jackwood," but felt the need of joining to that name some characteristic phrase or epithet. Thus I was led to think of this scriptural motto for the title-page:

"'A certain *woman* went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.'

"Which suggested the question, 'Who was *neighbour* unto this woman?' and the answer, 'Neighbour Jackwood.' And I had my title."

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ESSAYS ON SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

This volume, as the author states in his preface, is to be regarded as a series of studies made by him towards a history of Scandinavian literature, which it is his intention some day to complete. It contains chapters upon Björnson, Kielland, Jonas Lie, Hans Christian Andersen, Georg Brandes, and Tegnèr. The Swedish authors, Runeberg, Strindberg, Mrs. Edgren, and the Dane Oehlenschlaeger, are reserved for a subsequent volume. There is a special chapter devoted to contemporary Danish literature.

Professor Boyesen is at his best in literary criticism. There is a fresh, vigorous, and masterful touch about his dicta that refreshes the reader as with a salt breath from the Northern Ocean —an impression of *plein air* and perfect sanity of judgment most delightful in these days of morbid introspection. Most interesting of all the papers, possibly because the subject of it is less familiar, is that on Tegnèr; while the account of Brandes is the most disappointing, being far too brief for the importance of an author by whom, if we mistake not, Professor Boyesen has himself been greatly influenced. The sketch of Andersen will appeal especially to English and American readers, who will read with much interest the pages that discuss the curious psychological study of his character and explain his strange vanity, his childishness, and his superficially repellent sentimentality, in the light of personal knowledge. One could have wished that the order of chronology had been followed in the arrangement of the studies, since the effect of the book as a whole would thereby have been made more definite.

THE TROUBADOURS AND COURTS OF LOVE (Social England Series.) By John Frederick Rowbotham. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

A vast amount of information regarding the political and social life of the period miscalled the "Dark Ages" may be obtained by reading this book, and following all the paths indicated in the foot-notes and list of authorities placed at the end of the work. However, as most of the writings of the troubadours are still in manuscript and must be consulted in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, the results of a conscientious scholar's labours will be accepted with grateful appreciation by students from whom these fountains for research are sealed. This history of the troubadours, which is not only carefully but most interestingly compiled and arranged, is a most comprehensive and lucid guide to the study of the fascinating class of men—the "knights-errant of literature," whose influence was so deep and varied upon all the branches of national life.

For some time the world has realised that history is not preserved exclusively in the annals of politics and war, but that art, literature, commerce, science, and the pleasures, amusements, and tastes of all classes have been as great factors in the moulding of nations. The "Social England Series," under which this book is classed, promises, in the words of the editor, Kenelm D. Cotes, "to describe some of the leading features of English social life, and to point out some of the numerous highways which lead to a great centre." If the succeeding volumes attain to the standard of the one just issued, a vast amount of knowledge will be opened to the general reader, who, by following out the references, can make himself a specialist.

The ideal Byzantine hero, a marvel of beauty, strength, eloquence, and learning, is contrasted with the primitive type of heroic character as described in the epic of Beowulf. The Norman, Anglo-Norman, and Saxon noblesse and thanes possessed little polish until during the First Crusade they entered the glittering, luxurious capital on the Bosphorus, which was practically the first step towards a new education. Through various avenues the stream of Saracen influences poured, finding especial sympathy in Spain, which was transformed into an Oriental country. Another spot, which lay in the old trade route from the East to Gaul and Britain, was

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early colonised by Eastern emigrants—Provence—the land of roses and everlasting summer, where the sun was golden and the air breathed love, and where, it is said, "the nightingales sang sweeter than all the world beside." This was the cradle of the troubadours, who were thus born and fostered under the direct inspiration of Arabian minstrelsy; and it was from their Arabian ancestry that they caught the art of rhyme, tabulating words, and all the tricks of intricate verse.

The Provençal influence on England is accurately traced, and a detailed account of Queen Eleanor, called the "Troubadour Queen," and of the famous Richard Cœur de Lion, is given. The student will wish for a more intimate study of the verse-forms and rhythms with better examples, for the chapter entitled "The Poetry of the Troubadours" is unsatisfactory, owing to the author's haste to arrive at the life of the troubadour, which is well portrayed with all its refining and pernicious influences. The English troubadours were of sterner calibre than their Provençal brothers, preferring the elaborate epic to the light lyric of love, and consequently the author has touched upon famous Norman-English *romans*. The historical importance of the jongleurs, minstrels, and gleemen is set forth; another chapter is devoted to the musical knowledge of the troubadours and their achievements in harmony; and further are exhibited all the formalities and extravagances of the "Courts of Love." Stories of famous troubadours follow, and the book ends with their decline, which was accomplished by the arms of the Puritan—religion and war—this time in the garb of the Albigenses, who brought sudden disaster upon the sensitive centres of learning and pleasure, and proclaimed the gay reign of love and song over.

FOUR AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.50.

This sumptuous volume, with 202 pages of letter-press and 70 illustrations beautifully executed, contains four papers relating to four of the oldest American Universities, whose history antedates the independence of the United States. The account of Harvard is written by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, that of Yale by Professor Arthur T. Hadley, that of Princeton by Professor William M. Sloane (himself, however, an alumnus of Columbia), and that of Columbia by Professor Brander Matthews. Each of these gentlemen has evidently viewed his task as a labour of love, and has brought out very strikingly the most characteristic features of the history and the academic life of the noble institution of which he writes. The volume will appeal very strongly to the sons of the four universities as a permanent memorial of greatness in the past and as a prophecy of unlimited opportunity in the future.

The separate accounts are written from very much the same point of view and adopt much the same order of treatment, as was necessary in order to give symmetry to the work as a whole. The general history and development of each university is pleasantly sketched, its present conditions are indicated, its student life and aims are set forth in a very interesting fashion, and its principal aims and needs are outlined in a way that is most interesting and instructive. The task of the annalist of Columbia was by far more difficult than that of his collaborators, in that Columbia, situated in the heart of a vast and intensely commercial population, has far less external picturesqueness than her venerable sisters. The ivied halls, the broad campus with its velvet turf and noble elms, the "fence," the life of the undergraduates who live together in an intimacy whose jovial associations are never to be forgotten—in these things Columbia has had little or no share. Its austere simplicity and its accelerated assimilation to the German type of university, appear at first sight to deprive its records of the colour and variety that lighten the task of the chronicler of a university like Yale. All the more credit must be given, therefore, to the subtle art of Mr. Brander Matthews, who has been able to bring out the immensely important influence of Columbia at the present time in the great movement for the highest and most scientific education, and in doing so to make his narrative, on the whole, the most attractive of the four, partly because the facts which he selects and presents are to many so new and striking, and partly because of the literary charm of his style and the delicate felicity of his phrasing which lures

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the reader on by its wiles and delights him with the occasional crackle of an epigram.

The illustrations are especially to be commended for their variety and interest. They include not only portraits and reproductions of many scenes dear to the heart of the college man, but also four large folded plates, which are as novel as they are attractive, representing each the *ensemble* of one of the four universities — campus, halls, chapel, everything at a single glimpse. After seeing these one feels as if he has made a pilgrimage to each of the oldest and greatest American seats of learning.

AS OTHERS SAW HIM. A Retrospect, A.D. 54. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

"To Aglaophonos, Physician of the Greeks at Corinth, Meshullam ben Zadok, a Scribe of the Jews at Alexandria, greeting." So opens the prefatory letter to this Retrospect, which carries us back to the days of the public life and death of Jesus, written by an imaginary scribe who had been a member of the Sanhedrim and had voted for the death of the Nazarene. It is the latest addition to that apocryphal literature which has gathered around the stupendous miracle enacted nineteen centuries ago, destined to give a new trend to history and to put a new seal on the brow of mankind. Its manner of relation recalls Browning's "Epistle containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician," who saw the resurrected Lazarus and was divided between belief and doubt in his "strange, mad story." The personality of the narrator imparts the same "peculiar interest and awe this man has touched me with" in the experience of Karshish. And the conclusion leaves us in the same maze of troublous wonder and haunting fear concerning the fate of Jesus of Nazareth.

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think? So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too."

As Others Saw Him is a careful study, based upon considerable knowledge of detail, but especially remarkable for the imaginative force with which the whole is revivified and represented. This especially appears in the vividness with which the closing scenes are reproduced. The author has not been so successful in reporting the discourses of Jesus. Here he has endeavoured to use the *Agrapha*, and not with conspicuous success. And in one or two minor points he seems to have fallen into error. But the book as a whole is one to be noted. It is risky work, touching up the old portrait given in the Gospels; but although this Retrospect is professedly from an unfriendly point of view, there is nothing that diminishes reverence, nothing that distorts the likeness, but, on the contrary, a good deal that helps us more adequately to conceive the situation in its dramatic setting and on the historical ground upon which the author has written.

PSALM-MOSAICS. By Rev. A. Saunders Dyer, M.A., F.S.A. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $2.50.

It was Dean Stanley who said of the Psalter that "it is a vast palimpsest, written over and over again, illuminated, illustrated by every conceivable incident and emotion of men and nations; battles, wanderings, dangers, escapes, death-beds, obsequies of many ages and countries, rise, or may rise, to our view as we read it." In *Psalm-Mosaics* we have an excellent example of what a scholar with broad literary sympathies and responsive religious emotions can do to mould material lying by the wayside, so that it will yield intellectual and spiritual culture for the mental and religious needs of the multitude. The idea of collecting, during his intellectual pursuits, such biographical and historical illustrations of the Psalms as are recorded in this volume was conceived by Mr. Saunders when he was at Lichfield College in 1872. From a wide field of reading and historical research Mr. Saunders has gleaned something of what Tholuck longed to see put on record, "the spiritual experiences, the disclosures of the heart, the comforts and conflicts which men in the course of ages have connected with the words of the Psalms." The volume is unlike anything else in Biblical commentary; indeed, it is not so much a commentary as a Commonplace Book of the Psalter. The only other book on similar lines that we can recall is a remarkable work by the late Rev. John Kerr, D.D. But *The Psalms in History and Biography* is confined chiefly to one field—that of Scottish and Protestant Christianity, and the dangers and distresses experienced by the Covenanters. In reading

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Psalm-Mosaics we not only felt the spell of a master of spiritual power and suggestiveness, but were charmed by the wealth of incident and apt illustration and comment, many of these brought from far afield. It seemed as if the whole realm of literature and art had been traversed for human experiences to fit into the gamut of the Psalter; and in the catholic taste and judgment of which *Psalm-Mosaics* gives evidence on every page, the author has insured for his volume a wide audience as varied as it is universal.

REMINISCENCES. By the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $1.25.

Bishop Clark's reminiscences extend over a long period, the first public event that he remembers being the memorable visit to New England of President Monroe at the beginning of the Era of Good Feeling. This was seventy-six years ago, and six years later the future Bishop was admitted to General Lafayette's bedroom, during that veteran's triumphal progress through our country. The greater part of the book is, however, as one might naturally expect, taken up with the writer's ecclesiastical life, and with anecdotes of the famous churchmen whom he knew. Thus it will commend itself primarily to clergymen and to laymen of his own Church, though many others will read with pleasure his account of Princeton Seminary in the old days, of Bishop Philander Chase, that heroic figure in the time when Ohio was still in the Far West, of Dr. Hawks, of the first Pan-Anglican Conference, and of Phillips Brooks. For those who do not seriously incline even to these subjects, there is much of a purely secular nature—recollections of President Lincoln, of the work of the Sanitary Commission during the war, of General Sherman, and of Washington in the early sixties. Dr. Clark's narrative is easy, almost colloquial in style, and is most agreeable reading for an idle hour. The frontispiece gives a portrait of the Bishop in his robes.

IN STEVENSON'S SAMOA. By Marie Fraser. New York: Macmillan & Co. 80 cents.

Miss Fraser spent some time in Samoa not very long before Mr. Stevenson's death, and writes in a chatty, unpretending way, and with perfect taste, the story of her stay and of her almost daily interviews with the Stevensons, of whom she gives a charming picture. The book is, however, by no means exclusively devoted to the novelist and his family, but has much to say of Apia and the Samoans, with whom the author evidently became a great favourite. An illustration given as a frontispiece shows the house in Vailima with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Fraser, and also Miss Fraser herself on horseback—a most pleasing young person, of whom this glimpse amply justifies the name given her by the Samoans—Matalanumoana, "Fair young stranger with blue eyes." The Samoans are evidently persons of considerable perspicacity. We salute the Samoans.

CYCLING FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE. By Luther H. Porter. Athletics Series. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00.

This little volume, with its bright yellow cover, has already gone into the hands of hundreds of cyclists. It proves in our experience to be all that it claims, "an indispensable guide to the successful use of the wheel." In the minutiæ of detailed information given concerning all the points of the bicycle, its use and abuse, its relation to health and disease, and the difficulties which the beginner usually encounters, it should take its place as the wheelman's guide, counsellor, and friend. The cyclopædic chapter was a happy idea, and Dr. Hammond's address on the "Bicycle in Health and Disease" was well worth inserting in the volume. The style of the writer leaves much to be desired. Mr. Porter knows his own business, and knows it well, and for this we are thankful; but he has evidently had little leisure to practise the scribbler's art. There are glaring faults which ought to have been detected in reading the proofs, but the book as a whole will pass muster, as few who consult its contents will be troubled by its lack of literary finish.

TRACTATUS DE INTELLECTUS EMENDATIONE. Translated from the Latin of Benedict de Spinoza by W. Hale White. Translation revised by Amelia Hutchison Stirling, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. W. Hale White, the author of the Mark Rutherford books, has just pub-

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lished a translation of this small work of Spinoza. It is a treatise on method. Bruder in his edition calls it an *aureus libellus*, and next to the Ethics, the most important source for Spinoza's philosophy. That is an editor's enthusiasm. The treatise is brief, often obscure at critical points, more or less tentative, and incomplete. A student who is familiar with the Ethics can often read into its perplexing sentences a meaning in harmony with the author's general purpose, and Mr. White has done everything in this way (in his preface and notes) that intelligence and sympathy could do. He thinks the book is suggestive in a singular degree to any one who will take pains with it. That is true, but only in the sense that one who has a general comprehension of Spinoza's thoughts will find it brings all he knows into play to discover what the writer is driving at. The book has a certain autobiographic interest; we find distinct traces here and there of the psychological processes by which Spinoza came to the doctrines associated with his name. But it is not a book for beginners, and its value is not in what it says, but in the reflection which it stimulates. The translation is both accurate and candid; where the text is dubious, or the point obscure, the editor is careful not to mislead his readers. It would have been a help to students if the clear divisions and headings which appear in Bruder, or something equivalent to them, had been given in the English also.

THE CURSE OF INTELLECT. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

The yellow cover and anonymous titlepage of this book warns us what to expect. It is a Swift-like satire on society, if not on man. A *blasé* cynic educates a monkey till it can wear clothes, talk, and even write. Its first feeling on awaking to a sense of its new attainments is one of intense gratitude, almost worship, of its educator. But as it plays its part in London society, and learns the utter hollowness and selfishness of the human world to which it now belongs, its worship turns into a hatred that culminates in murder. The satire is unquestionably marred by the medium chosen. The lack of verisimilitude haunts the reader throughout. A satire with the same object is worth writing, and there is considerable power manifest here; but to be effective, it must be more credible. Swift did not bring his horses to London.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

The redoubtable editor and compiler of paste-pot and scissors repute, whose happy moments are marked by the discovery of choice clippings, finds a formidable example in Mr. Alfred H. Miles. His most creditable literary performance has been his compilation of *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*, in ten volumes (price, $15.00), the last two volumes of which (consisting of humorous and sacred selections) have just been issued, completing the set, by Dodd, Mead and Company. The work shows a careful eclectic taste judged by artistic and literary standards; few editors indeed have proved themselves so qualified by results to the onerous task undertaken by Mr. Miles in these ten volumes. They are a choice library of the best poetry of the century, affording also a biographical and critical compendium which makes the work a desideratum to every bookman.

Thomas Whittaker has also just issued in one bulky volume of readable type *One Thousand and One Anecdotes* (price, $1.50), containing popular yarns, stories, incidents, jokes, witticisms, epigrams, and *bon mots*, which Mr. Miles has collected and arranged from his storehouse of cuttings and which he has made of real general utility by adding an exhaustive index. Besides drawing on his own collection, Mr. Miles has gleaned the best material from other fields, and in doing so has superseded largely by his careful editing many works of the same sort already in the market. Among old favourites we notice the climactic peroration of an Irish member of Parliament: "I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air; and, by Heaven! I'll nip it in the bud."

The Messrs. Macmillan lead the van in handsome reissues of standard literature. An edition of Rudyard Kipling's work in six volumes deserves honourable mention, as it is the first attempt to collect in uniform style and binding such of this author's work as seems worth preserving in a permanent form. We are sorry that the publishers did not acquire the right to issue the poems and ballads also in this edition; barring the

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volumes of short stories, they contain perhaps the essential spirit and much of what is immortal in Mr. Kipling's work. The same publishers have begun an edition of Mr. Henry Edward Watts's translation of *Don Quixote*. Two volumes have been issued (price, $2.00 per volume), and two more, to appear within the next two months, will complete an exquisite set of Cervantes' masterpiece, which for library purposes it would be difficult to rival. This will be followed in July with Mr. Watts's life of Cervantes, wholly recast and largely rewritten, together with an exhaustive bibliography of Cervantes and his translators. The same firm's imprint gives American currency to the edition of Tobias Smollett's novels in the Bohn Library, with a bibliography appended to each volume, and illustrations by George Cruikshank. (Price, $2.00 per volume.) Macmillan and Company, in conjunction with the Messrs. Dent, of London, also begin an edition of Defoe's romances and narratives, to appear in sixteen dainty volumes (price, $1.00 per volume), which aims at giving us at this late date the first complete collection of Defoe's stories. Defoe was a prolific writer, but much of his writing is without interest to us, and indeed anything like a complete edition of all his publications would now be practically impossible. But we hail with delight all the stories, real or fictitious, which can be gathered together in this edition, for they are as welcome now as when first issued. The editor, Mr. George A. Aitken, appreciates the value of Defoe's work to posterity, while exercising an admirable discrimination in his selective and redactive work. The illustrations by Mr. J. B. Yeats are excellent in artistic execution and most pleasing in their sympathetic rendering of the text.

The Student's Chaucer, in one volume (price, $1.75), published by Messrs. Macmillan, is a complete edition of the poet's works, edited by Dr. Walter W. Skeat, of Cambridge. It provides the student with a life of Chaucer, a critical account of his writings and early editions, with notes on the grammar, metre, versification, and pronunciation of the text, and a glossary to Chaucer's works. This scholarly and comprehensive edition ought to prove indispensable to the student of Chaucer and of early Anglo-Saxon literature.

In the Library of Useful Stories, Messrs. Appleton issue *The Story of the Stars* (price, 30 cents), "simply told for general readers," by George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. This little handbook on astronomy is an attempt to popularise the astral science for readers whose education does not include a technical knowledge of the sciences, and is an appeal through a simple treatment of the subject, with generous use of illustrations, to the intelligence of the average man.

Mr. William Ordway Partridge's *Technique of Sculpture* has a much too ambitious title. It is in reality a little volume of chitchat and miscellaneous jottings, extending to some 118 pages, with 21 illustrations. It begins with a short sketch of the history of sculpture, with mention of the great work of various ages and schools; then passes to a chapter on the practice of sculpture—a sort of artist's note-book—and in an appendix gives a list of great sculptors and their chief productions, a selected bibliography, etc. The book is pleasantly written and contains a good many practical suggestions that will be of use to the art student. It is published by Messrs. Ginn and Company.

Messrs. Macmillan and Company send us *Manners, Customs and Observations*, by Leopold Wagner, a volume filled with much curious information about various feasts, fasts, rites, and ceremonies, as to their origin, development, and meaning. It is arranged under sections or chapters, "Regal and Ecclesiastic," "Naval and Military," "Legal and Parliamentary," "Civic and Social," "Courtship and Marriage," and "Death and Burial" being some of the main headings. The book is handsomely printed, and having a good index is useful for reference. The price is $1.75.

Mr. Joseph A. Williams, for many years Clerk of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, issues through Houghton, Mifflin and Company, a collection of stories, anecdotes, and recollections drawn from his long association with the legal profession. It is entitled *Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers*, and is very readable, though containing little of permanent value, being very local in its spirit. Perhaps as generally interesting as anything it contains is the account of the famous murder of Dr. Parkman by Professor Webster in 1849.

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Mr. Williams had been a schoolmate of Dr. Webster's children, and had known the doctor himself for many years. There is a very provincial lack of perspective in the book as a whole, however, as when several pages are devoted to the doggerel rhymes of one Allan C. Spooner, whom Mr. Williams describes as "a brilliant man." If he wished his readers to believe this he should have suppressed the brilliant Spooner's verses.

Four Years of Novel Reading, an account of an experiment in popularising the study of fiction, which we announced in a previous number, has just been issued by D. C. Heath and Company. Professor Moulton, in his introductory paper on the study of fiction, says some sensible things that have been said already, but are all the better for having been again expressed with the freshness and vigour which he puts into all his writing. Some of his sentences, especially those on the prevalent vicious habit of reading fiction by the yard, because it is fashionable, is rather biting and caustic. For instance, he speaks of "the intrusion of the universal gambling spirit into literature. What betting and euchre are to the men's club, that novels are to the ladies' boudoir. What gets the typical novel read is the long-drawn out uncertainty whether Clarissa is to be married or buried in the last chapter, with a delicious off-chance" (if Mr. Hardy be the novelist) "that she may even come to be hanged." Then again he says: "Current fiction stands second only to social scandal as material for flying gossip," and he speaks of those who will "blush to confess that they have not read *Dodo*, while feeling no discomfort at not having read Dante." We highly recommend this little book as an antidote to the habit of reading what an old lady in the country declared to be *pizenous* stuff.

The International Education Series of D. Appleton and Company has just added another valuable book for educators to its already long list of books of this class—viz., Froebel's *Pedagogics of the Kindergarten*, translated by Josephine Jarvis, and edited, as are all of this series, by Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. This is a book of special value to parents, kindergartners, and primary-school teachers, inasmuch as it contains a *practical* elucidation of the *true* theory of Froebel. In describing the play of the ball, he shows how it brings out the definite, clear, and legitimate development of the child's capacity for speech in the progressive course of the play, and the language which accompanies it is clear, precise, full, significant, simple, yet completely satisfying. In this manner the whole play of the kindergarten is carefully explained, and many suggestions are given in regard to the true meaning of unconscious mental growth.

Another volume has been added to Macmillan's Standard Fiction series. *Tom Cringle's Log*, by Michael Scott, has an introduction by Mowbray Morris, and some fine illustrations in the spirit of the author by J. Ayton Symington. Very little is known of Michael Scott, but what little there is to be gleaned has been brought together sedulously by Mr. Morris.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF IBSEN.

The first record in English that I have been able to find of Henrik Ibsen is a version of the longest of his minor poems, *Terje Vigen* (1862), contained in a book of translations by J. A. Dahl, called *Norwegian and Swedish Poems*, published in Bergen, in 1872. The book, however, I have never seen, and I have reason to doubt that it ever found any great currency either in England or America. Ibsen was first properly introduced to an English public by Edmund Gosse, in an article entitled "Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian Satirist," in the *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1873, subsequently incorporated in his *Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe* (1879), and reprinted in his *Northern Studies* in the Camelot Series (1890). Mr. Gosse's suggestive essay contains English versions, and very facile ones, of passages of *The Comedy of Love*, *Brand*, and *Peer Gynt*, but it was not until 1876 that the first translation of a whole work appear-

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ed, *The Emperor and the Galilean*, which will be mentioned in its proper place further on. Since this time, as was natural, a flood of Ibsen translations has borne down upon us, until it has become a matter of no small difficulty to pick and choose. One of the plays lies before us in no less than four separate versions, and others have been translated several times. It is the purpose of this article to present, as well as may be in a limited space, a comprehensive view, not of Ibsen literature. for that would require many pages, but of the bibliography, in its essentials, of Ibsen's own writings from the beginning, to indicate, further, those of them which are accessible in English translation, and in the case of several versions to point out a possible preference.

Ibsen was born March 20th, 1828, at Skien, in Norway. His first printed literary work is the poem "Hösten," contained in No. 431 of the *Christiania Posten*, 1849, but not included among his collected verse. To this journal were contributed, besides, during the succeeding two years, a poem in memory of the poet Oehlenschlaeger, and the prologue for an entertainment of the Students' Union at the Norwegian theatre in Bergen. Ibsen's first dramatic attempt, written, like the poems mentioned, when he was an apothecary's apprentice in Grimstad, was published in Christiania, in 1850, with the title *Catilina, Drama i tre Akter af Brynjolf Bjarme* ("Catiline · Drama in three acts by B. B."). Only about thirty copies in all were ever sold. The rest of the edition found its way into the hands of a huckster, who used it for wrapping up his wares. A second, revised edition appeared twenty-five years later, in 1875. The year of the appearance of *Catilina*, and Brandes characterises it "his first declaration of war," Ibsen went to Christiana in order to enter the university. Here his second play was written during the succeeding Whitsuntide holidays, the one-act drama *Kjæmpehöjen* ("The Warrior's Grave"), which was produced at the Christiania theatre this same year. It was not printed, however, until 1854, when it appeared in a revised form in the *Bergenske Blade*.

In Christiania, after the production of his play, Ibsen straightway abandoned all thought of the university. With other congenial souls he presently, at the beginning of 1851, set up the publication of a weekly literary paper first called *Manden* ("The Man"), and subsequently *Andhrimner*, with the intention, as its name, that of the mythical cook in Walhalla, would seem to indicate, to serve up the food of the gods. It lasted only nine months. Ibsen's own con-



"THE MASTER."

From the London Sketch.

tributions, besides poetry and criticism, included a three-act political satire called *Norma, eller en Politikers Kjærlighed* ("Norma, or a Politician's Love"), which appeared anonymously. Ibsen's succeeding play, *Sankthansnatten* ("St. John's Night"), written in Germany in 1852, and produced at the Bergen theatre in 1853, has never been printed. The first of Ibsen's historical plays, the lyrical drama *Gildet paa Solhoug* ("The Banquet at Solhoug"), was the next to appear in 1856. This same year was completed the romantic drama *Olaf Liljekrans*, produced at the Bergen theatre early in 1857, but never printed.

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An analysis of its action, as also that of *St. John's Night*, is given in Jaeger's *Biography* of Ibsen. Since this time, at longer or shorter intervals, has appeared the splendid series of dramas that have made this "poet of doubt" famous. The historical dramas *Fru Inger til Oesteraat* ("Lady Inger of Oestraat") and *Hærmændene paa Helgeland* ("The Vikings at Helgeland") first followed, the one in 1857 and the other in 1858. *Kjærlighedens Komedie* ("The Comedy of Love"), a satirical play in rhymed verse, appeared in 1862; *Kongs-Emnerne* ("The Pretenders"), his masterpiece among the historical dramas, in 1864; the dramatic poems *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* in 1866 and 1867, respectively; the political comedy *De Unges Forbund* ("The League of Youth") in 1869; the drama *Kejser og Galilæer* ("Emperor and Galilean"), his most extended work, in 1873; the first of the "studies of motive and responsibility," as Mr. Howells calls them, the social drama *Samfundets Stötter* ("The Pillars of Society") appeared in 1877; *Et Dukkehjem* ("A Doll's House"), in 1879; *Gjengangere* ("Ghosts"), in 1881; *En Folkefiende* ("An Enemy of the People"), in 1882; *Vildanden* ("The Wild Duck"), in 1884; *Rosmersholm*, in 1886; *Fruen fra Havet* ("The Lady from the Sea"), in 1888; *Hedda Gabler*, in 1890; *Bygmester Solness* ("Master Builder Solness"), in 1892; and, finally, *Lille Eyjolf* ("Little Eyjolf"), in 1894. A volume of poems, *Digte*, furthermore, had appeared in 1871. The longest of Ibsen's minor poems, *Paa Vidderne* and *Terje Vigen*, were originally published, the former in 1860, the latter in 1862.

Including *Catiline*, but excluding the minor dramas, all of Ibsen's works have been translated into English but three: *Catiline* itself, *The Banquet at Solhoug*, and *The Comedy of Love*. The first act of the revised edition of *Cataline* is included, however, in *Translations from the Norse*, by A. Johnstone (Gloucester, 1876), which, by the way, also contains a second version of *Terje Vigen*. Passages from *The Comedy of Love* are to be found, as has already been mentioned, in Mr. Gosse's essay. To Catherine Ray's *The Emperor and the Galilean* (1876) belongs the honour of being the first English version of an Ibsen drama, and until 1880, when a translation of *A Doll's House* appeared, it was the only one. At the present time one of the dramas exists in four separate versions, as has been noted; two have been rendered three times each, and no less than eight have been translated twice. Six have appeared, thus far, in but a single rendition.

The Lady from the Sea enjoys the distinction of having been most frequently translated. A version by George R. Carpenter appeared in the *Harvard Monthly* for November and December, 1889. A second translation, by Mrs. Eleanor Marx-Aveling, was published apart in London that same year. Still another, by Clara Bell, is contained in the second volume of *The Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen*, in Lovell's Series of Foreign Literature. A fourth, by Mrs. F. E. Archer, is in the fifth volume of *Ibsen's Prose Dramas*, edited by William Archer. The last series includes what may fairly be considered the best, by far, of the English versions. Of the dramas contained in it, *The Vikings at Helgeland*, *The Pretenders*, *The League of Youth*, *Emperor and Galilean*, *The Pillars of Society*, *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, and *Hedda Gabler* are translated by the editor, whose versions, as Professor Boyesen is careful to tell us in his *Commentary on the Writings of Henrik Ibsen*, are "clear, faithful, and painstaking," a judgment which my own observation amply confirms. A like dictum may be extended to the translations contained in the same series, evidently done under his immediate supervision. These are *Lady Inger of Oestraat* and *Rosmersholm*, by Charles Archer, and *The Wild Duck* and *The Lady from the Sea*, by Mrs. F. E. Archer. William Archer has translated, further, *An Enemy of Society*, contained in the second volume of the Lovell Series, and *Little Eyjolf* in the Green Tree Library (1894). In conjunction with Edmund Gosse, he has translated, besides, *The Master Builder* (1893), and with Charles Archer, *Peer Gynt*, which appears as the sixth and last volume of *Ibsen's Prose Dramas*. Several of the plays exist in other renditions. *The League of Youth*, by Henry Corstarphen, is in the second volume of Lovell. *A Doll's House*, the second of the plays to be translated, appeared in Copenhagen, in 1880, as *Nora*, in a translation by T. Weber. *Nora*, translated by Henrietta Frances Lord, appeared in London, in 1882, and under the title

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of *The Doll's House*, in New York, 1889. *Ghosts*, also by Miss Lord, was first printed in the London socialistic journal *To-Day*, and then, in a revised form, was included in the Ibsen volume, under the editorship of Havelock Ellis, in the Camelot Series (1888). This contains, besides, William Archer's version of the *The Pillars of Society* and Mrs. Marx-Aveling's *An Enemy of the People*, which latter is also included in Mr. Archer's *Ibsen's Prose Dramas*. *The Wild Duck* has been translated, a second time, by Mrs. Marx-Aveling, and is contained in the second volume of Lovell. Additional versions of *Rosmersholm* are by M. Carmichael, in the first volume of Lovell, and by Louis N. Parker (London, 1889). *Hedda Gabler*, translated by Edmund Gosse, forms the third volume of Lovell, and was also published apart the same year (1891) in London. *The Master Builder*, beside the version mentioned, has been translated by J. W. Arctander (Minneapolis, 1893). To complete the list of the Ibsen translations, the dramatic poem *Brand* has been rendered twice into English, once in prose by W. Wilson (London, 1891), and again in verse by C. H. Herford (London, 1894). The *Poems* have only in part been translated. Professor Boyesen's *Commentary* contains some excellent renditions, which preserve both the rhyme and the metre. A number of prose versions are in Philip H. Wicksteed's suggestive little book, *Four Lectures on Henrik Ibsen* (London, 1892).

As will be seen from the foregoing, of all the Ibsen translators, William Archer has been the most active, and it is fortunately possible out of the mass of versions, good, bad, and indifferent, that have arisen, to be able to read, in the case of every dramatic work thus far translated except *Brand*, either his own rendition or one that has arisen under his eye. The least successful of the Archer translations is, as a matter of course, *Peer Gynt*, which, both in its metrical construction and its inherent characteristics as a poem, offers difficulties well-nigh insuperable. The English translation has retained the original metre, but not the rhyme, and, although it is faithful enough to the letter of the original, its resemblance is, on the whole, but little more than external. With the Norse language has disappeared almost the whole characteristic colouring of the most distinctly national of the dramas, which Mr. Gosse calls, with admirable alliteration, "a picture of rough Norse life by fjord and fjeld." What is true of *Peer Gynt* is also true of the metrical translation of *Brand*, for the prose version of Mr. Wilson is out of the question from the beginning. Mr. Herford's version has retained both the metre and the rhyme of the original, but much of its essential realism, its sternness and solemnity, has somehow departed. Although some of its critics have praised it, I can see in it but little more than the *succès d'estime*, which is scarcely a success at all. The end of Ibsen translations, it is to be hoped, is not yet. We should still have in English the three untranslated plays, and bye and bye some new Bayard Taylor, perhaps, may come forward to give us the real *Peer Gynt* and *Brand*.

William H. Carpenter.

THE FOUR GEMS OF THE SEASON.

There has been an unusual number of sales during the season now closing, at which collections of scarce and valuable books were sold under the hammer. The collections of Charles B. Foote and L. D. Alexander, which were sold at the auction rooms of Bangs and Company, in New York, and those of George Livermore and George T. Maxwell, sold in Boston, at the rooms of C. F. Libbie and Company, were rich in rarities that brought high prices, but each is distinguished for containing a gem that sold in open market for $1000, or more.

The highest-priced book of the season, on this side of the Atlantic, was that scarcest of all American books—the first edition of Poe's *Tamerlane*, which was sold at the Maxwell sale for $1450 on April 25th. This little book, as may be seen from the fac-simile of the title-page printed herewith, was anonymous, Poe putting himself down simply as a "Bos-

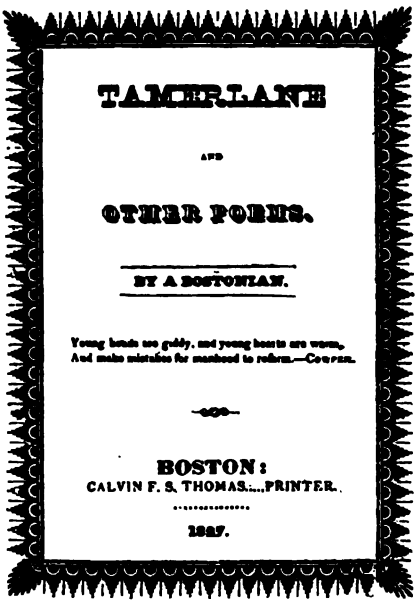
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tonian," to which honour he was entitled by the accident of having been born in that city. It was a 12mo, containing only 40 pages, coarsely printed, scarcely rising above the dignity of a pamphlet. The "Tamerlane," the major poem which gave the name to the volume, is not identical with the poem of the same name now printed in Poe's works, being much shorter and cruder than the revised version. Only two copies of this edition of *Tamerlane* are known to be in existence—one in the British Museum, and the Maxwell copy, just sold in Boston, and now owned by Dodd, Mead and Company, of New York.

The British Museum copy was purchased, strange to say, for a shilling. Henry Stevens bought it in the Samuel G. Drake collection, in 1859. It was sent into the Museum, in 1860, with a bundle of Boston tracts. It was discovered in 1875 by a mousing bibliographer, whose honour of discovery was disputed by another bookworm, and a long controversy ensued which even yet has not been settled. For years the Museum *Tamerlane* was believed to be unique.

The Maxwell copy has an equally interesting history. It was bought by Mr. Richard Lichtenstein, now one of the proprietors of the Old South Bookstore, in Boston, in an old bookshop, in Cornhill, in a lot for which he paid 25 cents each. It was some years before he began to appreciate the treasure. In the eighties, when Mr. Charles B. Foote was advertising widely for first editions of American authors, Mr. Lichtenstein had some correspondence with him in regard to it, resulting finally in an offer of $400, which was refused. On April 28th, 1892, Mr. Lichtenstein sold the book at public auction, through C. F. Libbie and Company to Dodd, Mead and Company for $1850, who in turn sold it to George T. Maxwell for $2500.

Mr. Maxwell bought the book in the original paper wrapper, and soon after sent it to Lortic, in Paris, and had it encased in a magnificent binding at an expense of $300. The background of the binding was a brown crushed levant, with sides ornamented with mosaic of blue levant, in a beautiful interlaced floriated design; the flower leaves and petals are all inlaid in colours, red, blue, green, and yellow, with monogram in each corner, double of pure white parchment, wide dentelle borders, vellum fly-leaves, encased in a crushed levant morocco pull-off case, blind-tooled. Lortic considered this one of his best pieces, and was not disposed to share the credit of the workmanship with another, for he signed his name in three places.



TAMERLANE

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.—Cowper.

BOSTON:
CALVIN F. S. THOMAS....PRINTER.

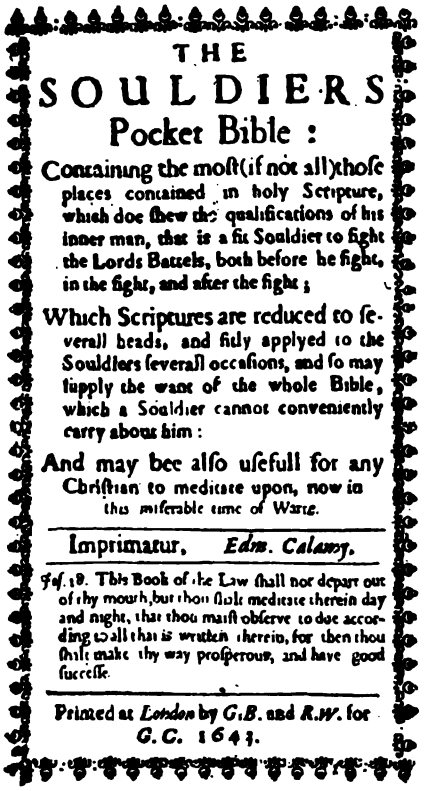
1827.

The first edition of Walton's *Compleat Angler*, printed in 1653, which sold in the Alexander collection for $1325, comes next in price. This is one of the rarest gems in English literature, and this particular copy one of the finest in existence. The last copy sold prior to this, in London brought £210. Mr. Alexander paid £68 for his copy, buying it at the sale of Sir William Tite, which occurred in May, 1874, in London. It will thus be seen that the investment was a fairly good one, Mr. Alexander realising an advance of nearly $1000 on his purchase.

George Herbert's *Temple*, which sold for $1050, brought the highest price of all the rarities in the Foote collection. This was a first and most rare edition, printed in 1633, for presentation purposes, ruled throughout with red lines, bound in olive morocco—a beautiful, well-preserved specimen of seventeenth-century binding. The volume contained notes in the autographs of its former owners—viz., the Rev. J. Brand, Richard

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Heber, and George Daniel. The only other known copy of this edition is in the Henry Huth Library. This, the Daniel copy, was lost sight of in England, and it has been repeatedly claimed that the Huth copy was unique. Mr. Foote paid $250 for the Daniel copy eight years ago, thus realising an advance of $800, making, all things considered, a better bargain than did Mr. Alexander with the *Angler*.



THE
SOULDIERS
Pocket Bible:

Containing the moſt(if not all)thoſe places contained in holy Scripture, which doe ſhew the qualifications of his inner man, that is a fit Souldier to fight the Lords Battels, both before he fight, in the fight, and after the fight;

Which Scriptures are reduced to ſeverall heads, and fitly applyed to the Souldiers ſeverall occaſions, and ſo may ſupply the want of the whole Bible, which a Souldier cannot conveniently carry about him:

And may bee alſo uſefull for any Chriſtian to meditate upon, now in this miſerable time of Warre.

Imprimatur, *Edm. Calamy.*

Joſ. 1. 8. This Book of the Law ſhall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou ſhalt meditate therein day and night, that thou maiſt obſerve to doe according to all that is written therein, for then thou ſhalt make thy way proſperous, and have good ſucceſſe.

Printed at *London* by *G.B.* and *R.W.* for *G.C.* 1643.

The star volume in the Livermore collection was the Cromwell's *Souldier's Bible*, which brought an even $1000. This celebrated Bible was issued for the use of the army soon after the commencement of the Civil War in England. It was a little 16mo book of 16 pages, printed in 1643. Only two copies are known to be extant. The Livermore copy was regarded as unique, until at the suggestion of Henry Stevens a collection of some 50,000 Civil War pamphlets, in the British Museum, were searched and a duplicate discovered. This gem does not appear to have been known to Watt, Lowndes, or Dibdin; nor is it described by any bibliographer. Henry Stevens once declared that "few books can long remain unique." It is singular that thirty-two years have passed since the fac-simile reprints were published and no other copies of this Biblical rarity have been found. The Livermore copy was purchased for the Lenox Library, and is now one of the wonderful collection of Bibles that distinguishes that institution.

The size of these four little volumes, which brought nearly $5000, would be disappointing indeed to one who supposes that a rarity must be a large book to bring a good price. *Tamerlane*, the *Angler*, and the *Temple* were all 12mos; the *Souldier's Bible*, a 16mo. Together they would not make a book larger than an ordinary 12mo book of 500 pages, which would make them worth more than fifteen times their weight in gold. Another distinguishing feature of three of these gems—*Tamerlane*, the *Temple*, and the *Souldier's Bible*—is that they are unique on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Beverly Chew, writing of the Foote sale, in the February number of THE BOOKMAN, said: "I am convinced that the great masterpieces of English literature will ever be in demand, and when the very small number of copies in existence is considered, the result must be gradually advancing prices." The sales of the Alexander and Maxwell collections, which have since taken place, have added much corroborative opinion to this eminently safe prediction.

The sales of the present season have given a great impetus to book collecting. The high prices which such gems as these mentioned have brought in open market have gone a long way toward encouraging new collectors to make the expenditures necessary to form collections. Many dealers, in a position which well qualifies them to speak, have expressed to the writer the opinion that the next decade will show a greater interest in book-collecting than has been yet manifested in this country. The sales of the present season, notwithstanding the depressed condition of business, furnishes much evidence that would tend to support such a prediction.

Fred. M. Hopkins.

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THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

THE MAXWELL SALE.

Ever since Mr. George T. Maxwell announced his determination to dispose of his collection of rare books and manuscripts at public auction, the question has been often put: "What will the 'Tamerlane' fetch?" The sale took place in Libbie's rooms in Boston on April 24th and 25th, and the question was answered. The famous copy of the first edition of Edgar Allan Poe's first book, "Tamerlane and Other Poems, Boston, 1827," which in 1892 had been sold in the same rooms for $1850.00 to a firm of booksellers, and which had since been most elaborately bound by Lortic *fils* at an expense of about $300.00, was the brightest gem of a notable collection. This item, No. 431 of the catalogue, came in the second day's sale. The bidding was started at $500.00 and rose by hundreds and then by fifties to $1450 00, at which price it was knocked down to its former purchasers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company., Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons being the underbidders. Shortly after the sale of the "Tamerlane" had, as the auctioneer said, become history, the well-known collector, Mr. N. Q. Pope, who at the previous sale had bid up to $1800.00 for the book, strolled in with a sprig of Mayflower in his buttonhole. He is understood to have been out of the race this time.

The collection included many other first editions, English and French, some in very elaborate bindings by the best Parisian artists, but, with a few exceptions, they probably sold for less than the owner had originally paid. This was notably the case with the French books and with the autographs, which, though small in number, included names of the greatest rarity and historical importance, specimens indubitably genuine and in fine condition.

From the standpoint also of the collector of book-plates, the sale was a notable one. A copy of the book-plate of Epes Sargent, engraved by Paul Revere, and one of three known copies, was bought by Dodd, Mead and Company. for $75.00, being probably the highest price ever paid either in this country or Europe for a single engraved specimen.

The following is a list of some of the most important items:

Arnold (M.). Cromwell, a Prize Poem, first edition, original paper covers. 1843. $16.00.

Arnold (M.). The Strayed Reveller and other Poems, first edition, original cloth, uncut. 1849. $19.00.

Bancroft (George). Poems, first edition, original boards, uncut, in morocco case. 1823. $15.00.

Barham. Ingoldsby Legends, first edition, 3 vols., cloth, uncut. 1840–42–47. $120.00.

Baudelaire. Les Fleurs du Mal, first edition, one of ten copies on Holland paper, and with autograph letters inserted, boards, uncut. 1857. $50.00.

Béranger. Chansons morales et autres, first edition, levant morocco extra, gilt over uncut edges, by Cuzin. 1816. $60.00.

Béranger. Chansons, second edition, 2 vols., levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Marius Michel. 1821. $45.00.

Béranger. Chansons, 3 vols., half roan, uncut, Baudouin Frères. 1828–33. $78.00.

Book-plates. A collection of 1106 specimens neatly mounted in three 4to albums. $160.00.

Brillat-Savarin. Physiologie du Gout, large and Holland paper copy, 2 vols., beautifully bound in levant morocco finely tooled, by Ruban. 1879 $76.00.

Brough. Life of Sir John Falstaff, first edition, with illustrations by George Cruikshank, original cloth, uncut. 1858. $31.00

Browning (E. B.). An Essay on Mind, first edition, boards, uncut, in morocco case. 1826. $22.50.

Browning (E. B.). Prometheus Bound, first edition, original boards, uncut, in morocco case. 1833. $35.00.

Browning (E. B. and R.). Two Poems, first edition, original paper covers, in morocco case. 1854. $11.00.

Browning (R.). Pauline, first edition, the author's first book, and his Uncle Reuben's copy, with autograph inscription, levant morocco extra, gauffered edges, by Mercier Sr. de Guzin. 1833. $260.00.

Browning (R.). Paracelsus, first edition, presentation copy, boards, uncut. 1835. $30.00.

Bryant (W. C.). Poems, first edition, original boards, uncut. 1821. $42.50.

Chants et Chansons populaires de la France, first edition, 3 vols., levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Chambolle-Duru. Paris, 1843. $120.00.

Cruikshank. George Cruikshank's Omnibus, first edition, with autograph inscription, morocco extra, uncut. 1842. $25.00.

Darzens (R.). L'Amante du Christ, levant morocco, elaborate inlaid doublé, by Samblanck-Weckesser, and extra-illustrated with a series of original water-colors by Louis Titz. 1888. $80.00.

Dickens. Sunday under Three Heads, first edition, morocco, uncut, with the original covers bound in. 1836. $60.00.

Dickens. Oliver Twist, first issue of the first edition, 3 vols., original cloth, uncut. 1838. $82.50.

Dickens. Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, first issue of the first edition, 2 vols., original cloth, uncut. 1838. $35.00.

Dickens. Illustrations of Master Humphrey's Clock in 70 plates, by Sibson. 1842. $52.00.

Dickens. Dombey and Son, first edition, in the original parts, uncut, in morocco case. 1848. $22.50.

Dickens. David Copperfield, first edition, in the original parts, uncut, in morocco case. 1850. $25.00.

Dickens. Bleak House, first edition, in original parts, uncut, in morocco case. 1853. $20.00.

Dickens (C.). The Uncommercial Traveller, first edition, original cloth, uncut. 1861. $22.00.

Dickens. A Tale of Two Cities, first edition, in the original parts, uncut, in morocco case. 1869. $51.00.

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Dumas. Péchés de Jeunesse, first edition, with inserted portraits, autograph matter, etc., levant morocco, inlaid in an elaborate pattern, by David. 1847. $135.00.

Eliot (George). Works, first editions, including "Life" but wanting "Agatha" and "Brother and Sister," 30 vols., half levant morocco. $165.00.

Eliot. Agatha, first edition, calf extra, uncut, by Tout. 1869. $45.00.

Flaubert. Herodias, Japan paper copy, elaborately bound with inlaid sides and tooled doublé, by Ch. Meunier. 1892. $115.00.

Flaubert. Salambo, large paper copy, with plates in two states and 31 water-color drawings by Jules Adeline and A. Gambard, morocco extra, Paris, n. d. $100.00.

Goncourt. Renée Mauperin, one of twenty copies on Japan paper, expensively bound by Ruban. 1884. $75.00.

Hallam. Poems by A. H. Hallam, first edition, original boards, uncut, without title, as published. $40.00.

Hazlitt. Liber Amoris, first edition, boards uncut. 1823. $19.00.

Houssaye. Cleopatra, one of three copies on Japan paper, with a water-color by Miés, autograph letters, etc., inserted, and elaborately bound by Samblanck-Weckesser. New York, 1890. $87.50.

Hugo. Cromwell, first edition, morocco extra, tooled to a design by Nodier, by Samblanck-Weckesser. Paris, 1828. $35.00.

Keats. Endymion, first edition, original boards, uncut, with inserted autograph letter and poem. 1818. $100.00.

Keats. Letters to Fanny Brawne, first edition, one of two copies on vellum. 1878. $37.50.

Lamb. Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff, interesting autograph copy, old sheep. 1796. $80.00.

Lamb. A Tale of Rosamund Gray, first edition, Agatha Lloyd's copy, with autograph of Charles Lloyd, old half calf. 1798. $210.00.

Lamb. John Woodville, first edition, polished calf by Bedford. 1802, $23.00.

Lamb. Prince Dorus, first edition, levant morocco extra, uncut, by Rivière, in morocco case. 1811. $200.00.

Longfellow. Miscellaneous Poems from the United States Gazette, first edition, original boards, uncut. 1826. $35.00.

Longfellow. Poems on Slavery, first edition, original boards, uncut, in morocco case. 1842. $38.00.

Longfellow. Evangeline, first edition, original boards, uncut, in morocco case. 1847. $67.50.

Louvet. Les Amours du Chevalier de Faublas, vellum paper copy, with proof plates, 4 vols., morocco super extra, by Trautz-Bauzonnet. 1798. $168.00.

Morris. The Defence of Guenevere, first edition, morocco super extra, tooled sides and back, by Miss Prideaux. 1858. $65.00.

Pailleron. La Souris, one of fifty Japan paper copies, with seven water-colors by Dillon, sumptuously bound by Ruban. 1888. $85.00.

Poe. Tales, first edition, levant morocco super extra, uncut edges, by Samblanck-Weckesser. 1845. $46.00.

Poe. Eureka, first edition, Poe's own copy with manuscript notes, cloth. 1848. $67.50.

Rameau. Poèmes Fantasques, special copy with much inserted material, bound by Smeers Engle. Paris, 1883. $105.00.

Richepin (J.).. Les Debuts de Cesar Borgia, illustrations by Rochegrosse, in an elaborately tooled binding of levant morocco, by S. David. Paris, Société des Bibliophiles Contemporaines, 1890. $135.00.

Rossetti. Sir Hugh the Heron, first edition, original paper wrapper, uncut. 1843. $70.00.

Ruskin. Poems, first edition, original cloth, uncut. 1850. $190.00.

Shakespeare. Antony and Cleopatra, Japan paper copy with autograph letters, in a mosaic binding of Egyptian design, by Ch. Meunier. New York, 1891. $132.50.

Shelley. An Address to the Irish People, first edition, sewed, uncut. Dublin, 1812. $102.00.

"Société les Amis des Livres," Publications of the. These volumes were issued in very limited numbers, and several of Mr. Maxwell's copies had been bound in the most elaborate manner by Ruban and Samblanck-Weckesser. The following brought the highest prices: Prosper Mérimée's Chronique du Règne de Charles IX., 2 vols., $200.00; Murger's Scènes de la Bohême, $175.00; Hugo's Les Orientales, $95.00; Balzac's Eugénie Grandet, $72.50; Beraldi's Paris qui Crie, $67.50.

Stevenson. The Pentland Rising, first edition, original paper cover. 1866. $42.50.

Swinburne. The Queen Mother; Rosamond, first edition, levant morocco extra, by Matthews. 1860. $30.00.

Swinburne. Atalanta in Calydon, first edition, presentation copy, in the original cloth. 1865. $35.00.

Tennyson. Poems by Two Brothers, first edition, original boards, uncut. 1827. $135.00.

Tennyson. Poems, 2 vols., original boards, uncut. 1842. $65.00.

Vigny. Servitude at Grandeur Militaires, Large Paper Copy, with inserted matter, water-colors in the text, etc., bound in the most elaborate manner, with inlaid emblematic designs, by Samblanck-Weckesser, one of the most striking specimens of binding in the collection. 1885. $235.00.

Whittier. Legends of New England, first edition, original boards, uncut. 1831. $37.50.

Autographs. The collection included a few strikingly important names, of the highest rarity. The following were the most important: Pietro Aretino, surnamed "The Scourge of Princes," A.L.S., $85.00; Cæsar Borgia, D.S., $25.00; Lucrezia Borgia, fine A.L.S., $290.00; Michel Angelo Buonarotti, the original draft of a contract relating to the construction of the façade of the St. Laurent Church in Florence, $380.00; Vittoria Colonna, A.L.S., 2 pp. folio, $80.00; Charles Dickens, very interesting A.L.S., 2 pp., 8vo, $32.50; Queen Elizabeth of England, L.S., $50.00; Ludovic Elzevir, interesting A.L.S. to Galileo regarding a book of his going through the press, $80.00; Anne, Duchesse de Longueville, A.L.S., $30.00; Nicolo Machiavelli, A.L.S., $80.00; Marguerite de Valois, A.L.S., $210.00; Poe, original manuscript of "A Tale of the Ragged Mountain," $230.00; Poe, original prospectus of the Pennsylvania Magazine, with A.L.S. attached, $55.00; Samuel Richardson, A.L.S., $27.00; Henri Stephanus, A.L.S., $65.00.

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EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1895.

Sales in text-books continued steady during April, but from now until the middle of August business in this line will be slack. The customary spring demand for botanical works began early in the month, and has been filled chiefly by Professor Gray's books and Nelson's *Herbarium*.

Other seasonable books now in favour are Miss Dana's revised edition of *How to Know the Wild Flowers* and *With the Wild Flowers*, by E. M. Hardinge. In ornithology both Messrs. Macmillan and Appleton announce important works for early publication. *Cycling for Health and Pleasure*, by Luther H. Porter, is the initial volume of a timely Athletics Series which is having a good sale.

Easter literature caused some activity in the early part of the month; the demand, however, was light. Prayer and hymnals and books of a religious character in many cases took the place of strictly Easter goods.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have made a new departure in paper-covered books by issuing a series of their popular works to be sold to the trade by subscription for twelve numbers, to retail at fifty cents each. The first number, brought out in April, was *Marcella*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which has led the paper-bound books this month in point of sale.

The most notable new books of the month were *Bog-Myrtle and Peat*, by S. R. Crockett; *Outre Mer*, by Paul Bourget, and *The Foundations of Belief*, by A. J. Balfour; the latter is being specially well received and largely called for. Mr. J. K. Bangs has made a comic contribution to Napoleonic literature, entitled *Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica*, which is going well, and Miss Laura E. Richards, in continuing her successful juvenile series, is sustaining her reputation in spite of many rivals with *Jim of Hellas*.

Of the older books still enjoying a steady popularity are *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, *Trilby*, *The Manxman*, and *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

The continued dull times have stimulated the trade to devise new methods of pushing business. In one instance extensive advertising of reduced prices and what may be termed cut rates have been resorted to. This practice has previously been confined to the dry-goods houses only, where a few popular or cheap books were used as leaders to draw customers, with the expectation of making up in other departments the evident loss on books. It seems hardly possible that any bookseller can continue this practice, when it is known that the prices are so low as to eliminate entirely all profit, and it must eventually injure the dealer in the dissatisfaction caused by varying prices.

Business for the month has been lighter than usual. Sales have been for the most part confined to fiction.

The following list of the most popular books during the month will be seen to contain many mentioned in the lists of the previous months.

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Cloth, 2 vols., $2.00; 1 vol., $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 25 cts.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50.

The Foundations of Belief. By A. J. Balfour. $2.00.

Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories. By E. W. Townsend. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.

The Idiot. By J. K. Bangs. $1.00.

Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. Paper, 25 cts.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

Two Women and a Fool. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50.

Outre Mer. By Paul Bourget. $1.75

The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham. By J. O. Hobbes. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1895.

The record of sales during April shows a decided falling off in the amount of business done, as compared with the earlier months, and indicates plainly that we are approaching the dull season. The first part of the month was quiet, country and library orders especially being few and light, and it looked for a time as if we would fall below last year's average. The last two weeks, however, were much brighter, and quite made up for the slackness of the earlier period, so upon the whole there is no ground for complaint.

Easter trade was fairly good when it got started, but, like Christmas business, it was very slow in opening up, and the general tendency of customers to put off their purchases, on account, probably, of the "hard times," until the eleventh hour, was more strongly marked than ever.

It is very encouraging to notice that reports from the Pacific coast, where the book trade has been in a bad way for a long time, say that business is improving, and representatives of Eastern houses just returned from their annual spring trips to the Far West claim to have made good sales.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the month was the extraordinary demand for books on the currency question. The West has fairly gone crazed over the silver question, and everywhere "Silver is Allah, and Harvey, the author of *Coin's Financial School*, is his prophet." There is scarcely a town or hamlet in the whole wide West where the above-named book has not penetrated, and the question, Have you read *Trilby?* has been completely displaced by the query, Have you read *Coin?* The necessity has arisen for a book similar in price which will show the opposite side of the question, and a twenty-five-cent work just issued by a Chicago firm, entitled *Cash versus Coin*, claims to meet it. The first edition was exhausted, we are told, as soon as it was off the press, and from the way orders are coming in for the second, it looks as though it were going to have a large sale.

The book most talked about in literary circles during the month was undoubtedly Max Nordau's *Degeneration*. For a book of its class the sale has been phenomenal, and a more opportune time for its appearance could not have been chosen. In the line of heavy reading there is also a large call for Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*; and Kidd's *Social Evolution*, helped, no doubt, by its cheaper form, is selling very largely.

Fiction, as usual at this time of the year, plays the most important part in the register of books

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published last month, and of these Hobart Chatfield-Taylor's *Two Women and a Fool* easily led the demand, while the next best selling book was decidedly Miss Lilian Bell's *Little Sister to the Wilderness*. In this connection it is worth noting that both these books are by Chicago authors, and are published by a Chicago house. S. R. Crockett's *Bog-Myrtle and Peat*, which made its appearance late in the month, is also in active demand.

A little volume, just received, entitled *Cycling for Health and Pleasure*, being the first volume of Dodd, Mead and Company's new Athletics Series, is selling very well. This is a remarkably well written little work, and will be found of great value to any one who aspires to the ubiquitous wheel, while at the same time it provides a reliable *vade-mecum* of information for the practical wheelman.

The sales of *Trilby* and *The Manxman* dropped off a good deal last month, while *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* sold better than it did in March. It is not often that an author's first book meets with the success which this book has been accorded. We have also to report good sales of Stanley Weyman's books, and Anthony Hope's.

The leading books, as represented by their sale last month, were :

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. $1.75.
Two Women and a Fool. By Hobart Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50.
Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.
A Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. $1.25.
Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories, By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.
The History of the People of the United States. By McMaster. Vol. IV. $2.50.
The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00 and $1.25.
The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.
Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.50.
A Man of Mark. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.
The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham. By John Oliver Hobbes. $1.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, March 25 to April 20, 1895.

As may readily be imagined, trade during the last four weeks has not been particularly brisk. Lent is always a quiet time, and the return of cold weather seemed to check business generally. Of course the present month cannot be compared with the corresponding period of the previous year, owing to the date upon which Easter fell. There has been a fair sale for tourist guide-books, although the season has hardly yet commenced. The competition among publishers, in this special department, is very keen, the different series being, almost without exception, revised annually. Works dealing more especialy with outdoor pursuits have not begun to move very freely. However, with the advent of spring weather, this will probably be remedied in a great measure. The interest evinced in everything Chinese and Japanese is reflected in the continued demand for Norman's *Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, Douglas's *Society in China*, and works of a similar nature. Among magazines there is not much change. Considerable interest centres in the announcement of *Chapman's Magazine*. It is hoped that it will find a public of its own, and thus prove a real help to the bookseller.

Appended is a list of the principal books in demand for the time being. Six shillings seems to be the fixed price for the popular novel. A few have appeared at 3s. 6d., but owing, probably, to the competition which exists among publishers for the works of an author enjoying the smile of the public, it is impossible to bring them out at the lower figure :

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Gallia. By M. M. Dowie. 6s.
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By W. Besant. 6s.
Barabbas. By M. Corelli. 6s.
Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
As Others Saw Him. A Retrospect. 6s.
Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
"Druid" Sporting Library. 5 vols. 5s. each.
Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. *net*.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between March 1 and April 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Story of Christine Rochefort. By Helen Choate Prince. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.
3. Churches and Castles of Mediæval France. By W. C. Larned. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
2. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
3. History of the People of the U. S. Vol. IV. By McMaster. $2.50. (Appleton.)
4. Mystery of Cloomber. By Conan Doyle. 50 cts. (Fenno.)
5. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. Astor. By Paul Randall. 50 cts. (G. W. Dillingham.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. Friend of the People. By Mary C. Rowsell. $1.50. (Stokes)
4. Marcella. By Mrs. Ward. Paper, 50 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00 (Harper.)
3. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
4. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00 (Longmans, Green.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts; cloth, $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00. Roberts.)
5. Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. deKoven. $1.25 net. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Social Evolution. By Kidd. 25 cts. (Macmillan.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The National Military Park—Chickamauga, Chattanooga. An Historical Guide. By General H. V. Boynton. $1.50. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
3. Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
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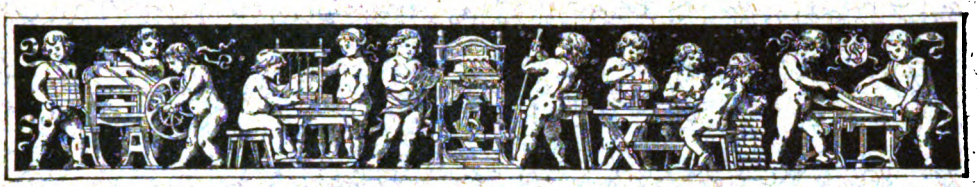
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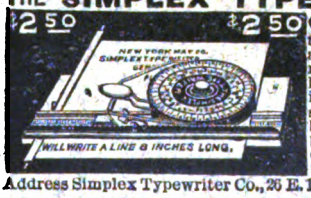
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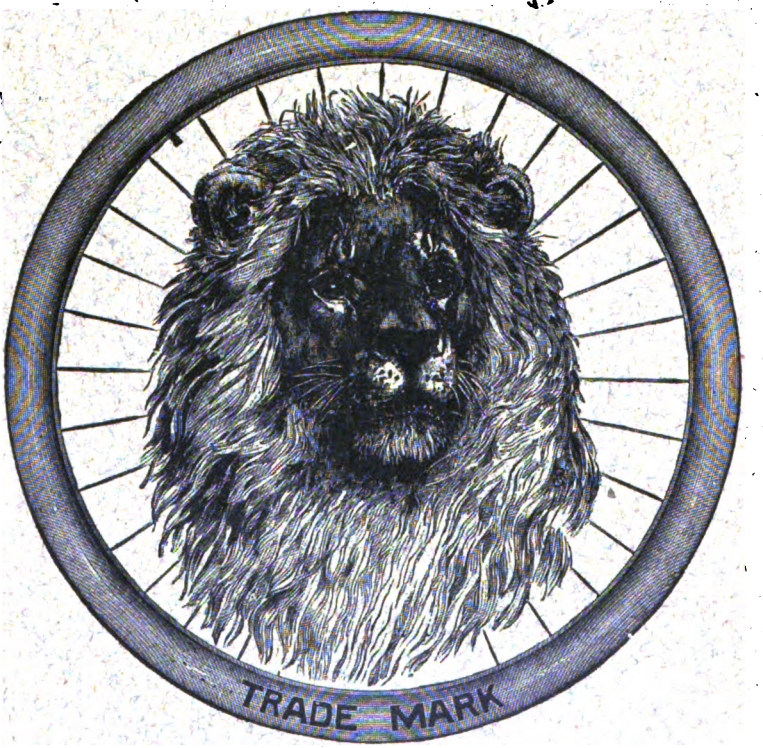
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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. JUNE, 1895. No. 5.

NEWS NOTES.

The announcement that Mr. Kipling is about to return to India is exciting a great deal of interest. It is generally regarded as a wise thing for him to do, for it is impossible that even such a genius as he is should long be able to reproduce the mystic spirit of India while living in Brattleboro, Vt. No person should ever be long absent from his proper *milieu*. Mr. Howells, for instance, left his some time ago when he ceased to be a Bostonian, and has, in consequence, lost much of his subtlety of touch and all his *Gemüthlichkeit*, and will soon be little more than an able spinner of "copy" with anarchistic tendencies. Mr. Stevenson, in like manner, insisted on writing Highland stories in the South Seas, and although he did it wonderfully well, he will be remembered only by what he wrote while the spell of the hills and the heather was still freshly laid upon him. Outside of his *milieu*, in fact, no person can be more than superficially interesting. This is why the great Paulus made no sensation when he sang in New York some years ago, and why Yvette Guilbert will have no such extraordinary vogue as she deserves when she sings here next December. Substitute Tony Pastor's and Broadway for the Champs Elysées and Montmartre, and the whole impression is obliterated.

❀

If Mr. Kipling were to remain here much longer, he would be in danger of taking up American instead of Indian themes; and, in fact, he has already promised a volume of American stories. These are bound to be extremely clever; but who wants any more American stories? We all know as much as we care to about the American railway striker and the backwoods; and what we really want is to be taken into the mysterious silence of the *rukh* and out upon the walls of Agra and among the Babus and bazaars.

❀

Mr. Rider Haggard, whose new novel, *Heart of the World*, has just been published, has, like Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Stanley Weyman, gone in for Parliamentary honours. Mr. Haggard and his favourite bull-dog Poacher "on the stump" have made fine sport for the frivolous pen and pencil during the last few weeks. Mr. Haggard was the guest of the last dinner of the Authors' Club in London held on May 27th.



❀

Miss Emma Brooke, now known as the author of *A Superfluous Woman* and *Transition*, the latter conceived as a reply to Mrs. Ward's *Marcella*, wishes to correct the statement made recently by the London correspondent of *The Critic*, that she had anything to do with the founding of the Fabian Society. Her

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connection with this Society did not begin until more than a year after it was formally constituted.

❀

The latest accounts of the condition of Paul Verlaine's health give little hope that he will ever be able to write again. That he has lived so long as he has is, in fact, remarkable; for during the greater part of his life he has been housed like an animal, and has set all the laws of health and reason at defiance. Mr. George Moore's account of the first visit that he ever made to Verlaine is interesting as giving an insight into the circumstances of this extraordinary man. It was several years ago, while Verlaine was living in the Rue Moreau, Cour Saint-François—a street unknown to foreigners and to most Parisians. "We entered and saw Verlaine. A terrible forehead, bald and prominent, was half covered by a filthy nightcap; and a nightshirt full of the grease of the bed covered his shoulders; a stained and discoloured pair of trousers were hitched up somehow above his waist. He was drinking wine at sixteen sous the litre. He told us that he had just come out of the hospital; that his leg was better, but it still gave him a great deal of pain. He pointed to it. We looked away. . . . I shall not forget the glare of the bald, prominent forehead, the cavernous eye, the *macabre* expression of burnt-out lust smouldering upon his face."

❀

The collateral scribbling that has sprung from the inspiration given by *Trilby* has at last produced one clever thing—a chapter published in the *Argonaut* of San Francisco, entitled *Trilby's Husband*, and purporting to give the history of what would have happened had Trilby married Little Billee and settled down to the life of a British matron. It is quite in Du Maurier's vein, and is as amusing as a chapter from Bret Harte's *Condensed Novels*.

❀

The announcement comes from Paris of the engagement of M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Jeanne Hugo, granddaughter of Victor Hugo. She was lately divorced from Ernest Daudet, son of the author of *Sappho*, after an unhappy marriage of two years. M. Hanotaux is himself an author of repute and is best known by his *Vie de Richelieu*, of which the first volume appeared some time ago.

❀

In July, *Harper's Weekly* will commence the publication by Mr. Brander Matthews of a serial entitled *His Father's Son: a Novel of New York*, which is the first long novel to come from the author's pen. It is written with a very serious purpose, and embodies a wealth of minute and subtle observation. It is largely a story of Wall Street, and its central figures are the father who has heaped up a great fortune, and the son, to whom the spending of it falls. The appearance of this study of contemporary American life will be awaited by the reading public with the keenest interest. Mr. Matthews sailed for Europe on the 25th of last month, and will remain there during the summer.

❀

Somebody should write a book on typographical errors, for almost every author has half a dozen choice specimens which his own proof sheets have contributed. Mr. Laurence Hutton, in writing an article for *Harper's Weekly* on the recent library consolidation in this city, found in his final proof a very glowing sentence descriptive of "Mr. Lenox's vest button." Mr. Hutton had no recollection of having eulogised any portion of Mr. Lenox's garments, and on sending for his copy, found that the original read "Mr. Lenox's vast bequest." In the last number of THE BOOKMAN, Ibsen's portrait bore the legend "The Master," but the intelligent compositor, apparently with an eye to the hand-mirror into which Ibsen is gazing, very nearly sent the picture to press described as "The Masher." A number of years ago a biographer of Fanny Kemble quoted the last sentence of her memoirs in which she says that she is about to be married. The biographer then remarks, "With this amorous outcry her memoirs end." This duly appeared in print, and naturally caused a good deal of comment, which continued until the second edition appeared with the passage corrected to read "ominous entry."

❀

An amusing example which came under our notice may be added to the recently published list of blunders made

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by readers when ordering books from booksellers. A lady inquiring for the well-known novel of E. P. Roe's, *A Face Illumined*, asked the clerk for a copy of *A Face Enamelled!* Almost as good as this was the inclusion among books on theology in a large bookstore of *God's Fool* by Maarten Maartens, which we observed a few days ago.

❀

The author of *Lorna Doone* has gone back to the days of his youth. Then he published a small volume of poems, and now he is about to issue through Mr. Elkin Mathews in London, and the Burrows Brothers in Cleveland, O., another book of verse, which will be illustrated by Will H. Bradley. He has also written a story in which some of the striking characters of *Lorna Doone* will reappear. The tale is to be entitled *Slain by the Doones: a Record of Exmoor*, and will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

❀

Mr. Kipling must have been highly pleased with an unconscious tribute paid him by some of his young readers one evening lately while passing through New York. The expected guest was late, and on observing that the children were sitting up past their usual hour, the head of the family inquired why they had not yet retired. They ingenuously replied, "We are waiting for the Jungle man!"

❀

On being asked to recommend a list of the best boys' stories, Mr. Kipling headed the list with *The Cruise of the Midge*, by Michael Scott.

❀

The exuberant young Boston firm Lamson, Wolffe and Company is already, at the age of four months, outgrowing the one room in which it started business. "Ut Crescit," its trade-mark, seems to have been auspicious. It will publish a collection of stories by Mrs. Burton Harrison called *A Virginia Cousin* and *Mount Desert Tales*. The story *A Virginia Cousin* has not yet been printed in any form.

❀

The Joseph Knight Company, taking advantage of the present interest in things French, are bringing out a new edition of Lady Jackson's works. These pleasant books are now out of print, so that two of them at least, *Old Paris* and *The Old Régime*, have become rarities of the antique bookshop. *Old Paris* is to be brought out in an *édition de luxe* for the holidays.

❀

A recent reader of one of Stevenson's manuscripts, which is written out partly in his own and partly in his wife's hand, says that the two handwritings would be almost undistinguishable if it were not for the forward slant of Mrs. Stevenson's letters.

❀

The following letter having reference to the Whittier reminiscences published in our last number, and received by Miss Burt from Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, the biographer of Whittier, will interest our readers: "I wish to congratulate you upon the admirable representation of Whittier, as he appeared when enjoying his favourite mountain resort, surrounded by friends. I was favoured with some such experiences at Bearcamp as those you so well describe. The portrait you give is a good one. There was always a trouble about his mouth. When he sat for a portrait he used to thrust his tongue against the lips, in such a way as to give an unnatural expression to that part of his face. After he lost his teeth he never had them replaced by artificial ones. I shall be interested to see the article THE BOOKMAN promises to follow this excellent sketch."

❀

The picture of the Bearcamp River House, given in this number, is from a photograph in the possession of Mr. Pickard, which has the superscription in Mr. Whittier's handwriting on the back, and is believed to be the only one that exists. "Mr. Whittier's room," says Mr. Pickard, "was usually the corner one at the left, sometimes the other corner. He was not on the piazza when this was taken." These *memorabilia* acquire more than passing interest when we learn from Mr. Pickard that "Mr. Whittier always looked back to the Bearcamp days as the most delightful of his summerings. . . . I have some impromptu humorous poems he wrote there for social occasions, full of frolic, and never published."

❀

The largest literary incomes are earned at present by Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr.

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Stanley Weyman, and Dr. Conan Doyle. Other novelists are as popular, or even more popular, but these gentlemen turn out work with greater rapidity.

❀

M. Gaston Deschamps, the literary critic of the Paris *Temps*, is to publish very shortly a volume entitled *Life and Books*, in which he will give short studies of contemporary authors. The list includes Renan, Taine, Loti, Leconte de Lisle, Anatole France, and others.

❀

Professor Cesare Lombroso, to whom Nordau dedicates his book, and whose volume on *The Female Offender* is briefly noticed on another page, has just brought out a curious volume from the press of Hoepli of Milan, entitled *Grafologia*. In it he has collected the curious *graffiti* surreptitiously scratched upon the walls of prisons and on prison utensils by criminals during their confinement. They consist of pictures, signs, and rudely scrawled sentences and words, and are gathered by Lombroso in pursuance of his theory that not only are felons and outcasts generally distinguished by their physical peculiarities, but that even their chirography is typical. This will interest students of anthropometry, and will help to confirm in their belief psychometrists and devotees of the occult.

❀

Mark Twain returned from Europe last month, and was promptly met by several interviewers with the question whether or not he is the author of the Joan of Arc romance, as stated in THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Clemens allowed his eye to emit one of his characteristic twinkles, and then began talking vigorously on another topic.

❀

Mr. William Watson's poem, "A Hymn to the Sea," which appears in the latest number of *The Yellow Book*, is receiving very high praise from the critics in England. It is written in elegiacs, and one of the pentameters has been especially admired—

"Youth, irrepressibly fair, wakes like a wondering rose."

Of this the London *Spectator* says: "Only a great poet could have written that; . . . the line seems to us one of the greatest which even great poets have written. Milton never conceived a more delicate and exquisite symbol of the awakening of youth to the beauty of a world, to which it contributes almost as much loveliness as it perceives in it, than the 'wondering rose' of Mr. Watson's." The prelude to the Hymn will be found on another page.

❀

Mrs. Mary Tappan Wright, whose remarkable stories are noticed in our Novel Notes, is the wife of Professor Wright of Harvard.

❀

In its advertising columns of May 25th the *Evening Post* says that *The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham*, published by D. Appleton and Company, is "the completest book that Mr. Kipling has given us"!

❀

Messrs. Stone and Kimball have now ready the fourth volume of their handsome edition of Poe. It contains "tales of the grotesque and arabesque" and three of Sterner's drawings, besides a frontispiece portrait of Poe taken from a daguerreotype. Among Mr. Woodberry's notes in the Appendix the charge of plagiarism brought against Poe during his lifetime is considered, and the sources of his style and the ideas of his poems are traced.

❀

Speaking to Mr. Anstey, the author of *Vice Versa*, Mr. Du Maurier recently said that he was surprised at the success of his books, considering that he had never written before. "'Never written!' Anstey cried out. 'Why, my dear Du Maurier, you have been writing all your life, and the best of writing-practice at that. Those little dialogues of yours, which week after week you have fitted to your drawings in *Punch*, have prepared you admirably. It was *précis* writing, and gave you conciseness and repartee and appositeness, and the best qualities of the writer of fiction.' And," added Du Maurier, "I believe Anstey was quite right, now that I come to think of it."

❀

The *American Historical Review*, which has just been established and will begin publication before many months, is to be conducted by six professors who are to elect a responsible editor. This mag-

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azine is, of course, to shun everything popular, and to be as heavy as possible, this quality being regarded as especially compatible with scientific treatment. For the production of a magazine of this sort, six college professors are precisely the persons required. When produced, it will, no doubt, be found upon the shelves of every library—very far back.

❀

The Memorial Society, recently founded at Harvard, proposes among other things to mark the rooms of Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes with suitable tablets.

❀

It is a little curious to observe how often a writer becomes known in this country through a somewhat inferior book, while much better work of his, previously produced, is not only ignored by our public, but not reprinted here even after he has become well known to us. One of the first of Mr. Moore's books, *A Mummer's Wife*, is by far the strongest piece of realism ever produced in English. It made a great sensation in England some eight years ago, running through twenty editions almost immediately; but up to the present time very few persons in this country have ever heard of it, and even the great vogue of *Esther Waters* has not induced any publisher to reprint *A Mummer's Wife*.

❀

The same thing is true in a modified form of Thomas Hardy. To be sure, all his books have been republished in this country; but it was not until *Tess* appeared that his work became very widely known. Nevertheless, *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *Two on a Tower* are fully as strong as *Tess*, even though the readers who discovered Hardy only three years ago seem still to be ignorant of his earlier writings.

❀

It is odd that apparently no one has noticed the great similarity in motive and treatment existing between *Esther Waters* and *Germinie Lacerteux* of the brothers De Goncourt. If any one will take the trouble to compare the two, he will see that the likeness is unmistakable, even to many of the incidents described, including the famous hospital scene.

The announcement is made that M. Joris Karl Huysmans is preparing to write a new book on "mystical art," which will treat of the true meaning of the Gothic, the esoterics of the early painters, and other themes, and upon which he expects to spend two years of toil. This indicates that M. Huysmans is becoming harmless, and it will perhaps be



M. JORIS KARL HUYSMANS.

regarded as a tribute to the corrective influence of Nordau, who scarified him in a chapter of *Degeneration*. M. Huysmans, by the way, has himself very powerfully drawn the degeneracy of modern literature in *A Rebours*, as "a literature irreparably attacked in its organism, weakened by the ageing of its ideas, overworn by the excess of syntax, sensible only of the curiosity which fevers the sick, but nevertheless hastening to explain everything in its decline, desirous of repairing all the omissions of its youth, and on its deathbed to bequeath all the most subtle souvenirs of its suffering."

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George Moore is a passionate admirer of Huysmans, of whom he says: "Huysmans goes to my soul like a gold ornament of Byzantine workmanship. . . . A page of Huysmans is as a dose of opium, a glass of some exquisite and powerful liqueur." All of which is quite in Huysmans' own manner and is very decadent indeed.

❀

The *Literary World* (Boston) ventures the surmise that "H. D. Lowry," the author of the new Keynotes volume, with its unfortunate title *Women's Tragedies*, is a woman. In case others should be led astray by this unfounded and incorrect guess, we may say that the author is not a woman. Mr. H. D. Lowry will be remembered by those who read his *Prisoners of the Earth and Other Stories*, published two years ago—sketches and tales of Cornish life which deserve a wider and more appreciative audience than has been accorded them. We are glad to see that Mr. Lowry persists in working this vein of rustic village life in Cornwall in spite of his first rebuff, for he is most at home in this little corner of the world, and his literary inheritance assuredly lies here if anywhere.

❀

Mr. Lowry continues his investigations in "Unknown London" in the new *Windsor Magazine*, the fifth instalment being an interesting account of the old Inns of Court. One is reminded by his rehabilitation of these historic and literary haunts of Mr. Pickwick's happy laconic comment—"Curious little nooks in a great place like London these old Inns are."

❀

The *Literary World* stumbles on the feminine again when it states that *The Impregnable City* is "a romantic and interesting tale by Mary Pemberton."

❀

A few typical instances of the deplorable ignorance which sits in literary high places in our land may afford some amusement as well as instruction. In the Literary Chat columns of the June *Munsey's* we read: "A fallen idol is a very depressing object, and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins would best beware lest the reading public come to regard him in that light." This warning is elicited from the sapient critic by observing that, "*A Man of Mark* has a strong resemblance to *The Prisoner of Zenda* in many ways, but it is far weaker than its famous predecessor"! The *Publisher's Weekly* writes of Miss Montrésor, the author of *Into the Highways and Hedges*, as the author of *Barnabas*. Barnabas, we may say, is the hero of the novel. The *Boston Transcript* of April 30th says: "In Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel, *The Son of Hagar*, published by the New York house of R. T. Fenno and Company, the author will seem to most readers to have gone too far," etc. Our readers must also have noticed a novel entitled *The Mystery of Cloomber*, one of Conan Doyle's early stories, which has been recently published by this same enterprising firm, and which has shared the same fate as another of Hall Caine's early stories, *A Shadow of Crime*, just issued in a new edition by the Joseph Knight Company, in being taken seriously by numerous newspaper critics as the *latest* production of its author.

❀

Even the wily *Critic*, which perhaps approaches omniscience so far as a literary authority may reach it, has been caught napping. About three years ago, when the United States Book Company brought out Mr. Barrie's *When a Man's Single*—a story which preceded *The Little Minister*—the reviewer was allowed to point out at great length that in Mr. Barrie's latest book the author was perilously in danger of working the vein of Thrums thin, and also demonstrated other points of inferiority in comparing it with *The Little Minister*. As a matter of fact, *When a Man's Single* came from Mr. Barrie's 'prentice hand, having been written in 1887—*The Little Minister* appearing in 1891. Moreover, an edition of *When a Man's Single* had been published by the Harpers in 1889.

❀

When *The Little Minister* appeared many were pained and surprised by the cold, carping review which the *Nation* gave it, but on investigation it was discovered that this had arisen chiefly from the fact that the copy sent for review was minus the closing chapter. In their haste to protect the copyright of the work the publishers had printed an edition from the English magazine *Good Words*, in which the story had been running serially during the year; and this

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they did without waiting for the last instalment, which appeared in the next number of the magazine while the book was being published in America. It is fair to state that the publishers exchanged the complete book for this bastard copy later on.

❀

So deficient in knowledge and in comparative criticism, and so marred are the review departments in many American newspapers by puerility and superficial judgment, that it almost leads to the conclusion that the care of books has been handed over to the office boy or to budding sprouts of adolescence, whose "little learning is a dangerous thing." Not to speak of the insult to the intelligence of the community to which these reviews are presented, the injustice done to the reputation of authors by reviews of these early experiments, taken as new books, is aggravating, and is not likely to conduce to a feeling of international concord nor to raise our literary canons of taste and judgment in the estimation of the British man of letters at whom some of us are so fond of girding.

❀

It was scarcely necessary for the *Nation*, in making diversion out of Mr. Saintsbury's *Corrected Impressions*, to place the fool's cap on these not too seriously written essays, by the unfounded statement that "their intent, in the first instance, was to fill so many sheets of copy for two respectable journals, one in India and one in New York." We have the best authority for stating that their original intention is honestly stated in the author's preface, which the *Nation* perverts into the incidence of an afterthought. As a matter of fact, the few early papers which appeared in the *Indian Daily News* were published while the book was undergoing preparation in manuscript; and when the four essays were published in the New York *Critic* the whole book was already in the press. So much for the *Nation's* comment on "the exigencies of periodical publication."

❀

The *Nation* is nearer the mark when it says that "in calling the volume by name no one should emphasise the word 'Corrected.'" Indeed, Mr. Saintsbury's so-called "corrections" are more like a series of somersaults, landing him back where he was after the turn-over. We will not deny that the veteran critic has played the mountebank in this "diverting little book—almost as good light reading," quoth our contemporary, "as a clever novel;" but in view of the ponderous stuff called criticism nowadays we can well afford to give a welcome to these entertaining pages.

❀

We have received from the publisher of the Chicago *Record* a circular with the attractive title "Thirty Thousand Dollars to Authors for Stories of Mystery." We have also observed this same offer advertised in the daily press. From a careful perusal of the circular we cannot conscientiously say that it would be advisable for authors of distinction to send in manuscripts in competition for the prizes offered by the *Record*. The person who submits his manuscript must first sign a cast-iron contract with the publisher. Should he receive a large prize, well and good; but in the event of a story not receiving a cash prize, the publisher may still take it, publish it in the *Record*, pay for it at the rate of $5.00 a column, and acquire absolute possession of the copyright. The publisher and his agents are the sole judges of merit in the award of prizes. Should Mr. Howells, for instance, enter the competition, it would be quite possible for the publisher to accept his story while rating it as unworthy of a prize. He could then publish it in the *Record* at the $5.00 rate. Possibly the fact that the first prize is $10,000, and that the other prizes vary from $3000 to $500 may induce many authors to take their chances in this matter; but we think it only fair to give the other side.

❀

Mr. Walter Raymond, who was introduced to our readers in our February number, is writing the story for Arrowsmith's Christmas annual. It will be Mr. Raymond's first experiment in the historical novel, and its appearance is looked for with much interest. Mr. Raymond's *Love and Quiet Life* has been described recently as "quite equal to Mr. Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree* and Mr. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* in rich geniality, racy humour, and keen shrewdness. Nowhere in English fiction can be found more charming pictures of rustic life, character, and dialect."

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Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company have in the press *The Rabbit Witch and Other Stories*, by Katharine Pyle. From the highly moral tone of the verses and the awful suggestiveness of the illustrations, we take it that this little book is to be an American *Slovenly Peter*, modelled on that classic of German juvenile literature.

❀

Governor Brown, of Maryland, is preparing to invite the Governors of other States to open a general subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument in Baltimore to Francis Scott Key, the author of *The Star Spangled Banner*. This should appeal to patriotic Americans far more strongly than the late glorification of the Rev. S. F. Smith for writing the commonplace words usually called *America*, regarding which we have already said our say in the February number of THE BOOKMAN.

❀

That the author of *As Others Saw Him* is a London Jew of no mean reputation in the world of letters and one who is peculiarly qualified for his task by race, tradition and scholarship, gives interest to the following extract from a hitherto unpublished letter which he has written to an American friend. "I find that the days of the religious persecution of Jews are not yet over, though it may take a milder form. I have written a book into which I have put my whole heart, entitled *As Others Saw Him*. In this I have given with all reverence, but with all sincerity, a Jewish view of Jesus as he would appear from his public acts at Jerusalem. I have tried to make it, in short, an apologia for my people by preserving in artistic form the misunderstandings under which they committed the Great Blunder. At the same time I have tried to give from Talmudic sources a fuller historic background to the Gospel narrative, and I have also introduced the latest results of German and Christian scholarship with regard to the sayings of Jesus, extant in all patristic literature, but not recorded in the Gospels."

❀

The second of the books by Pierre De Lano, in the series entitled "The Secret of an Empire," will soon appear from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and will deal with the curious and enigmatical personality of the Emperor Napoleon III. It is rich in anecdote, and historically is of even greater interest than the first volume on the Empress Eugénie, which reached a second edition in a few weeks after its appearance.

❀

A fellow-student of Ian Maclaren's in the New College, Edinburgh, writes: "Not long after we left college, those students of Mr. Watson's year who had found themselves kin formed themselves into an association, for the purpose of prolonging the friendships of college into subsequent life, and of this association Mr. Watson was a foundation member. When the club was young it was strenuous, and some papers first saw the light there which afterwards caused some stir, such as the preliminary sketch of Professor Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. At these gatherings Mr. Watson told, with the perfect art of a consummate *raconteur*, the stories which have been woven into the Drumtochty sketches.

❀

"One evening in a paper on Scottish country life he made us acquainted with Dr. MacLure, whose simple rugged nobleness filled our hearts with delicious tears of pain, as it does for every one who reads *Through the Flood* and *The Doctor's Last Journey*. Long before the Queen's surgeon said it, we had said, 'Give us another shake of your hand, MacLure, I'm proud to have met you, you are an honour to our profession.' From the printed page one thing is of necessity missing—the gleam on the face, the twinkle in the eye, the wrinkle of the brow, the uplift of the shoulder, the fling of the hand, which closed a story and gave it point and perfection, like that touch of the brush without which no picture is complete, and which no one but the true painter knows where to place."

❀

"I am inclined to think," writes Claudius Clear, "that about twenty-five Scotch idylls have been written which have a chance of immortality. Perhaps in ten years more other twenty-five may be written. If so, justice will have been done to nineteenth-century life in Scotland. The first essential of success in this kind of work is to seize the beauti-

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ful, the revealing moment. Mr. Barrie says in his *Little Minister*, 'This Thrums is bleak, and perhaps forbidding, but there is a moment of the day when the setting sun dyes it pink, and the people are like their town. Let a man catch that light, and enable his readers to catch it, and his work is accomplished.' To describe Scotch life realistically is to court inevitable failure. Externally it has very little attraction, and its features are obvious and coarse enough. There must be the beautiful subject to make the beautiful picture. Nothing can be more dreary than a sordid catalogue of the things that strike every one in a Scotch village. What we need to know is the way in which the surroundings touch and colour life, and no detail is relevant which is not distinctly bound to the centre and heart of the story."

❀

The June *Pall Mall Magazine* has some of the finest specimens of illustration in colour that we have yet seen reproduced in this form. It is needless to say that they are the work of Giacomelli. There are eight of them representing different kinds of birds in illustration of a seasonable contribution to the popular study of ornithology by "A Son of the Marshes."

❀

Mr. Robert Barr has a new story ready, entitled *A Woman Intervenes*, which turns on the commission which a clever but unscrupulous young woman obtains from a New York newspaper, to ferret out the secret of certain information in the possession of two young Englishmen. The first instalment of the story will appear in the July number of *The Idler*.

Mr. Robert H. Sherard, who writes the Paris letter for THE BOOKMAN, will contribute an interview with Stanley Weyman for the same number, and there will also appear the third of the "Tales of Our Coast," entitled "The Roll Call of the Reef," which has been written for this series by Mr. Quiller Couch. The scene is laid on the wild and rugged Cornish coast, and Mr. Quiller Couch has invested the story with that supernatural element which entered so largely into his early collection of Cornish tales, entitled *Noughts and Crosses*.



A NEW ENGLAND BLOSSOM.

(See "Books on the Familiar Flowers and Common Birds" p. 339.)

❀

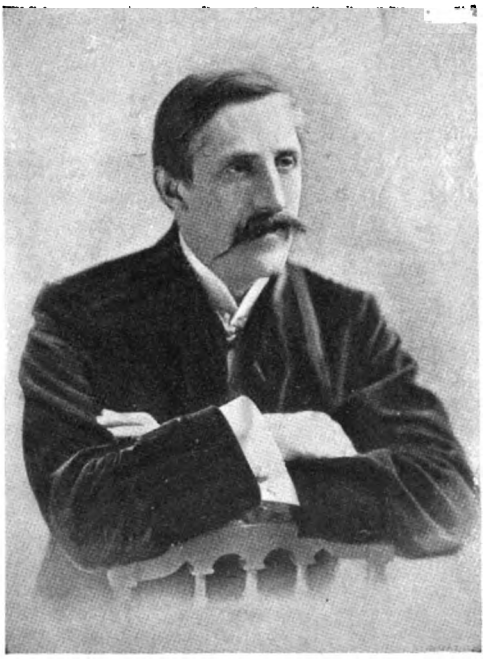
Mr. H. W. Nevinson, the promising author of *Slum Stories of London*, was a schoolfellow of Stanley Weyman at

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Shrewsbury. Mr. Weyman's name, by the way, should be pronounced as if spelt Wyman, not Wayman.

❀

Max Pemberton, whose story of adventure, *The Impregnable City*, was recently published by Dodd, Mead and



MAX PEMBERTON.

Company, has written a series of true stories, entitled *Rogues Under the Red Ensign ; Ocean Mysteries I Have Known*, the first of which has just appeared in Cassell's *Saturday Journal*. "Man and boy for—well, I will not say how many years," writes Mr. L. F. Austin of Mr. Pemberton's novel in the *Album*, "I have read stories of this kind, but none with greater pleasure than these unflagging pages have given me. I count Mr. Pemberton amongst my benefactors."

❀

A correspondent who was present at Mr. Marion Crawford's recent lecture on Tasso at Sorrento says that the lecturer was continually interrupted by enthusiastic applause from the crowded audience, among which was a large Anglo-Saxon contingent. Mr. Crawford dwelt especially on the poet's influence on foreign literature. Messrs. Macmillan and Company have just issued *Sant' Ilario* in their Novelists' Library. *Mr. Isaacs* and *A Tale of a Lonely Parish* will be included in this cheap paper edition later in the year.

❀

Messrs. Macmillan and Company have in the press *Picture Posters*, by C. T. J. Hyatt, which takes up the history of the poster, accompanied with numerous reproductions of the most artistic examples of all countries. The book will be bound uniform with the firm's recently published work on *Book Plates*. On another page will be found a contribution to the literature of the subject, interest in which is growing daily.

❀

In the pages of a recent number of that interesting English weekly the *Realm*, Mrs. Oliphant is described as the biographer of Charlotte Brontë.

❀

In view of the recent unfavourable criticism on the immoral suggestiveness of *The Manxman*, it is interesting to note the following sentences, from an address which Mr. Hall Caine made recently in London. "As a novelist," said Mr. Caine, "I must offer warning to those who, by divorcing literature from moral responsibility, unconsciously outrage conscience. Literature must obey the higher laws of morality. Books that shall live must be sound in their moral basis. A book that is unsound in its moral basis is bad art ; it will die quickly."

❀

In closing this speech, which was given at the New Vagabonds Club, Mr. Caine said of himself : "I live away in a little town on the brink of the sea, reading a little, riding a little, fishing a little, and waking long before you wake —at sunrise, long before London wakes or sleeps. That is my life. I hope that men look to the work that I do in my lonely home as I look for what they do."

❀

Mr. S. R. Crockett is enjoying his holiday at Siena. He has just completed a tragical story of eleven thousand words for *Chapman's Magazine*, entitled *Under Cloud of Night*.

❀

We learn from an interview with Sarah Bernhardt, in the *Strand*, that the celebrated actress will bring out her memoirs shortly. "In them," she says,

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"I shall simply content myself with telling the story of my life, leaving out what is obscure, and setting right much that has been written and said about me."

❀

We wish to call attention to the new edition of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*, upon which Mr. George Saintsbury has been engaged for some time past, and which the publishers expect to start with the issue of *The Wild Ass's Skin* (*La Peau de Chagrin*) within the month. Great pains have been taken to make this a final English edition, and no expense has been spared in the production of the work in all its departments. Messrs. Macmillan and Company will act in conjunction with the Messrs. Dent of London in issuing the volumes, which it is expected will appear monthly. The special features of the edition will be noted as the series is published.

❀

Those whose interest was awakened in the author of *Ships that Pass in the Night* and *In Varying Moods* will be glad to learn that Miss Harraden has benefited greatly in health by her sojourn in the kindly tempered climate of California, and that she is making progress with her new novel, on which she is working with "very moderate diligence; it is impossible to stay indoors this weather." Miss Harraden spent a few days with Mrs. Graham, whose *Stories of the Foothills* have impressed her with their true local colour and human interest. She also visited the Flower Festival at Santa Barbara, which she describes as "a fairyland of roses." One of her California stories will appear in a popular magazine in July.

❀

Messrs. Macmillan and Company have begun a new twenty-five cent Miniature Series in neat paper wrappers, with Mr. William Winter's delightful *Shakspeare's England*.

❀

The next issue in Messrs. Henry Holt and Company's Buckram Series will be two stories by "Conover Duff." They are told in letters, New York being the principal scene of action. The titles are *The Master-knot* and *Another Story*.

❀

Father Tabb's *Poems* is undoubtedly the most successful first book of poetry issued in America for many years. Published just before Christmas, the dainty little volume is already in a third edition. The portrait given below is taken from a recent photograph. John B. Tabb is fifty years old, and comes of an old Virginian family. For some years he has occupied the chair of English in St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Md., but he still holds the old homestead in Virginia with his sister, where he spends his vacations. Father Tabb was a great friend of Sidney Lanier's, to whose memory the *Poems* are dedicated, and whose influence is apparent in much of their lyric quality.



JOHN B. TABB.

❀

The publication of Coleridge's *Letters*, from the hand of his grandson, by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company gives us occasion for mentioning that by far the most interesting life of Coleridge is a work by Professor Brandl, of Strasburg, which unfortunately cannot be judged by an English translation. Though written in German, the reader fancies himself again and again to be reading French; it should be studied by every one who cares for the literary

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history of his country and century, and who is not confined to the English language.

❀

As an interesting contribution to Napoleonic lore, we may say that some of Coleridge's early political articles in the *Morning Post* are believed to have aroused the hostility of the Emperor. These articles are said to have had some influence in terminating the Peace of Amiens, and there is a legend (whose veracity is vouched for by some) of a French chase in the Mediterranean, specially motived by Napoleon's desire to capture Coleridge on his return from Malta. We must protest that his poem "Fire, Famine and Slaughter" suggests a trend of sympathy rather with France than with England. It is not inconceivable, however, that a man of Coleridge's genius and a different character might have been the Tyrtæus of the anti-Napoleonic war.

❀

Roberts Brothers announce for future publication three new volumes in the Keynotes Series: *The Girl from the Farm*, by Gertrude Dix; *The Mountain Lovers*, by Fiona Macleod; and *At the Relton Arms*, by Evelyn Sharp. The scene of *The Mountain Lovers* is Scottish; that of the other two stories, English.

❀

The Girl from the Farm is expected to excite interest, as it is a criticism of women's clubs and the futility of their various charitable and social political agitations. While the clubs are debating, the heroine of the story performs the real act of social beneficence by rescuing to society the outcast who gives the book its name.

❀

The new novel upon which Mr. Crockett is now engaged for Messrs. Methuen and Company will be entitled *Lochinvar*. By the way, this firm has made quite a hit with Mr. Arthur Morrison's successful *Tales of Mean Streets*, published in this country by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The book has met with high favour from the public, as well as from the critics, one of the latter declaring it to be "one of the most fascinating and most powerful works of the last ten years."

❀

Mr. Davis's *Princess Aline* is holding its own in the sale of popular books. A curious fact is that all the discussion about this book has to do not with the story itself so much as with various collateral questions—in the first place, as to whether Morton Carlton is Mr. Davis himself thinly disguised; and next, as to whether the illustrator has not introduced Mr. Davis's own likeness in depicting Carlton. As to the former question we are somewhat in doubt, but as to the latter, an affirmative answer must, we think, be given. But what of it? Mr. Davis is a very good-looking young person, and why should he not be taken for a model as well as any one else? This sort of thing, in fact, rather enhances the interest of the story.

PRELUDE TO THE "HYMN TO THE SEA."

Grant, O regal in bounty, a subtle and delicate largess;
Grant an ethereal alms out of the wealth of thy soul:
Suffer a tarrying minstrel who finds and not fashions his numbers,
Who, from the commune of air, cages the volatile song,
Here to capture and prison some fugitive breath of thy descant,
Thine and his own as thy roar lisped on the lips of a shell;
Now while the vernal impulsion makes lyrical all that hath language,
While, through the veins of the Earth, riots the ichor of Spring,
While, with throes, with raptures, with loosing of bonds, with unsealings,
Arrowy pangs of delight, piercing the core of the world,
Tremors and coy unfoldings, reluctances, sweet agitations,
Youth, irrepressibly fair, wakes like a wondering rose.

William Watson in "The Yellow Book."

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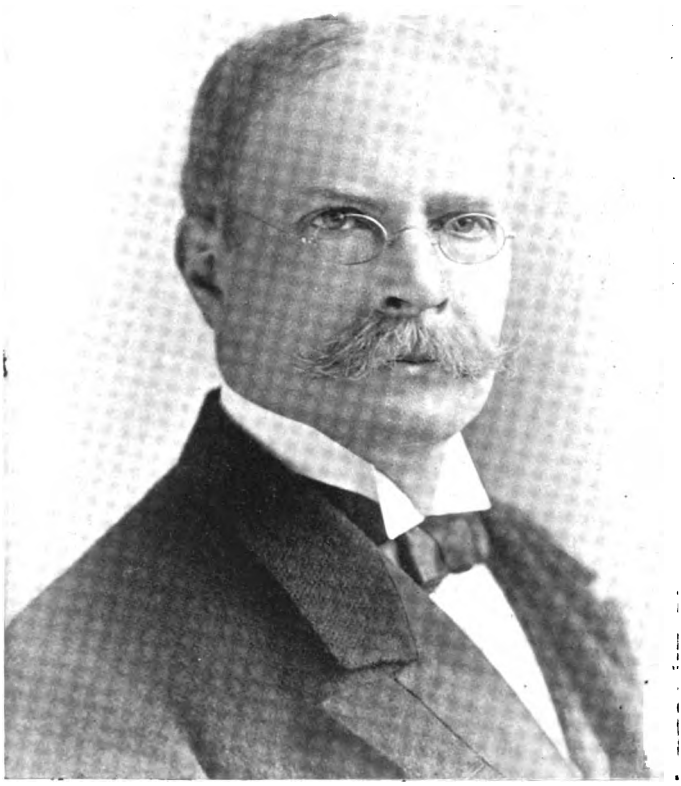
JAMES LANE ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "FLUTE AND VIOLIN" AND "A KENTUCKY CARDINAL."

Mr. James Lane Allen has been less written about than any other leading American writer, on account of his dislike of personal notoriety; but his last published story, *A Kentucky Cardinal*, which is one of the most successful books of the year, has placed him before the public in an entirely new light and awakened increased interest in his personality.

Until the appearance of this story his work had been almost exclusively in a minor key. A pathetic strain, having no note of morbidness in it, vibrates through "The White Cowl," "Flute and Violin," "Sister Dolorosa" and "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," and had come to be recognised as an inseparable element of the artistic beauty of his work. *A Kentucky Cardinal* has shown that this is not true; that the use of the minor key was simply the result of the author's earlier views of art. This story is without a shadow, and its fresh, delicious humour is as sweet as the pathos of those that preceded it. Of literary art so fine that the highest critics have called it a classic, it possesses some additional indefinable quality which has endeared it to the average reader, who cares little for the classic for its own sake.

Butterflies, Mr. Allen's forthcoming story, which will appear serially in *Harper's* during the summer, will deepen the impression made by *A Kentucky Cardinal* that he has broadened his views of fiction and entered upon a second manner. The title and the pastoral nature of the work are characteristic of the author, of his distinctive method, and of his unique position in literature. It proves conclusively what is in a less degree apparent in all his work, that he is more a poet and a scientist than any other American writer of fiction. As to the motive of the work, it is not a story for children. It deals with the gravest questions of life—the terrific forces of animal nature. It tells the story of a simple country boy and a simpler country girl with the absolutely unflinching frankness that its univer-



James Lane Allen

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sality justifies; but with such reverence, such delicacy that only the trained eye of science can see the awful truth veiled by the grace and beauty of the writer's consummate art.

The two principal characters are exhibited solely with reference to this problem of their love, and to the struggle going on between nature and their natures towards both its animal and spiritual solution. In one way it is a study of Kentucky life, in another of life universal. In it Mr. Allen leaves for the first time the field of the poetical and spiritual, wherein he has hitherto chiefly worked and wherein he has merely been true to his artistic point of view when he has painted the spirit rather than the flesh.

The new story touches the Southern soil, and throbs not only with the passion of life, but with the passion of nature. Through it, as through all his previous work, pulses a strong love of land, of woods and fields. This love is hereditary. The author was born on a farm near Lexington, in the very heart of the Bluegrass region of Kentucky, where the Allens had been gentlemen farmers for three generations before his birth. They were originally Virginians of English ancestry, and a recent reproduction of the first edition of the London *Times* shows them to have been landed gentry at that date. By blood and by marriage they were related in Virginia and afterwards in Kentucky to the Madisons, Paynes, Johnsons, Lanes, Conyers and Clays, all historic families. There is a tradition borne out by Collins's *History* that Colonel William Payne, the first of the family to emigrate to Kentucky, once struck Washington. The cause of the encounter is given, and the tradition goes on to tell of a subsequent visit made by Washington and his wife to the Virginia home of Colonel Payne, whom Washington presented to his wife as "the man who had struck him."

On both sides the author comes of Revolutionary stock. His maternal great-grandfather, Daniel Foster, was killed in the Revolution, and his widow, Mary McCullough, drew a pension up to her death in 1833. Of this sturdy Scotch-Irish parentage was Mr. Allen's mother, Helen Foster, who was born in Mississippi, who was married at fifteen, and who lived the greater part of her long life in Kentucky. The girlish bride brought a pretty fortune to her husband, and his great-grandfather, Richard Allen, the first of the family in the State, had been very wealthy, owning an enormous tract of land near Lexington. But before the birth of the author his father had lost not only his own fortune but that of his wife, and the family had become acquainted with such straitened means as it had never known before. Then followed the Civil War; the eldest son entered the army when but a lad; the father and second son suffered political banishment from the State, and thus there was no chance to better the fallen fortunes of the family. When they returned, the prostration, distress, and ruin of the times met them.

The subject of this sketch was the seventh child and the youngest, and the education which, with his natural gift, was to make him one of the most scholarly writers that the South has produced, was begun and continued under the greatest difficulty. For a year or two before the close of the War he went to a country school. But his real learning at this period of his life seems to have come from his nearness to nature and from his love of the woods and the fields and the animals and the birds. There were few children in the neighbourhood—none that was congenial—and the shy, quiet, reflective, serious boy was thus thrown on his own resources, which were so ample that he was never conscious of solitude or isolation; strolling along the "branches," watching the fish in the streams, the winged creatures in the trees, unconsciously studying all living things, perfectly happy, crossing no one's path and requiring that no one should cross his—always the most imperious trait in his character—following the negroes in the hemp-field, or when they were shucking corn, or taking meals with them in their cabin, or listening as they sang. His love of music has always been intense, and he was early an untaught musician.

The trend of his mind was markedly literary from the first. In the garret, where the hickory nuts and walnuts of the children were stored, there stood a case of old books. Among these was a Bible bound in faded red morocco and a small Testament, both filled with frightful pictures that used to hold the boy by a sort of horrible fascination.

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But one day later on he made the acquaintance of a volume which had charm without terror. An ancient cousin in spectacles and corkscrew curls, with flashing eyes, false teeth and wrinkled face, took him behind a damask curtain and introduced him with dramatic intensity to *Lalla Rookh*. From that time the poem was his favourite companion; and when he was old enough to be put on a bag of corn and sent to the mill, *Lalla Rookh* often went with him; and he used to beg that the bag should not be made so full and round in order that he might be able to read without sliding off. His reading at all times was directed by his mother, whose taste was for the best books. He had few of his own, and generally read what she read, the source of the supply being the circulating library in Lexington. It is gratifying to know that the mother lived to see some of the published work of this youngest child—her Benjamin—for whom she was so ambitious. With much of her temperament he inherited ambition together with the sustained directness of purpose and the tireless energy that reaches its aim over all obstacles. He was not content to graduate with the honours of his class and the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Transylvania University, the first of the Southern universities to rally after the War. Finishing seven years of hard study, he afterwards entered on a post-graduate course, and received the degree of Master of Arts. It sounds like a simple story, but between the lines runs a record of ceaseless struggle such as few know on the road to learning—never easy to any.

In the year of his graduation his father died. The two elder brothers had gone to seek their own fortune, and thus James Lane Allen became at twenty-one the bread-winner for three. Unable to leave home, it was necessary for him to find something to do, and he applied for the position of county school-teacher in the adjoining county, and received the appointment and held it for a year. The ensuing two years were spent teaching in Missouri; and he then returned to Kentucky to become private tutor on the border of Bourbon and Fayette Counties, where the scene of *Butterflies* is supposed to be laid. After two years as a teacher in Transylvania University he was called to the chair of Latin and higher English in Bethany College, West Virginia. Two years later he was asked to resign in order that a clergyman might take his place. Disappointed with the profession in which such a calamity was possible, he resolved to begin at once to devote his life to that which he had always resolved to devote it to in the end—literature.

Declining afterwards the offer of other professorships, he came to New York about ten years ago with a lead-pencil and a few dollars in his pocket, and not a letter of introduction. The struggle was at first fiercer, if that were possible, than he had found it from childhood, but at last he was free, and all that he asked was absolute freedom to live his own life, and liberty to do the work he loved. He began it with mature powers and intellectual preparation such as few writers can command; and within the eight years which have transpired since then he has written, despite many interruptions, five volumes, several poems, and many critical essays. He is still a tireless student, and he insists that the study of every other art is of value in attaining to a knowledge of the art of fiction. He believes that the novelist can particularly rely upon the analogies existing between literature and painting, and between literature and music as at times his surest guide in composition; painting teaching him, among other things and as nothing else can, the grouping of forms and the use of colour in language; music teaching him, among other things and as nothing else can, the management of major and minor motives and the treatment of spiritual discords and harmonies. His own habit in his description of a scene or a landscape is first to make a composition of it as an inward vivid picture in consciousness and then to write with his inward eye fixed solely on this. It is perhaps in this way that his dramatic scenes and landscapes acquire the qualities for which they have been invariably praised—harmony and vividness. Though recognition has been tardy, the tributes which his work has called forth have always been of the highest character in this country; and this is true also of the European world of letters, yet Mr. Allen regards himself as still on the threshold of his literary life.

Nancy Huston Banks.

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WILLIAM HOPE HARVEY,

AUTHOR OF "COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

The full-length portrait which we give of the author of *Coin's Financial School* is in every way characteristic of him. The whole man is in the fight which he is maintaining in the present financial controversy; from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head he is of "set purpose and firm will compounded." There is an unflinching courage in his determination to carry on the cause which he has championed, as there is a rough honesty and audacity about this man who stands so boldly on the strength of his convictions and looks the whole world squarely in the face with unfaltering eyes. Certain of one thing we are, that Mr. Harvey's conduct shows not the slightest evidence of insincerity or political jobbery; perchance he may be madman or fanatic in the estimation of some; whether there is method in his madness is yet to be seen.



WILLIAM HOPE HARVEY.

William Hope Harvey was born in August, 1851, near Charleston, W. Va. He came of sturdy parents of Scotch and Irish descent. His early years were spent on his father's farm, and he gathered the rudiments of education in a log schoolhouse, which he supplemented by such reading as his father's library permitted. These were days of arduous toil and hardihood, and body and soul were knit together in the lad in a healthy ambition to "scorn delights and live laborious days." At the age of sixteen he had saved sufficient funds to take himself out of the narrow limits of his home, and an entrance into a country academy soon widened the breach for the honours of village schoolmaster. Here was laid the beginning of the train which was to blaze up suddenly in after years. In the "school" idea of his financial tracts we see the schoolmaster in evidence, and make no doubt that his early experience was peculiarly fitted to bring him into that public position, which comes to him who with assiduity "uses the present as the training camp for opportunity."

The progressiveness and untiring energy which have characterised his career are seen in the leaps and bounds with which, as opportunity offered, he rose to a life of larger usefulness and wider influence. First he gave up the school-room and moved to Ohio, where he studied law. For some time he followed the legal profession, but again changed this in turn for the field of commerce. One of the most fortunate events in his life, he says, was his meeting at Gallipolis with Miss Anna R. Halliday about this time. They were married in 1876, and their two boys and two girls comprise "Coin's" family school. From Ohio, where he had met with signal success, he went to Denver, and setting up the sign of "real estate and lawyer," at a time when silver was

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booming, he realised on his investments with such shrewdness and success as to become a fairly rich man. He was now forty years old, when he openly declared war against what he calls "the greatest danger of the country, the gradual but sure establishment of a plutocracy." Looking around him, he saw that men were vague in their financial theories, and believing that there was a great work in the field for some one bold enough to master the problem, he gave up his business for a time and travelled far and wide to money conferences, studying the question of finance, especially as it affects the silver States, in a thorough, practical manner, and eventually settled down with his family in Chicago.

For two or three years he worked vigorously but inconspicuously, and the establishment of his paper excited no comment; but suddenly the name of Harvey became blazoned forth in matters concerning workingmen. It was meet that the man, whose only boast is that he is the champion of the working classes, because he is sprung of them, should first come into public notice through an action in their behalf and not as an author. It will be remembered how "General" Randall's industrial army was thrown into jail at Laporte, Ind. Mr. Harvey started for the scene on receipt of the news, and secured a speedy release for all the men. It was the last spur needed to convince him that the money question was at the bottom of the entire industrial trouble, and he set to work at once on his now famous yellow-covered book.

The clear insight which divined the need of the hour, and the quick understanding and grasp of the situation in meeting that need with a popular treatise, are remarkable. From the first he was confident of success, and assured the agents that the sales of the book would be certain to reach a million copies. Scarcely a year has elapsed since its publication, and his expectation has been fulfilled within a few thousands, and the sales show no signs of diminishing. Already a rich man before he launched this venture, he declares that the fortune amassed by the sales of *School* shall be held in trust as a public fund, to be spent for the benefit of the workingman in this warfare.

Mr. Harvey's only right to mention in these pages is as the author of a book that has become a household word throughout the country. Yet he would be the first to disclaim the right, for he affects no literary style and writes only as he talks—a plain man addressing plain people. He has just finished a new pamphlet (No. 7), which is an answer to his critics, and has left Chicago for a season to earn a much-needed rest.

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

The Wind in the Clearing and other Poems, though published only last autumn, has already brought its author a certain celebrity among that "fit audience, though few" in our country who love the sound of the lyre. Among the twitterings of small birds that assail our ears, it is refreshing to hear the clear, classic note of a genuine singer. Whatever be Mr. Rogers's defects, he possesses the qualities of a true poet, freshness of feeling, distinction, imagination. Except in the vigorous poem which gives the volume its title, and two or perhaps three minor poems, native in colour and pristine strength, his muse is inspired by the heroes of ancient classic story—"peering in upon them there, Divine in the divinity of Art."

But even while he laments that "the gods are no more seen of men," he catches up the cadence, and bears the song aloft triumphantly:

"Thou gracious Art, whose creatures do not die,
We too have heard the far-off magic song—

.

And thus we listen, like the dancing faun,
We in our distant New World haunts, and hear
Thy music nearer coming, and more near,
And feel the promise of thy brightening dawn."

Therein do we feel the American note of his utterance, and delight in its sane, wholesome expression of hope and courage. That he has humour, too, is seen in "The Old Smoker," and his descriptions of nature are made vivid and graphic by the warm sentiment which imbues them with human interest. He

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has not shown yet that he can "divine the throb of human agony and hope,"



ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

but he can make us hear "strange voices on the distant beach," and ofttimes

"Like an enchanted pitch-pipe sounds a note
To which the clearest chords of memory ring."

Robert Cameron Rogers comes of distinguished parentage. His father, Sherman S. Rogers, is honourably known in Buffalo and throughout the Empire State as an able lawyer and a most earnest advocate of civil service reform, and his mother is a sister of Ira Davenport, who was nominated by the Republican ticket in 1885 for gubernatorial office. On the paternal side both his father and mother are of New England extraction, and on the maternal of Scotch Highland descent. Mr. Rogers was born in Buffalo on January 7th, 1862, so that he is now thirty-three years old. Graduating from Yale in 1883, he travelled for about a year in Europe, and on his return entered his father's office. He spent a twelvemonth there, and then for the same term studied at Harvard Law School, and equipped himself for practice in January, 1888. But law failed to curb his young Pegasus, and in 1889 he gave up the legal profession. Since then he has written intermittently both prose and poetry, of which he has been too modest to publish anything until now. This volume contains all the poetry he has written during thirteen years; "The Rosary" and "Blind Polyphemus" being the last two poems, included in this volume, which he has composed. Mr. Rogers has so far lived a life of benignant calm such as poets love, and as it is his intention to devote himself with earnestness to literature, we may expect to hear from him again.

ABSENCE.

The sea is blue, is blue, to-day;
The landward hills are green, men say;
But I am blind—I cannot see,
For thou art far away from me.

Men say the breakers stoop and run
Loud-laughing in the morning sun;
I do not know, I cannot hear,
For I am deaf save thou art near.

The coverts of the live-oaks ring,
Men say, with tuning notes of Spring:
Spring is not yet for me—thou art
The absent April of my heart.

Robert Cameron Rogers.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE POET WHITTIER.

II.

Some Unpublished Letters of Whittier.

In a note to the poem entitled "The Voyage of the Jettie," Mr. Whittier says of these lines composed at West Ossipee: "They have a special interest to the author himself, from the fact that they were written, or improvised, under the eye, and for the amusement of a beloved invalid friend whose last earthly sunsets faded from the mountain ranges of Ossipee and Sandwich." The following letter, which I received from Mr. Whittier after he had left Ossipee, gives a hint of his delicate tenderness to this friend, Horace Currier, to whom he refers in the above note, and who was gradually passing away during the months of that, to me, memorable summer spent at the Bearcamp River House.

Oak Knoll, Danvers.
10th Mo., 15, 1880.

My dear Friend: I am glad to hear from thee again, and that thee have a pleasant remembrance of the days at West Ossipee. I shall look with impatience for thy sketch of the Bearcamp winding down from Passaconoway. I shall be greatly obliged to thee, if thee will find a suitable frame for the picture.

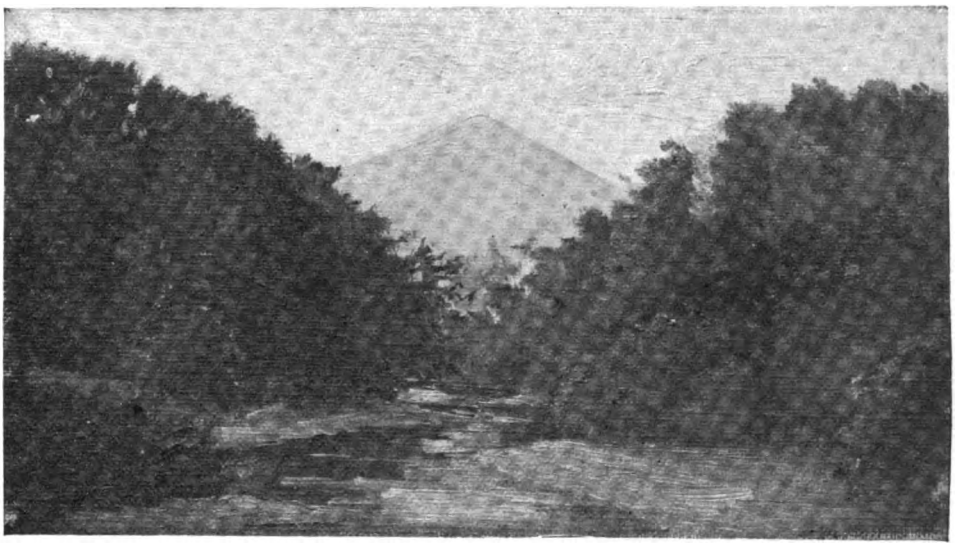
I hope, if Providence permits, we may meet again on the bank of the Bearcamp. There are many lovely bits of landscape there which thee have not seen. Do thee see anything of Addie? (His niece.)

I am glad Miss Powers is with thee. Our friend, Horace Currier, is, I think, very low. I saw him yesterday. His mind seemed dwelling on the pleasant scenes of his life—his wife—the vacations at the mountains, etc.—at the Isles of Shoals—the friends whom he loved, etc. I think he still has at times a faint hope of recovery.

With love to Miss Powers and many thanks to thyself, I am very truly thy friend,

John G. Whittier.

One perfect summer morning arrived for which we had waited with impatience, as we had long planned to take



PASSACONOWAY MOUNTAIN.
From a painting done by Miss Helen Burt for Mr. Whittier.

Mr. Whittier and his invalid friend for a ride on the ancient stage-coach to Chocorua Lake, but we had put it off until the condition of the weather and the health of Mr. Whittier and his sick friend coincided in our favour. It was on this occasion, when nearing the lake, that the poet became inspired by the lovely scenery that burst on our view to write the poem, "Among the Hills," in which he says:

"And once Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water,
Above his broad lake Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing."

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One afternoon he asked me to accompany him to a place which he said he would like me to paint. We went off toward the northwest across a meadow where the Bearcamp River curved until we reached the stream, when he stopped and exclaimed, "Here is the spot." As I looked ahead and up at the Passaconoway Mountain, I saw that it was just such a bit of scenery as an artist would have chosen; moreover, it recalled vividly the picture of his poem, "A Mystery":

"The river, hemmed with leaning trees,
Wound through its meadows green;
A low blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.
One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang:
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang!"

It is this picture, which I painted for him, which he refers to in the previous letter, and in the one that follows:

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS.
5th, 1 Mo., 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The picture came safely, and I find it charming. It is a fine rendering of a beautiful bit of N. H. scenery. I am more and more pleased with it as I study it, and do not know how to thank thee for giving me so much pleasure. I seem to be again resting on the bank looking up the vista of the winding river course to the cool blue of the Passaconoway, defined against the warm September sky. The river and the foliage on the banks seem to me true to nature. Withal there is that slight, faint, undefined glorifying of all which one gets from a Claude Lorraine glass, and which it is right for the painter to give his pictures.

I am sorry for thy illness in the autumn, and hope the winter will restore thee fully. I too suffered from the exhausting weather, as I was obliged to remain with my friend, Horace Currier. I should have stayed until October.

Please remember me to Miss Powers, and believe me very truly and gratefully thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Miss Martha Powers, mentioned in the foregoing letter, was one of the women of genius and culture whom Whittier had gathered around him during his summer vacation at West Ossipee. This beautiful, gentle, Puritan poetess and educator, who could move us to tears or to mirth by her natural elocutionary art, whiled away many an evening pleasantly for the ageing poet.

Shortly after Mr. Whittier and his friend left West Ossipee, the old Bearcamp River House, which had shown us such ungrudging hospitality, was completely destroyed by fire. The first news I had of the event was in a letter from the poet:



BEARCAMP RIVER HOUSE WEST OSSIPEE N H.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS.
10 Mo., 20, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I wish I were going to New York, but I see no immediate prospect of it. I was invited by Gen. Wilson to visit him on the occasion of the unveiling of the Burns monument, and from that arose the rumour of my intended visit.

I often recall with pleasure the days at the Bearcamp. Thy beautiful picture hangs in a fine light before me, and is very much liked by all who see it.

And now we can never see the Old Bearcamp River House again. It was burned to the ground in the last of September, a little while after I left. I was there only two weeks; the weather was lovely, and the semi-circling mountains never were more lovely in their sunsets and sunrises. I hope thee had a pleasant summer, and have found pleasure and profit in thy beautiful art.

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Thanking thee for remembering me, I am thy sincere friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A few years later I had occasion to ask him for permission to include some of his poems in a little collection which I was making, and in his reply he volunteered a personal preference for "The Pageant"—an *obiter dictum* which few will accept, as "Snow-Bound" has always been the most popular of his winter poems.

AMESBURY, MASS.
1st Mo., 16, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am glad to get thy letters. . . . As regards the suggestion of a little Holiday Book, I would say that it strikes me favourably. Of course I have no objection to the use of any of my poems. . . .

I think "The Pageant" is the best snow picture I have ever made—a good deal more artistic than "Snow-Bound." It and the "Frost Spirit" will be found in the Household edition of my poems.

I passed by W. Ossipee once since the fire. I felt like Ossian when he "passed by the walls of Balcluther and found them desolate." . . .

Hoping thee are well, and with all good wishes, I am thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In working on a portrait of Mr. Whittier (reproduced in the May BOOKMAN), I wrote inquiring whether he had any other better than the one I had. It was well known that Mr. Whittier would not sit for his portrait. The following is his reply:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am glad to hear from thee, and thank thee for thy letter.

I do not know what photograph thee have, but I believe that of which thee speak is a good one.

Of course I have no objection to thy using it for a portrait. I hear of thy success in portraits; and doubt not thee will make the best of a rather difficult subject.

I too remember our Ossipee days A pleasant reminder hangs over my mantel at Amesbury, the Bearcamp winding through the wood at the foot of Passaconoway. The scenery, the bright summer days, the pleasant company, strolling on the banks of the Bearcamp or under the pines on the Chocorua, or blueberry-picking in the pastures, are all brought before me by that lovely picture.

Addie was with my cousins and myself at the Asquam Lake last summer.

With sincere regards thy old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

His constant reminders of the summer spent at West Ossipee, and his thoughtful mention in one letter and another of the picture I had painted for him, are but typical instances of the universal kindness and wide-reaching sympathy and tact which were so generally characteristic of him. At the risk of appearing egotistic, I have allowed these personal touches to remain in some of these letters, as they exhibit traits of a rare courtesy and gentleness of nature not too common to be commonplace. I recall an amusing incident connected with the painting of the picture he chose as a memento of the West Ossipee days which I cherish among the memories of that time. When I had made the first rough sketch and showed it to Mr. Whittier he seemed pleased with it, and asked me to let him take it and show it to his friend Horace.

To the right of the picture, jutting into the river, I had painted in a little sand-bar just as it was in nature. After showing the sketch to his friend, Mr. Whittier returned and asked me, "Do thee not think it would look better if thee painted in some bushes instead of the sand?" I opined that it needed the colour of the sand-bar there, but I would alter it if he preferred it, as I was anxious to please him. I made the desired change, and sent it to him. He soon came back laughing, and said, "Won't thee please put the sand-bar back again in its place? Thee and nature were right."

I have already spoken of Mr. Whittier's ready sympathy with those who were in trouble, and into whose lives a real sorrow had entered. With mere morbidness he had no patience, and his intuitional sense of reality probed the heart with quick insight; and the unflinching sincerity of the grand old Quaker brought swift retribution or reward in the words of loyalty and truth which he spoke as a friend indeed. Among the few letters of the poet which are a portion of his heritage to me, I prize none of them as I do the letter which he wrote to me just before the death of my gifted sister. With this letter I close these memories of my friendship with Mr. Whittier, trusting they have in some measure confirmed, if not further revealed, the noble lineaments of one who, being dead, yet speaks in words which touch all hearts:

DANVERS.

MY DEAR MISS BURT: I am greatly pained to hear of thy sister Emma's sad illness.

I had some correspondence with her, and through Addie I seemed to know her. She impressed me as a woman of refinement, earnest,

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sensitive, with rare gifts of mind and heart. I saw two or three of her pieces and a small collection of poems, which gave me a very favourable opinion of her gifts and culture. . . . I do hope she will be restored to you. It must have been and must still be a great sorrow to you. Dear friend, I am very thankful if in any way I helped to make thy visit at the Bearcamp a pleasant one.

May God spare thy sister and bless you both.

Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Helen Burt.

THE MORAL ASPECT OF THE ARTISTIC POSTER.

The present craze for collecting pictorial posters will have both a healthful and a bad effect on the public mind and taste ; a healthful, because it will help to improve a sadly neglected and important



"MARQUET'S INK." E. GRASSET.

every-day art ; healthful, because the grocers', tobacconists', and drug-shop windows are full of pictures made with the intention of advertising their wares, but at this time sadly lacking in artistic beauty. Very many are deplorably bad, from a moral standpoint. In thousands of the homes of the poor these posters are the only *pictures* they have to adorn their dwellings, and even in well-to-do households young men and women preserve what they call a pretty girl, and hang it up in their den or chamber.

The question might be asked, What harm can come ? A great deal of harm. A vulgar taste becomes very soon a depraved taste by feeding on suggestion, and quickly breeds lewdness, as in the case of the living pictures, which a daily paper lately described in a masterly article as, "An exhibition which will soon break down the moral stamina of a nation." But there is a healthful effect also which will come from the posters, and which is much to be desired.

The idea came from France, and is the outcome of a system entirely different from ours. They have, fortunately, no monster theatrical bills pasted on all the vacant places ; but instead have them printed in type on small sheets and pasted on the kiosk, a tower-like structure, placed at convenient intervals. Each theatre has a fair division, and all are alike. No attempt at artistic decoration is done, and this leads to the oft-repeated remark that our theatrical bills are the finest in the world. They may be, but they are not art, but simply enlarged photographs coloured. The extraordinary perfection of mechanical work in America enables us to produce wonderful things of this kind, but they are very far from artistic.

Emerson has a particularly good definition of art. He says, "Art is Nature passed through the alembic or mind of man." Here is the sole secret of what a good poster is—a creative invention designed to be beautiful and to ennoble while yet it pleases and attracts attention. A designer myself, it may not be quite proper to criticise and speak on this subject, especially with regard to the work of my fellow-artists. But the advertising agents and papers—a goodly number of the daily papers—have

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very odd notions of the value of good design, they being the caterers, as it were, for the public. Take, for instance, a suggestion given lately to reward the man who produced a hand holding a can of baking-powder. Instead of award he should be condemned. His design is utterly bad, vulgar, inartistic, and commonplace. Let the words, with an equal share of dark background, be placed on a magazine page, and the result would have been just as effective and far less vulgar. Happily there is nothing worse.

A firm of babies' food has a particularly innocent way of advertising its friends, quite harmless, but interesting only to the fond mother who is tickled at the notoriety of her baby being pictured in a magazine. It is not an unhealthy sign, but hardly the right kind. What a contrast, and how very different Steinlan's little girl and cats! What a beautiful and effective design! When I saw it in Paris last year, sometimes in rows of six with its bright red dress, it seemed to me the best and highest form of advertising that had appeared, because it attracted attention from its beauty alone. It was the result of high ideas. The time is very near when theatrical pictorial posters will cease to exist. Large business houses are awakening to the fact that here is a valuable method of advertising, and they will, because of more capital and more judgment, monopolise it. The reason is obvious: a play when pictured loses much of the surprise and unexpectedness of a play. A commodity is a thing we want to know something about before we buy.

It is only a few years ago that the publishers took this system up. Theodore Childs, being long a resident in Paris, got Grasset to design a few posters for the Harpers. The public and press did not then notice, and I may safely say that very few artists then saw, the beauty of the work. I have copies of three different posters by his masterly hand, superior in design to some which are now considered of great merit. Three of my own designs were done for the same firm long before the series of pretty conceits now so common, and which might be better had they more variety of style and idealism, though they are good as far as they go.

The popularity of Grasset's Napoleon is due more to the subject than to the design, which is inferior to that of many of his earlier works. It is remarkable that the publishers of the Napoleon papers did not see Grasset's talent before, it being now five years since the Harpers first saw and purchased his work. My own opinion of Grasset is that he is pre-eminent as a designer pure and simple, and one who understands perfectly the spacing and lettering, as well as a fine draughtsman, cherishing always *ideal*, noble sentiments.

Chéret, frankly, I do not admire. He is invariably commonplace, and often lewd. It is to be regretted that he was



"PURE MILK." T. A. STEINLAN.

so largely represented at the Pratt Institute show. Art students should beware, because they are apt to imitate a strong and popular man. Popularity is not always the standard of excellence in art; for it is oftener otherwise; the influence is strong, and imitation of Chéret will certainly result in utter failure, bad for them and worse for the public. *Chic*, his greatest quality, is difficult to attain, and at its very best is not art. Good, honest designs in new paths are what will find a ready market, and give better satisfaction.. Aubrey Beardsley is an artist entirely misunderstood, having been judged mostly by his odd and inferior drawings in the

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Yellow Book, and which are in his worst style. His finest work (and this is the least known) is found in the illustrations to Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, where his masterly handling of black and white masses is undeniably beautiful. Even he has been copied and imitated to a ludicrous degree, though mostly by Western artists who cannot draw the figure, and who hide their defects under the mantle of his quaint and original style. The editor of a certain journal wrote to a publisher asking whether it was the English B or the American B who designed a poster seen on the stands—a question hardly flattering to either artist.



"COMEDY." JULES CHÉRET.

It is also remarkable that the greatest designers are rarely emulated or copied by amateurs or inferior artists. Would that they were! There would then be more hope of success. A host of poor work is now thrown to the public, of the most atrocious sort, with all the bad and none of the good qualities. The two great merits of Beardsley are entirely lost, while the eight bad ones are copied with remarkable fidelity. Exactly the same may be said of Chéret; he has not a particle of design; his compositions are bad, and he takes the lowest and lewdest type of womanhood for his ideal. His imitators are legion, all wretched, and bad for the public and for themselves. M. Chéret has one fine quality in his joyous gaiety, but it is the gaiety of an empty mind, of abandoned license and wild madness. At times his children are very pretty, but they are often miniatures of their elders. His colour is loud and attractive, but not decorative or well placed. The principles of decorative ornament should pervade a design throughout; and a poster should be essentially a design, not a picture.

No, the moral aspect of the artistic poster, then, is that it may be, if done well, an important factor in the community, and it is best to begin aright, with high ideals and aims, to educate, ennoble, and make men and women think of life not as a silly dream, but as earnest and sublime.

Thousands of these show-cards and posters are seen daily by the public; and if they are not good art, they can at least teach some little truth and give pleasure of a right kind. If the public do not understand, they will in time become so familiar with the best that they will be satisfied with it, instead of craving lower and more debasing work till nothing short of evil will satisfy their sordid minds.

Louis J. Rhead.

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GUSTAV FREYTAG.

The death of the German novelist, Gustav Freytag, which occurred in Wiesbaden, April 30th, completes, almost at four-score, a life unusually satisfactory in its personal elements, and a literary career, extending well over into the first half of the century, which, at home and abroad, has left his name famous. He was born July 13th, 1816, in Kreuzburg, Silesia, where his father was a physician. He was a student alternately at Breslau and Berlin, at which latter university he took the degree of a doctor of philosophy in 1838; the rather formidable title of his dissertation, *De Initiis Scenicæ Poesis apud Germanos*, indicates the special direction of his studies. In 1839 he settled as privatdocent at the Breslau University, where he lectured on the German language and literature the following eight years, until 1847, when he gave up his academic position and removed to Dresden. In 1848 he went to Leipzig to edit the *Grenzboten*. This work he continued until 1861, and again from 1867 to 1870, in which years he was also member for Erfurt in the North German Reichstag. After 1870 his journalistic work was chiefly for the newly established weekly periodical, *Im Deutschen Reich*. Since 1879 he has lived in Wiesbaden, except for the summer months, which he has passed on his estate Siebeleben, near Gotha. On his seventieth birthday, in accordance with an imperial decree, his bust, by Stauffer-Bern, was placed in the National Gallery, at Berlin.

Freytag's earliest work was dramatic. Of five plays, written at various times, but one, however, has kept the stage, *The Journalists* (*Die Journalisten*), which one of his German critics enthusiastically calls "the best comedy of the century," with no apparent thought, either, of restricting it to Germany. The novel *Debit and Credit* (*Soll und Haben*), that appeared in 1855, first established his fame in Germany and carried it abroad. Both in the author's own career, as in German literature, where its success assured it a permanent and prominent place, it was "epoch-making," for it definitely marked a break with his youthful sympathies with the Young Germans and romanticism, and defined the sturdier creed that he afterwards followed.

All of Freytag's subsequent writing, although as different as need be in environment, embodies essentially the



Gustav Freytag

same characteristics inherent in this first novel, whose field is the apparently barren one of modern industrialism. *The Lost Manuscript* (*Die verlorene Handschrift*), the series *The Ancestors* (*Die Ahnen*), and the *Pictures of the German Past* (*Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit*) are all well-defined attempts, and undoubtedly successful ones, to pourtray the typical social conditions of the century in which they move; the plots in every case have an historic significance far beyond that of mere incident and personal relation, and the characters are types of the time. The business routine in the office of T. O. Schröter in *Debit and Credit* and the researches of the professor in *The Lost Manuscript* have these conditions as plainly marked

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as have the more palpably reconstructed pictures of the past in *The Ancestors*, where the whole is the result of the most painstaking and elaborate study, not only of the external characteristics, but of the spirit of the age depicted.

In all these works Freytag carried out his problem in a manner traditionally German. There is not only throughout, the tendency to philosophical generalisation that has been noted as a national trait, but the taste for profound scholarly research and the rather grave imaginativeness, as a recent writer happily puts it, that we are apt to think of as characteristic. Only a German could by any possibility have written *The Lost Manuscript*. I had almost said that only a German can read it, and that is doubtless true of it in its entirety, for the very seriousness of purpose and, given the ground, the almost necessary profundity of much of Freytag's writing have inevitably precluded its popularity with a public less serious or profound than are the Germans themselves. All of it, except it may be *The Technique of the Drama*, recently translated into English, but including *The Journalists*, is, besides, of a too local and restricted interest to be conspicuously successful abroad.

As a writer, Freytag is characterised by such old-fashioned literary virtues as loftiness of purpose and clearness of tone, and from first to last there is a manly freedom from affectation and an entire absence of cant. German critics praise the purity of his diction, but they, too, note the occasional diffuseness of his style, apparent to us, into which his philosophising inevitably leads him. Although he has claims to consideration as dramatist, journalist and poet, it is as a writer of novels that he is chiefly to be considered, for in this direction his most important work was done. Among the recent writers of Germany, living and dead, he is unquestionably as a novelist worthy to have conceded to him the foremost place.

William H. Carpenter.

STEVENSON'S LITERARY WORK IN COLLEGE.

If you want to find the real spirit of a man, watch him while he is at college. At that time his view of the world is fresh and original. Experience has taught him few sad lessons; intercourse with other men has not yet rubbed off the sharp corners of his thought; and his mind, because of his own sincerity and his youthful scorn of hypocrisy, is quite unveiled. You see him as he is; and he shows you his ideals with frankness, since he believes that he will attain them. One is never so interesting as then to the student of human nature, or to the student of that individual's personality, for he is never again so much himself, and there was never before so much of him. Fortunately one may study, at just that college period, Robert Louis Stevenson, and in a most interesting and personal way.

"All through my boyhood and youth," Stevenson has said, "I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write." He gives a pretty picture of those boyish days, when, as a frequent truant from school, he tramped the country roads and began that "vagabondising" in the land of dreams which afterwards brought the world rich profit in the dreamer's stories of adventure.

When older, at home, he tried to imitate in original work the merits of the authors whom he read. "I clear-sightedly condemned my own performances," he tells us. "I liked doing them, indeed, but when they were done I could see they were rubbish. Thrice I put myself in the way of an authoritative rebuff by sending a paper to a magazine. These were returned, and I was not surprised nor even pained." But at last a bit of good fortune befell him, an opportunity which raised this rebuffed and modest aspirant to the actual position of an editor. He was given a chance to publish his own work, to see how it looked in print, and to make the world his judge. This was during his university life at Edinburgh, and thus minutely he remembers and gives the scene:

"I sat one December morning in the library of

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the Speculative, a very humble-minded youth, though it was a virtue I never had much credit for; yet proud of my privileges as a member of the Spec.; proud of the pipe I was smoking in the teeth of the Senatus; and in particular, proud of being in the next room to three very distinguished students, who were then conversing beside the corridor fire. When they called me into them, and made me a sharer in their design, I too became drunken with pride and hope. We were to found a University magazine. . . . We four were to be conjunct editors and, what was the main point of the concern, to print our own works. . . . I went home that morning walking upon air. To have been chosen by these three distinguished students was to me the most unspeakable advance. . . . Yet, in the bottom of my heart, I knew that magazine would be a grim fiasco."

The magazine appeared and Stevenson was one of the editors. It had a yellow cover which, he said years afterward, was the best part of it, since "it was unassuming." There were the words, "Price sixpence" at the top, and at the bottom a two-line advertisement of excellent pens, "sold everywhere" and recommended by "779 newspapers." Between these commercial legends, and within the black line frame, which contained a thistle at each corner, were these words:

"Doth my simple feature content you?"—Touchstone.

THE EDINBURGH
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. , —— 1871.

Then there was the coat of arms—a shield containing a castle on a rock, an open book, and a thistle; and after that the table of contents and the names of the printers. On the whole, it was a complete little cover, and certainly a modest one. Its reverse contained advertisements. The first number of the magazine had 24 pages, its last 31, and only four were ever published. These copies are rare. It is said that long ago Stevenson himself offered five pounds for a set, and the little pamphlets, whenever one comes upon the market, now bring such figures as the young editors could not have dreamed of in their days of greatest hope—or despair. The articles which they contain by Stevenson throw a most interesting light on his budding genius, his mind, and character.

In the first number begins a series of "College Papers," which extends through two other numbers. This is by Stevenson, and the first instalment, entitled "Edinburgh Students in 1824," is given the position of honour, directly after the preface with which the magazine is opened. Apparently the "three very distinguished students" held their young associate in high esteem! The paper is an interesting one even now, and that is something that can be said of few articles in old college periodicals. The composition is a review of a paper in *Lapsus Linguæ; or, The College Tatler*, a magazine of the University of Edinburgh that antedated Stevenson's by forty-seven years. The first paragraph gives an account of "Mr. Tatler's brief existence," and does it cleverly, leaving the reader to guess the whole from a few facts and a couple of typical anecdotes. After treating next of "Mr. Tatler's" literary peculiarities, Stevenson says: "But Mr. Tatler's best performances were three short papers in which he hit off prettily, smartly, the idiosyncrasies of the 'Divinity,' the 'Medical,' and the 'Law' of session 1823–24." And it does not take a very shrewd guesser to surmise that young Stevenson thought that he would do something of the same sort in his series of "College Papers," making distinctions of time, not subject. He quotes the better parts of the *Tatler's* article, and thus artistically closes the review:

"An hour's reading in these old pages absolutely confuses us. . . . The muddy quadrangle is thick with living students; but in our eyes it swarms also with the phantasmal white great-coats and tilted hats of 1824. Two races meet: races alike and diverse. Two performances are played before our eyes; but the change seems merely of impersonators, of scenery, of costume. Plot and passion are the same."

He signs the paper "L."

There is nothing else by Stevenson in the first number of the magazine, and we may turn at once to the second, which opens with "College Papers, No. II. The Modern Student Considered Generally;" and this, for obvious reasons, has no signature attached. In fact, he begins his article by saying:

"We have now reached the difficult portion of our task. 'Mr. Tatler,' for all that we care, may have been as virulent as he liked about the students of a former day; but for the iron to touch our sacred selves—for a brother of the Guild to betray its most privy infirmities—let such a Judas look to himself as he passes on his way to the Scots Law or the Diagnostic, below the solitary lamp at the corner of the dark quadrangle."

This paper is longer, more serious and earnest, and more interesting to the

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student of Stevenson than was the first brief and light review. He may have put as much actual work on his first article, because it was his first, as on the second; but this is evidently not the case if *thought* is to be considered as work.

He tells us that the natural tendency of civilisation is to obliterate distinctions, and that, therefore, "Mr. Tatler's" division of the students into Law, Divinity, and Medical cannot be retained. They "shake hands over their follies" now, he says. The plague of uniformity becomes the burden of his essay. He tells how alike the students are, how solemn and reserved, how studious without enthusiasm. Even the dandies are subdued; the fast men so solemn that "they go to the devil with a perverse seriousness," and their intercourse comes to consist "of mutual bulletins of depravity." And the merry men "are too evidently professional in their antics. They go about cogitating puns." The trouble, young Stevenson says, is due to the absence of university feeling. He would have an end of this shy, proud reserve; and so better the men and better the college. The essay becomes spirited and vigorous. The writer is in earnest at last. He has come to a line on which he has thought and felt before, and now there is a less conscious choosing of words and balancing of sentences. "Let it be," he says, "a sufficient reason for intercourse that two men sit together on the same benches. Let the great A. be held excused for nodding to the shabby B. on Princes Street if he can say, 'That fellow is a student.'" The result would make the heart of the university beat faster. There would be more unity of action, and he extols this as a college boy would. But he gives this other reason, which is more significant: "As you send a man to an English university that he may have his prejudices rubbed off, you might send him to Edinburgh that he may have them ingrained, rendered indelible, fostered by sympathy into living principles of his spirit. . . . The studious associate with the studious alone, the dandies with the dandies. There is nothing to force them to rub shoulders with the others." To this arraignment he would add "specialism in study as well as specialism in society," and he predicts that in another article he may have something to say regarding the ability of the alumni or the Senatus to alter the condition. But that other article never came.

The subject of the third of the "College Papers" is "Debating Societies," and Stevenson says that than these nothing more excellent could be conceived as a weapon against some of the evils of which he complained in his "Jeremiad." He paints an amusing picture of the men who compose a debating society, and who make it—as this article of his is—"somewhat of a disappointment." He depicts, with something of a novelist's insight, the humour of the scene when the "indefatigable strivers after eloquence" arise; when those struggle who have something to say but cannot utter it, and those who have nothing to say and can; and when the irrelevant speaker beams jokes on the company; and, finally, with a good touch, the agony of the laughing hearer when he himself has to speak. But the debating society, where "people of every shade of opinion" must meet and be friends, is "a handy antidote," he says, "to the life of the class-room and quadrangle." The paper closes with a hope that a university debating society, presided over by professors, and capable of promoting wide friendships, may be sometime established.

The "College Papers" cease with this number. Perhaps Stevenson now definitely foresaw the failure of the magazine, and preferred to insert something already written, or something quite on the tip of his pen. We return, therefore, to the second number, which contains an extra article by him on "The Philosophy of Umbrellas." This was written jointly with Ferier, one of Stevenson's associate editors. There is an article by Ferier alone in this number, as there is one by Stevenson, and the latter has said that most of the charge of this issue fell upon Ferier and himself. The essay is a clever, brightly written paper, and the reader can guess how the two boys must have laughed together over it. We do not see how the work here of Stevenson and Ferier can be certainly separated.

The paper opens with the philosophical comment that society in Scotland is wonderfully changed because the climate is damp! The sign of respectability in Great Britain might have been

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a sword, a ribbon of the Legion of Honour, a string of medals, a title, "a professorial chair;" but instead of any of these it has become an umbrella. Robinson Crusoe, sauntering under a leaf, is pictured as a touching instance of the cultivated mind's yearning for the badge.

The true significance of the comfort's "pregnant symbolism" is explained. The first carriers of umbrellas must have been "the hypochondriacal out of solicitude for their health, or the frugal out of care for their raiment;" and so, in the earliest times, the umbrella must have stood for those homely and solid virtues implied in the term "Respectability." Nor is this all: its possession, besides symbolising "the change from wild Esau to plain Jacob dwelling in tents, implies a certain comfortable provision of fortune. It is not every one that can expose twenty-six shillings' worth of property to so many chances of loss and theft." The ownership of a good umbrella, the writers think, should even bring with it the franchise, since those who have one "carry a sufficient stake in the commonweal below their arm." Also, "One who bears with him an umbrella—such a complicated structure of whalebone, of silk, and of cane, that it becomes a very microcosm of modern industry—is necessarily a man of peace. A half-crown cane may be applied to an offender's head on very moderate provocation; but a six and twenty shilling silk is a possession too precious to be adventured in the shock of war."

This is the best part of the article, for it changes here. The ideas are good, but the expression is less fortunate; and one cannot help feeling that beginning with the new paragraph work must have been more hurried, or that another and less gifted brain than that which began the article composed the final sentences.

The editing of the third number of the magazine, Stevenson says, fell almost entirely upon him; and so we find, in addition to his paper on "Debating Societies," a long article of which he alone is author. This is entitled "An Old Scotch Gardener." We have a notion that this was something that the writer had on hand. The subject, supposed to be taken from real life, is a sort of Scotch Don Quixote, we are told: "A Don Quixote who had come through the training of the covenant, and been nourished in his youth on *Walker's Lives*." It is a description fairly well drawn of a clearly conceived individualistic personage, but is plainly an early attempt at this sort of writing. There is a self-consciousness which never permits you to forget that you are seeing a portrait, not a man, and the reader would find no special interest in the characterisation now, had not its author become so famed. The main points of the description are the Gardener's age, which Stevenson says "was a vanity which hurt no one's feelings. You were as pleased to be younger than he as he was to be older than you;" his notion of his self-importance, and the grandiloquent accounts of the glory of his younger days; his insubordination in managing the garden; his love of foxgloves, cabbages, and bees; his habit of quoting the Bible; and the Hebraic spirit of peace and love that was in the Gardener's heart, and made him, for all his exasperating qualities, a constant peacemaker, a doer of gentle things, and a former of kindly judgments. Of his death the paper says only this, and these few words are worthy the pen of the great and older writer, for they are so simple and poetic: "The earth, that he had digged so much in his life, was dug out by another for himself; and the flowers that he had tended drew their life still from him, but in a new and nearer way."

In the fourth number of the magazine there is but one article by Stevenson. It is an excellently clever one, though unsigned. The subject is "The Philosophy of Nomenclature." The keystone and text of his "philosophy" he makes these words, taken from Shandy's *Tristrian*: "How many Cæsars and Pompeys, by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many are there who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing."

Stevenson, taking up his subject in a thorough seriousness that, of itself, is gaily satirical, says:

"As a schoolboy I remember the pride with which I hailed Robin Hood, Robert Bruce, and Robert Le Diable as my name-fellows; and the feeling of sore disappointment that fell on my heart when I found a freebooter or a general who did not share with me a single one of my numerous

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prænomena. Look at the delight with which two children find they have the same name—they are friends from that moment forth—they have a bond of union stronger than exchange of nuts and sweetmeats."

He thinks that thenceforth one's whole career is influenced by one's name; and the surname is quite as important as the Christian. Originating as a *sobriquet*, applicable to the ancestor, "it is most likely applicable to the descendant also." "What a pull," he says—in what is now considered *fin de siècle* slang—"Cromwell had over Pym. . . . Who would expect eloquence from Pym, who would read poems by Pym, who would bow to the opinion of Pym? He might have been a dentist, but he should never have aspired to be a statesman. I can only wonder that he succeeded as he did." He reminds his readers that England's great poets have borne great names—"not a Brown, not a Jones, not a Robinson" in the whole splendid category. Imagine, he says, if Pepys had been a poet, "what a blot that would have made upon the list!" But it was impossible. Pepys was held down to "the Pepsine standard;" and even had he tried to write, no bookseller would have published, no world would have read Pepys's Poems. With a word for the bitter calamity of a punnable name, he turns to consider that class of persons whose names are too good for them, who begin life eclipsed by the glory that some earlier bearer of their name has won. No fellow named William Shakespeare Cockerill could write plays, for "he is thrown into too tumbling an apposition with the author of 'Hamlet,'" and his own surname is made "such an anti-climax!" But Dante Gabriel Rossetti is cited as a brilliant exception. And then the article closes rather abruptly; and as it is his last, the reader completes with it the review of Robert Louis Stevenson's articles in the *Edinburgh University Magazine* of 1871.

One can see in the youth the promise of the man. There is already a distinguished clearness of thought and style. And these first half dozen printed articles are like the reefs that lie far out around his beloved islands, the first intimation of the land to come. Beyond them there is another stretch of silence, but one knows to what one journeys and that the land is near. "Reviewing the whole episode (of the magazine and its failure) I told myself," he writes in his *Memoirs and Portraits*, "that the time was not yet ripe, nor the man ready; and to work I went again." Thus was the young editor a modest fellow.

Charles Mulford Robinson.

A SONG FOR WILD ROSE TIME.

Sweet wild rose, amid the rocks
All a-growing, growing;
Dainty rose, in rosy flocks,
Still a-blowing, blowing,—
Tell me, on this barren shore,
Why you choose to grow?
Smiled the rose, "My roots find life,
Only this I know."

Brave sweet rose, amid the rocks,
All a-growing, growing;
Blushing rose, in fragrant flocks,
Rosily a-blowing;—
Tell me how, on life's wild shore,
My place to find and fill?
"Live, and love the world," she said,
"Trust, and then be still."

Katharine Pearson Woods.

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THE FIRST PUBLISHED WRITINGS OF MR. RUSKIN.

I have before me a volume containing ten numbers, all that were published, of the *Spiritual Times*. It was commenced in May, 1829, and was published by Mr. D. Freeman, of 52, Paternoster Row, London, and 8, Keene's Row, Walworth. The editor was the Rev. Dr. Andrews, minister of Beresford Chapel, Walworth, one of the most distinguished dissenting ministers of his time. In the first number Dr. Andrews suggests that the composition of his magazine is to be "sprightly and elegant," that it is to "break out of the trammels in which other religious periodicals seem proud to confine themselves, and show that even piety may be connected with high talent, and that vulgarity of style is not inseparable with what are foolishly called high doctrines, and dullness from what more sober persons call Evangelical." The magazine is, however, for the most part, explicitly and fervently religious. Dr. Andrews contributes some articles on his personal experiences as a minister, including a curious account of his visits to Edward H. H. Martelly, "under sentence of death at Newgate." The distinction of the periodical is that it contains the first published writings of Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin, it will be remembered, was at one time a pupil of Dr. Andrews, and was occasionally present in his chapel, where he remembers seeing Dr. Andrews's daughter, afterwards Mrs. Coventry Patmore. Through the kindness of Dr. Andrews's granddaughter, Miss Eliza Orme, I have been able to identify Mr. Ruskin's contributions. To the first of them Dr. Andrews contributed the last two lines, the youthful poet being unable to find an appropriate conclusion. They are as follows :—

LINES WRITTEN AT THE LAKES IN CUMBERLAND.

DERWENTWATER.

Sweet Derwent ! on thy winding shore,
Beside thy mountain forests hoar,
There would I love to wander still ;
And drink from out the rippling rill,
Which from thy rocky head doth fall,
And mingles with the eagle's call ;
While from Helvellyn thunders break,
Re-echoed from old Derwent's lake.
And where the lightning's flaming dart
Plays o'er the Poet's eye, and warms his heart :
Though such thy glories, Earth, thy proudest whole
Can never satiate the grasping soul !

The second poem, "On Skiddaw and Derwentwater," is much better, and has pretty clearly been worked over by the editor :

Skiddaw ! upon thy cliffs the sun shines bright ;
Yet only for a moment ; then gives place
Unto a playful cloud, which on thy brow
Sports wantonly, soon melting into air ;
But shadowing first thy side of broken green,
And making more intense the sun's return.
Then, in the morning, on thy head, those clouds
Rest, as upon a couch, and give fair scope
To fancy's play : and airy fortresses,
Towers, banners, spears, and battlements appear,
Chasing each other off ; and in their turn
Are vanquished too, dissolving like the mould
That's trampled by the foot of urchin boy ;
And, rolling down, though once so firmly bound
By roots tenacious, while the upward spoiler
Climbs on to invade the hidden eagle's nest.
Skiddaw ! majestic, giant-nature's work,
Though less than Andes, or the Alpine heights,
Yet pyramids to thee are nothing, they at best
Are but gigantic tombs,—the work of art.
Proud nature makes no tombs, save where the snow
The fleecy locks of winter fall around,
A Mausoleum for the careless swain ;
Or where the ocean swallows navies down,
Or yawning earthquake covers cities vast,
Shroudless, engulfed, without a knell or tear ;
Or where another Herculaneum falls ;
Or the great day of fire the general grave.
These are the tombs she makes, and buries all
Beneath them, but the soul ; that . . . scorns the dust.
Now Derwentwater comes, a looking-glass
Wherein reflected are the mountain's heights ;
For thou'rt a mirror framed in rocks and woods.
Upon thee, seeming mounts arise, and trees,
And seeming rivulets, that charm the eye ;
All on thee painted by a master hand,
Which not a critic can well criticise.
But to disturb thee oft bluff Eolus
Descends upon thy heath-top with his breath ;
Thy polished surface is a boy at play,
Who labours at the snow to make a man,
And when he's made, he strikes it into ruin.
So when thou'st made a picture, thou dost play
At tearing it to pieces. Trees do first
Tremble as if a monstrous heart of oak
Were but an aspen leaf, and then, as if
It were a cobweb in the tempest.
Thus like Penelope thou weav'st a web,
And then thou dost undo it ; thou'rt like her
Because thou'rt fair and full of labour too.

The magazine did not live long, and the following announcement appears in the last number : "With the present number the *Spiritual Times* will end. Its discontinuance, though much regretted by many of its readers, must be attributed to the want of encouragement ; which circumstance has induced the principal editor to withdraw his services."

W. Robertson Nicoll.

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THE RISE OF MR. GEORGE MOORE.

Not long ago M. Emile Zola made a visit to London, and was received with the overwhelming and indiscriminate social attention which the English always give to the latest lion, whether he be a great benefactor of the human race or a king of the Cannibal Islands. Foremost among the throng that hastened



GEORGE MOORE.

to welcome the distinguished exponent of Naturalism was remarked a learned judge who, only a short time before, had sent a publisher to prison for issuing an English version of one of M. Zola's works; and this circumstance was very naturally taken as a text by the Continental press for sermons anent the hypocrisy and insincerity of English society. A new volume by Mr. George Moore gives rise to somewhat similar reflections.

A little less than ten years ago Mr. Moore's first great story, *A Mummer's Wife*, was the talk of literary London, and was sending thrills of horror down the spines of the Philistines. It was cast out of Mudie's as unfit for perusal. The fiat of Mr. W. H. Smith excluded it from the news-stalls. Mr. Moore was banned and badgered by all the unco guid, and even by many who made no special pretension to virtue. To-day he is spoken of with marked respect as a bold, original, and powerful writer whose work deserves serious study; and now his latest volume comes to us, not from the ill-starred press of Vizetelly, nor like another of his recent books, from the neutral house of Mr. David Nutt, but it bears upon its title-page the *cachet* of highest respectability in displaying the imprint of Macmillan.

Yet Mr. Moore has not changed in any way since the time when he was so bitterly denounced, and his theory of art has not been changed. He is just as pessimistic as ever. His plots reek as strongly as ever of adultery and drink and despair. Why is he now *persona grata* to the publishers and the libraries and the critics? The fact is, that the treatment accorded to M. Zola and to Mr. Vizetelly, and to the Moore of ten years ago and that which our novelist receives to-day, are not in reality symptomatic of British hypocrisy, but rather of British inconsistency—an inconsistency which comes from jumbling together two irreconcilable motives, the artistic motive and the motive of morality. At one time the latter gets control, and then Mr. Moore is damned; at another, the artistic sentiment is in the ascendant, and he is set upon a throne in a sort of apotheosis. Now, as a matter of fact, either point of view is quite defensible. It hardly admits of question that *A Mummer's Wife* and *Mike Fletcher*—yes and *Esther Waters* and *Celibates*, are very far from being the sort of reading that one would recommend *virginibus puerisque*. The present writer does not believe their tendency to be immoral but the contrary, because they paint vice in such ghastly colours; yet the knowledge of vice which they display is hardly edifying. On the other hand, it is quite fair to judge them wholly on their literary merits, and thus to speak of them in the very warmest terms of praise. In England,

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however, the motive of morality is forever clashing with the purely artistic instinct, leading in practice to the paradoxical result described above.

Mr. Moore is unique among English writers of to-day. An Irishman by birth, he received his training in Paris, where he lived so long as almost to lose the idiomatic command of his mother tongue, as he has himself told us in his most interesting *Confessions of a Young Man*. His first novel was actually written in French. Returning to England, however, he recovered his English, and at once began a very notable literary career with the publication of *Vain Fortune*, a curious study of feminine jealousy. This he followed up with his second and perhaps his greatest work, *A Mummer's Wife*, which made his reputation, passing through twenty editions almost at once. But Mr. Moore, though he won back his English style, has never separated himself from the French school of literary art in which he received his earliest training; and he is to-day to be grouped, not with Hardy and Hope and Besant, but with far greater artists than these—with Guy de Maupassant and Zola and Huysmans. He is, in fact, the only writer of English who exemplifies the whole manner and spirit of the Realists. In everything but his language he is French, and not only French, but Parisian. His models, his standards, his whole technique he finds among the writers of France; and one is not surprised that it was he who first made known to the English the works of Verlaine and Rimbaud and Jules Laforgue. There is not a single one of his novels that is not demonstrably inspired by some great French masterpiece. The seduction of Kate Lennox, in *A Mummer's Wife*, with her gradual degradation through drink, must be regarded as a reminiscence of the story of Gervaise in *L'Assommoir*. Mike Fletcher, who takes money from women and rises by their favour from back-alley journalism to fortune, is only an English (or Irish) replica of Georges Duroy in *Bel-Ami*. The story of *Esther Waters*, as has been said elsewhere, is an evident borrowing from *Germinie Lacerteux*, with a greater minuteness of obstetrical description. In fact, while Mr. Moore is not a copyist, he is so saturated with the theories of the Realistic School as to make it impossible for him to avoid the reproduction of their themes.

It is, however, in his pessimism that he is closest akin to his literary congeners; and for this his Celtic origin is undoubtedly responsible, since the pessimism of the Celt is something to which the Anglo-Saxon can never by any possibility attain. The Celt, whether he be Irish or French, is always a creature of extremes. Light-hearted with a delightful joyousness and frivolity, he is, in his other mood, hopeless with an abysmal misery. The Anglo-Saxon, on the other hand, though he takes his pleasure sadly, takes his sorrow hopefully, and has an element of sturdy resistance in his nature that defies destiny and smites the inevitable in the face. The gloom of the Anglo-Saxon is a melancholy half-light; the gloom of the Celt is a blackness of darkness that presses on the eyeballs like a physical weight, and plunges the very soul into infinite despair. Mr. Hardy, for instance, gives us a fine expression of Anglo-Saxon pessimism. Things are often ordered for the very worst in this world, but he accepts the worst and can still see the humour that gleams amid the irony of fate. But the pessimism of a Guy de Maupassant is a grim, intense, all-including monotony of horror that taints and corrodes like a mordant acid. And so nothing in all literature is more hideous than the last twenty pages of *Mike Fletcher*, after reading which one feels for the moment that life itself is a loathsome thing, pregnant with shame and nameless evil.

Celibates, the latest of Mr. Moore's creations, contains three tales. The first, entitled "Mildred Lawson," is the story of a young woman reared among commonplace and comfortable surroundings, who is filled with a belief that life has some higher mission for her than housekeeping and the bearing of children. Having some money of her own, she takes up painting, studies in London, hires an apartment in Paris, becomes a Bohemian of the extreme type, and flits about in a society that is frankly beyond the pale of decency. Yet because of her own coldness of temperament and her perpetual thought of self, she remains physically pure, and we leave her tossing about on her bed with the cry, "Give me a passion for God or man, but give me a passion! I

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cannot live without one." This is one type of celibate. The second story, "John Norton" (readers of *Mike Fletcher* will remember John Norton), shows us the male celibate, who remains single and untouched by love because of a strongly developed natural asceticism—a modern survival of a mediæval type. The third story, "Agnes Lahens," tells the experience of a noble-minded young girl, educated in a convent, who comes home to find her father a most ridiculous type of the *mari complaisant*, and her mother a painted horror whose drawing-room is filled with the most disreputable members of a society such as Mr. Moore is always fond of limning. Filled with shame and terror, after she has learned the truth, she leaves the house and hurries back to the peaceful purity of the convent.

"She saw the quiet, sedate nuns hastening down the narrow passages toward their chapel. She saw them playing with their doves like innocent children, she saw them chase the ball down the gravel walks and across the swards. She saw her life from end to end, from the moment when the porteress would open the door, to the time when she would be laid in the little cemetery at the end of the garden where the nuns go to rest."

The first story, which fills 254 of the 453 pages, is the only one in the volume that deserves any serious consideration. Upon this Mr. Moore has evidently expended much labour and thought—perhaps just a little too much labour and thought. The character of Mildred Lawson suggests a curious blend of Becky Sharpe and Blanche Amory, in which Blanche Amory preponderates, for Mr. Moore's heroine has hardly the cleverness of the immortal Becky, though recalling her in details, as when Mildred, overcome by grief, takes off her best gown and gets into a comfortable wrapper before giving way to tears which, as she reflects, may injure the dress-material. Becky Sharpe, however, as she said herself on one occasion, could have been a good woman if she had only had ten thousand a year; while Mildred Lawson, with plenty of money, turns to evil as a matter of choice. The chief trouble with Mr. Moore's study is that it is not convincing so far as it concerns Mildred herself. Everybody and everything else in it—the art students at the National Gallery, the Boulevards (Mr. Moore's pictures of the Boulevards are delightful), the scenes at Barbizon—are true to the life; but Mildred is merely a personification of certain abstract qualities rather than the living, breathing, selfish, feline, fascinating, and thoroughly immoral creature that Mr. Moore has tried so hard to make her, and has failed in his attempt because he is George Moore and is not Thackeray.

Harry Thurston Peck.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

V. THE FEELING FOR LITERATURE.

The importance of reading habitually the best books becomes apparent when one remembers that taste depends very largely on the standards with which we are familiar, and that the ability to enjoy the best and only the best is conditioned upon intimate acquaintance with the best. The man who is thrown into constant association with inferior work either revolts against his surroundings or suffers a disintegration of aim and standard, which perceptibly lowers the plain on which he lives. In either case the power of enjoyment from contact with a genuine piece of creative work is sensibly diminished, and may be finally lost. The delicacy of the mind is both precious and perishable; it can be preserved only by associations which confirm and satisfy it. For this reason, among others, the best books are the only books which a man bent on culture should read; inferior books not only waste his time, but they dull the edge of his perception and diminish his capacity for delight.

This delight, born afresh of every new contact of the mind with a real book, furnishes indubitable evidence that the reader has the feeling for literature; a possession much rarer than is commonly supposed. It is no injustice to say that

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the majority of those who read have no feeling for literature; their interest is awakened or sustained not by the literary quality of a book, but by some element of brightness or novelty, or by the charm of narrative. Reading which finds its reward in these things is entirely legitimate, but it is not the kind of reading which secures culture. It adds largely to one's stock of information, and it refreshes the mind by introducing new objects of interest; but it does not minister directly to the refining and maturing of the nature. The same book may be read in entirely different ways and with entirely different results. One may, for instance, read Shakespeare's historical plays simply for the story element which runs through them, and for the interest which the skilful use of that element excites; and in such a reading there will be distinct gain for the reader. This is the way in which a healthy boy generally reads these plays for the first time. From such a reading one will get information and refreshment; more than one English statesman has confessed that he owed his knowledge of certain periods of English history largely to Shakespeare. On the other hand, one may read these plays for the joy of the art that is in them, and for the enrichment which comes from contact with the deep and tumultuous life which throbs through them; and this is the kind of reading which produces culture; the reading which means enlargement and ripening.

The feeling for literature, like the feeling for art in general, is not only susceptible of cultivation, but very quickly responds to appeals which are made to it by noble or beautiful objects. It is essentially a feeling, but it is a feeling which depends very largely on intelligence; it is strengthened and made sensitive and responsive by constant contact with those objects which call it out. No rules can be laid down for its development save the very simple rule to read only and always those books which are literature. It is impossible to give specific directions for the cultivation of the feeling for Nature. It is not to be gotten out of text-books of any kind; it is not to be found in botanies or geologies, or works on zoölogy; it is to be gotten only out of familiarity with Nature herself. Daily fellowship with landscapes, trees, skies, birds, with an open mind and in a receptive mood, soon develops in one a kind of spiritual sense which takes cognisance of things not seen before, and adds a new joy and resource to life. In like manner, the feeling for literature is quickened and nourished by intimate acquaintance with books of beauty and power. Such an intimacy makes the sense of delight more keen, preserves it against influences which tend to deaden it, and makes the taste more sure and trustworthy. A man who has long had acquaintance with the best in any department of art comes to have, almost unconsciously to himself, an instinctive power of discerning good work from bad, of recognising on the instant the sound and true method and style, and of feeling a fresh and constant delight in such work. His education comes not by didactic, but by vital methods.

The art quality in a book is as difficult to analyse as the feeling for it; not because it is intangible or indefinite, but because it is so subtly diffused. It is difficult to analyse because it is the breath of life in the book, and life always evades us no matter how keen and exhaustive our search may be. Most of us are so entirely out of touch with the spirit of art in this busy new world, that we are not quite convinced of its reality. We know that it is decorative and that a certain pleasure flows from it, but we are sceptical of its significance in the life of the race, of its deep necessity in the development of that life, and of its supreme educational value. And our scepticism, it must be frankly said, like most scepticism, grows out of our ignorance. True art has nothing in common with the popular conception of its nature and uses. Instead of being decorative, it is organic; when men arrive at a certain stage of ripeness and power they express themselves through its forms as naturally as the tree puts forth its flowers. Nothing which lies within the range of human achievement is more real or inevitable. This expression is neither mechanical nor artificial; it is made under certain inflexible laws, but they are the laws of the human spirit, not the rules of a craft; they are rooted in that deeper psychology which deals with man as an organic whole and not as a bundle of separate faculties.

It was once pointed out to Tennyson

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that he had scrupulously conformed, in a certain poem, to a number of rules of versification and to certain principles in the use of different sound values. "Yes," answered the poet in substance, "I carefully observed all those rules and was entirely unconscious of them!" There was no contradiction between the Laureate's practice of his craft and the technical rules which govern it. The poet's instinct kept him in harmony with those essential and vital principles of language of which the formal rules are simply didactic statements.

Art, it need hardly be said, is never artifice; intelligence and calculation enter into the work of the artist; but in the last analysis it is the free and noble expression of his own personality. It expresses what is deepest and most significant in him, and expresses it in a final rather than a provisional form. The secret of the reality and power of art lies in the fact that it is the culmination and summing up of a process of observation, experience, and feeling; it is the deposit of whatever is richest and most enduring in the life of a man or a race. It is a finality both of experience and of thought; it contains the ultimate and the widest conception of man's nature and life, or of the meaning and reality of Nature, which an age or a race reaches. It is the supreme flowering of the genius of a race or an age. It has, therefore, the highest educational value. For the very highest products of man's life in this world are his ideas and ideals; they grow out of his highest nature; they react on his character; they are the precious deposit of all that he has thought, felt, suffered, and done in word and work, in feeling and action. The richest educational material upon which modern men are nourished are these ultimate conclusions and convictions of the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Roman. These ultimate inferences, these final interpretations of their own natures and of the world about them, contain not only the thought of these races, but their life as well. They have, therefore, a vital quality which not only assures their own immortality, but has the power of transmission to others. These ultimate results of experience are embodied in art, and especially in literature; and that which makes them art is this very vitality. For this reason art is absolutely essential for culture; it has the power of enriching and expanding the natures which come in contact with it by transmitting to them the highest results of the life of the past, by sharing with them the ripeness and maturity of the human spirit in its universal experience.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

RANCH LIFE IN CALIFORNIA, BEING SOME IMPRESSIONS.

By the Author of "Ships that Pass in the Night."

Time passes by so quickly in Southern California that I am amazed to find that I have spent a whole year most happily and profitably on a ranch in an unsettled part of the country, seeing life from a new point of view, and meeting with people utterly different from the types in the Old World. What is still more amazing is that up to the present moment I have not been guilty of a single sentence about this land and its settlers; an achievement, let me hasten to add, which is not the result of virtuous self-control, but purely and simply the result of laziness equal to the highest degree of Mexican lethargy.

Yet there is a great deal to say about the ranges of mountains, at first so barren to a stranger's eye, and then taking on rare beauties of light and shadow and tender uncertainty; and about the glorious sunsets and the fairy-like moonlight evenings and the scorching summer heat, which frizzles up everything and every one, and robs us of the very last lingering patch of greenness on the hills. But in due time there comes an end to our bereftness. The rains fall, and the dead brown season is over. Fresh green life springs forth from the most dried-up and unlikely places. A few weeks more, and the wild flowers

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are with us, mauve and purple and yellow and blue, and yellow, always yellow, in such profusion, that no wonder California is called the Golden State. And then one might write many pages about the pleasure of watching the quick growth. At first when one comes to this treeless part of the world, one is apt to feel the greatest contempt for the absurd little lemon twigs dignified by their owners with the important name of trees; and if one is not of a reticently polite nature, there is plenty of scope for scorn and laughter. But as the weeks and months pass by the scorn gives place to wonderment and intense interest, and now as I look out of my window and note the brave little three-year-old trees, with their fresh, vigorous branches, I am conscious that I should like to apologise to them in private for my scathing criticisms.

It is not wise, however, to begin that sort of thing, for the blue gums, growing really at a breathless rate, have as much right to expect an apology as the lemon orchard has, and the same remark might be made of the peppers. So I shall only say that I did not properly realise the possibilities of the land; but now, having visited the more settled parts of the south, and seen luxuriant lemon and orange and walnut ranches of but a few years' standing in Santa Barbara County and the beautiful Ojai Valley, and Ventura County and Los Angeles County, and on the foot-hills of the San Bernardino Range—having seen all these wonderful sights, and learnt of the growth and progress from the ranches themselves, I feel that henceforth the most insignificant cutting may be sure of my deference. And there are scores of other things to write about, too, so that, having once begun, it might be difficult to stop at the right moment for the reader, who perhaps does not care as we do for the sweetness of the perfumed air and the glorious sense of freedom from bondage, which the generous expanse of country vouchsafes us as a compensation for the woods and forests of a lovelier land.

But most people would be interested to hear something about the curious characters who are to be found in lonely mountain places and in distant cañons, and who, leading for the most part isolated lives, and cut off from modifying influences, develop on lines all their own. There is nothing in the very least picturesque about the homes and habits of these poorer ranchers; their every-day existence has absolutely no colour in it, it is toned to one continuous shade of sombre grey. And even when one comes across a little settlement which one cannot dignify with the name of village, the same note of grimness may be detected at once by a sensitive ear. Then one thinks with a pang and a sigh of the quaint and lovely hamlets and homesteads in the old country; and because one is far away, one idealises the village life, lending it perhaps an undue share of picturesqueness. But for all that the difference is very real and very pathetic.

Still, it must be remembered that these lonely ranchers are blessed with plenty of sunshine, miles and miles of breathing space, quite a number of rattlesnakes, and every opportunity of developing their individualities without let or hindrance from any one. And that is what some of us are crying out for nowadays! A book has lately been sent to me which has interested me greatly, *Stories of the Foot-hills*,* by Margaret Collier Graham. There is no pretence about this charming little volume; it is just a record of the lives and doings of the poorer class Californians settled around and about the foot-hills. Mrs. Graham has herself lived twenty years in California, and knows the country and the people by heart. Her delightful descriptions of the scenery, so swift and telling, could have been written only by some one to whom every detail was a treasured fact of every-day experience; and her characters are living creatures, typical of themselves alone, and true to the backbone. On the very first pages of "The Withrow Water Right" you have a suspicion that your author is in possession of that rare quality of dry humour which has so much of truth in it and pathos too; and as you progress your suspicion becomes certainty, although at times you are inclined to think that she uses her power a little too freely; and yet that is difficult to decide, taking into consideration the peculiarities of the people whom she is portraying. For their grim way of stating things and of making replies is certainly all their own, and they are

* Stories of the Foot-hills. By Margaret Collier Graham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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quite unconscious of it; it is just their form of speech, their every-day language in fact. The characters in "The Withrow Water Right" are really inimitable, whether it is the sour-tempered, sharp-tongued old woman who owns the ranch, or Lysander, her son-in-law, or poor little Melissa, who falls in love with the engineer from Los Angeles, or drunken old Withrow himself. It is difficult to resist the pleasure of quoting; and, indeed, I cannot refrain from giving Lysander's description of a stony district, it is so particularly funny and true.

"Oh, he said the soil was good. An' I 'lowed it was—what there was of it; an' so was the boulders good—for boulders—the trouble was in the mixin'. 'Don't talk to me about your "decomposed granite,"' says I; 'it's the granite that ain't decomposed that bothers me.'"

There are some delightful passages in this little story, especially interesting to those of us who know the country and can recognise that the pictures of life and landscape are faithful to the letter.

Next in point of interest I should place "The Complicity of Enoch Embody" and "Idy." But "Em," which is really an idyll of the grape-pickers, is one of the softest of the stories, and "Brice" follows on it very closely in pathos. "Colonel Bob Jarvis" seems to me unworthy of his companions, and I cannot imagine how he has crept into the book. But for the rest, so vivid are the scenes, that one can see the grape-pickers at work in Bassett's vineyard, and Em toiling through all the day's overwhelming heat to earn the five silver dollars for her brother; and one can see Lysander and Melissa at Flutter-wheel Spring, horror-struck to find the stream turned out of its course, and haunted with a vision of the ranch ruined for want of water. And then there is Idy, vigorous and breezy, with her tender love for her father and her consuming desire "to be even with that cheatin' Barden;" and we must not forget the Quaker postmaster, Enoch Embody, who kept the key of the young man's house and kept his secret too; nor the Chinese cook who had learnt to disbelieve in the success of the deer-hunts, and thought it best to "fly one lit' chicken for dinner." . . .

Then one closes the book and lingers thinking. In spite of the humour and pathos and all the tender touches, it is the record of an unpicturesque form of life, with very little to relieve the uncompromising crudeness, and therefore in the end it leaves one sorrowful.

But it is truly Californian.

Beatrice Harraden.

LONDON LETTER.

The Young Poets of England.

There is a great difference of opinion among competent judges as to the enduring quality of the poetry which is being published in England just now. Of its abundance, however, there can be no question. We have largely to thank the genius of Mr. John Lane, the publisher, for the fact that volumes of verses are no longer a drug in the market. Mr. Lane, who has only been a short time in the publishing business, perceived that books sold best when the edition was limited, when the get-up was tasteful, and when the imprint of the publisher was to some extent a guarantee of merit. He has made it a rule to issue editions of about 500; he has been exceedingly careful about printing and binding, and he has never issued a book at the author's expense. The dainty form and style of his publications is partly due to his having enlisted the services of the brightest among the new artists. Mr. Lane is the legitimate successor to Edward Moxon, and although I do not suppose that the pecuniary returns of his books can greatly enrich the authors, the balance is always on the right side, and the relation between the poets and their publisher is of the happiest kind. Much harm was done by certain firms who produced books of verse at the expense of the unfortunate authors. The fee charged was generally very heavy, and yet I doubt whether the publications were

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ultimately profitable to any one. As a rule, there was no sale at all for the volumes.

The most conspicuous of the younger English poets is undoubtedly Mr. William Watson. Mr. Watson has been writing for a good many years, and one of his early productions attracted the attention of Rossetti. He found, however, his most influential and constant friend in Mr. R. H. Hutton, the now venerable editor of the *Spectator*. Mr. Watson contributed to that famous journal, which is incomparably the best sixpenny weekly paper published in England, not a few anonymous critical articles as well as signed poems. But his hold on the public dates from the time when his memorial verses on Tennyson appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. They were universally admitted to be by far the finest tribute paid to the dead poet, and their author became immediately a marked man. The success of the volume containing the elegy published by the Messrs. Macmillan was assured, and since then Mr. Watson has remained at the front. He has had the great advantage of being firmly supported and championed by the *Daily Chronicle*, the literary criticisms in which are probably more influential than those appearing in any other English journal. Mr. Hutton's admiration grows warmer and warmer. He now does not hesitate to put his favourite on a level with Mr. Swinburne, with Matthew Arnold, and even with Lord Tennyson. One or two recent articles on Mr. Watson's poems, published in the *Spectator*, have made something like a sensation among literary circles. Competent opinion is divided. Many think that Mr. Watson ought to be Poet Laureate, and that he would be no unworthy successor of Tennyson and Wordsworth. Others, again, think that he is nothing more than a respectable minor poet. To them his work appears imitative, and, on the whole, prosaic, with very few of the real signs of poetry. Very good judges are in both camps, but I think the general opinion is that Mr. Watson is first. His star is rising, and I should not be surprised if he received the Laurel from a Conservative Government. Much will depend on the quality of his next book.

Next in prominence comes Mr. John Davidson. As your readers know, Mr. Davidson is the son of a dissenting minister in Scotland. He had a very hard and trying experience when he came to London. He is distinctly a man of genius rather than a man of talent, and it is easy to understand that his work was at first hardly marketable. He got employment as a writer of reviews in the *Academy*, but I am bound to say that his criticisms were not striking. He contributed also to the *Speaker* under the editorship of Sir T. Wemyss Reid, and gradually impressed discerning readers as a man of great though irregular power. The turning-point in his career was perhaps "The Ballad of a Nun," which appeared in the *Yellow Book*. It was declined by the *Contemporary Review*, and abused by Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews* as immoral. Whatever may be thought of that, no candid or just judge could deny that it gave the author right to rank with the foremost poets of his time. Perhaps the dawn of his popularity came with the publication of *Fleet Street Eclogues*, which to my mind contains his finest things. But all Mr. Davidson's work is original and strenuous. Whatever he may be, he is not commonplace. One is always in the company of a strong and original mind. It is difficult to believe that he will ever be a really popular poet. He cannot adapt himself, and he lacks that flavour of Eliza Cook, without which nobody ever gets at the hearts of the English people.

Perhaps the most genuinely poetical of our younger minstrels is Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats is an Irishman, but spends most of his time in London, where his father and brother are well known as artists. He is distinctively a poet, not a moralist or a critic or a thinker. His verses are singularly musical, sweet, and haunting, and his little plays are delightfully fresh and sincere. Mr. Yeats has done very good work in prose; he is joint editor of the magnificent edition of Blake, published by Mr. Quaritch, and he is a great authority on Irish folk-lore. One, at least, of his plays has been staged. It is hard to believe that Mr. Yeats will ever condescend to a practical success, but there is about him and his work true distinction and charm.

Many of the best judges are inclined to put Mr. Francis Thompson, the Roman Catholic poet, above any of those

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that have been named. Mr. Thompson's adventurous and troubled youth, during which he sank to such privation that for a time he was a sandwich man on London streets, has left no mark on his poetry, which is recondite, beautiful, and stately. He was discovered, as the detestable phrase goes, by Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell. Mr. Meynell is the editor of a weekly Roman Catholic journal called the *Register*, and in this Mr. Thompson's poems began to appear. Some of them, by the way, have not been reprinted. I hope that "Latro Christificatus" will yet appear. Mrs. Meynell is one of the most graceful and accomplished prose writers of the day, and she, besides, has a true poetical gift. The delightful home of the Meynells is well known to members of the London literary world, and it proved a haven of rest to Mr. Thompson, whose book was enthusiastically received, and still maintains its place. I have been allowed to see his new work, a delightful poem entitled "Songs Wing-to-Wing: An Offering to Two Sisters." The two sisters are the beautiful little daughters of his generous friends—Monica Mary Meynell and Madeline (Sylvia) Mary Meynell. As yet only a very few privately printed copies have been issued, but by the time this letter is printed Mr. Lane will have published the whole in book form, so I may venture to extract a few lines:

"Now pass your ways, fair bird, and pass your ways,
If you will;
I have you through the days.
And flit or hold you still,
And perch you where you list
On what wrist—
You are mine through the times.
I have caught you fast for ever in a tangle of sweet rhymes.
And in your young maiden morn,
You may scorn,
But you must be
Bound and sociate to me;
With this thread from out the tomb my dead hand shall tether thee."

I have space to mention but one more young poet—Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. Mr. Le Gallienne came from Liverpool to London a few years ago, and succeeded Mr. Clement Shorter as the bookman of the *Star*. The geniality and brightness of his reviews soon attracted attention, and his reputation was greatly increased by the publication of that delightful volume, *The Bookbills of Narcissus*. I question whether Mr. Le Gallienne has done anything better. He became a large contributor to leading periodicals, and did much review work for the *Daily Chronicle*, publishing also from time to time new volumes of poems. His last work contains an elegy on Robert Louis Stevenson, which appeared in the *Chronicle*. Thereby hangs a tale. The poem was originally written at the request of the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and the price agreed upon was five guineas. Mr. Le Gallienne found the poem grow in his hands, and when he read it to Mr. John Lane, that acute critic offered to buy it for *The Yellow Book*, and paid £20. The editor of the *Illustrated London News* willingly agreed to forego his rights, and advised Mr. Le Gallienne to try the *Times*. He went to the office, sent in his card, and had an interview with the editor, Mr. Buckle. Mr. Buckle asked for a night to consider the matter, and next day sent back the poem with a very civil letter in which he expressed his admiration, but said he could not see his way to depart so far from *Times'* traditions. The poem was then published in the *Chronicle*. Lately Mr. Le Gallienne has taken to lecturing. His striking appearance and winning manner have won for him great popularity, and I do not doubt that he will have a genuine success in America.

Of other younger poets not inferior to these I may write on a future occasion.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

London, May 24th, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

The journalists are attacking Emile Zola for inconsistency because, whereas fifteen years ago he wrote contemptuously about politics, at the last dinner of the Société des Gens de Lettres, he raised his glass—a Minister being present—to "The Union of Politics and Literature." Now, although I do not see what possible union there can be between politics and literature, I do not

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understand these attacks. The charge of inconsistency is absurd. Who of us holds to-day in every respect the same opinions which he held fifteen years ago? A man develops, or shifts, in such a period, and who shall blame him for it?

It appears that I was wrong in stating, as I stated last month, that Octave Mirbeau's wonderful *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre* is about to appear in book form. My statement was made on good authority, but I have better authority for denying it—the authority, indeed, of Octave Mirbeau himself. I dined with him at the *Nouvelle Revue* dinner some days ago, and he said as to the *Journal:* "No . . . not yet. . . . Charpentier wants it, . . . but it is incomplete, . . . and I don't know," and so on. It is a pity, because, as I said last month, this *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre* is a most excellent story of woman's life in a certain class of society.

These dinners of *La Nouvelle Revue* are very pleasant gatherings. One pays a *cotisation* of ten shillings, and one meets Ministers, not to speak of the most prominent literary men in Paris. And one dines at little tables—as at Pembroke College, Oxford—so that one can be with one's friends. The Ministers, of course, sit at the high table, that is to say, with Madame Adam, and discuss Gambetta and the low beginnings of Opportunism. At the dinner to which I am referring there were two Ministers present—Poincaré, of Public Instruction, and André Lebon, of Commerce, both very young men, barely out of the twenties. Both are very amiable, and appear anxious to do as much for literature and littérateurs as possible; in which respect these young men differ widely from the government of a certain country which I could name.

It was only a day or two ago that I learned that the admirable novels by "J. H. Rosny" are the work of the two Rosnys, two brothers, J. Rosny and H. Rosny, who have been collaborating from the first. People are of opinion that this fraternal collaboration will not be a success. I am unable to agree with this opinion. The novels by J. H. Rosny are among the most striking contributions to contemporary French literature, a fact which has been admitted in my hearing by the best French writers. I may compare the talents of the two brothers to that of Dostoievsky, although—in spite of the fact that the Rosnys have suffered in life quite as much as ever did the author of *Crime and Punishment*—there is less bitterness expressed. I have just received from their publishers a new novel entitled *L'Autre Femme*, which deals with the same problem as Daudet's *La Petite Paroisse*. The solution is, however, widely different. It is a book to be read, as, also by Englishmen, their *Nell Horn*, a curious study of low life in London, where the elder Rosny spent many dark years of his life. Their *Le Bilateral* is too difficult for most readers, even French. I see that Marcel Prevost's *Les Demi-Vierges* has been adapted for the French stage, and that great things are expected of it. It is no good news, for it looks like a degeneration of the French stage when dramatists must go to novels—especially such novels as *Les Demi-Vierges*—for their subjects. It is true that this book has had a very big sale—something like 150 editions—but that is no guarantee that it can afford material for a good play.

A French edition usually consists of 1100 copies. In the case of *Les Demi-Vierges* each edition consisted of 500 copies. This is an innovation which no doubt some publishers will adopt. "Quatrième Edition" looks very much better than "Deuxième Mille." The older men, however, are not pleased, and say that this is not playing fair.

Jules Huret's *Petite Chronique des Lettres*, which appears every week in the Saturday supplement of the *Figaro*, and is extremely interesting, is a sign that the interest in literature is reviving in France as much as apparently it is in England. I say "apparently," because one must not attach too much importance to the prominence given to literary matters in all the London dailies. There is here a question of advertisements. In the *Figaro*, on the other hand, there are no publishers' advertisements, and therefore I consider that the space given in that journal to literary matters is a sign of a revived interest therein. It is a fact that never was there less excitement in France about political matters than at present, and it has been noticed that in times of political dulness literature attracts increased attention, and *vice versa*.

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Alphonse Daudet is greatly enjoying his stay in London. He tells me he has already filled a large note book with impressions, less about London and the English than about Paris and the French as he sees them *de l'extérieur*. He says that since he has been in London he understands points in the French character which he had never been able to understand before. At the same time he has not neglected to note down points about London and the Londoners, to be used in his new novel, *Soutien de Famille*. In this story a poor boy gets stranded in London and has various adventures *dans le pays anglais*.

Madame Daudet and Lucien and Edmée Daudet are equally delighted with London, and especially with the shops and the flowers. It appears that in London we have much fresher and prettier flowers than in Paris, though I cannot say I ever noticed it, and all the Daudets delight in flowers. Their drawing-room in Brown's Hotel is filled with them, Lucien spending an hour or so every morning in arranging the vases and épergnes. Just now a point of attraction is a wonderful bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley which was given to Madame Daudet by Meredith, when the family visited at Bexhill one day last week. Daudet was greatly struck with George Meredith's conversation. Although unable to read English, he has long been familiar with the most striking passages in the English master's works, thanks to Marcel Schwob, who translates as he reads, and has spent many hours in the study in the Rue de Bellechasse in initiating Alphonse Daudet into the beauties of English literature. It was no wonder, then, that he should have looked forward to his visit to Bexhill with pleasurable anticipation. That he should have been delighted there is less wonder still. The younger Daudets were particularly pleased with George Meredith's beautiful garden.

Léon Daudet, on the other hand, dislikes London. It bores him, he says, and he greatly prefers Amsterdam. In London everything is stiff and formal; the life is colourless as the sky. I told him that London is not in the West End, which is but a parcel of a monotonous Cosmopolis, and advised him to go to the East, to the Docks, or even only to the City, to see the genius of our people, to hear the pulsing of the mighty heart. One cannot judge Paris from the Boulevards, nor Berlin from Unter den Linden, any more than one can form a conception of how mighty an organisation is an Atlantic liner by strolling about on the promenade deck.

Unable to go out to any extent, Daudet has greatly regretted his inability to accept Mr. Moberly Bell's invitation to be present at the dinner of the Authors' Society. He told me that he should greatly have liked to meet his English *confrères*; "but, then, I cannot walk. I can hardly stand." He passes his time in driving about, that is to say, when he is not working. And just now he is working very hard indeed. Apart from his notes for *Soutien de Famille* he is engaged on a story of his boyhood, to be entitled *Premier Voyage—Premier Mensonge*, in the production of which he has done me the honour of associating me. We spend the mornings together over this work, Daudet talking, sometimes dictating, while I note down his words. I have thus had opportunities of seeing with what infinite conscientiousness he works. Sometimes twenty minutes will be spent over a single phrase, and again suddenly a whole laborious page will be sacrificed because of some exigency of construction. This story will appear in a month or two in English. Daudet will write it again in French in a year or two.

The work proceeds slowly because of constant interruptions. An interviewer myself, I never knew till now what a nuisance we are. One is in the middle of a sentence, when there comes a knock at the door, and it is "Mr. So-and-So," or, more usually, "Miss So-and-So," of such and such a paper, who has come to ask Mr. Daudet's opinion on this, that, or the other. The pen has to be laid aside, the idea just within grasp flits off like a will-o'-the-wisp, and when the interviewer has at last departed there is a scurrying chase after it. Then there are the letters—shoals of letters—from all conceivable persons, on all inconceivable subjects. Many are anonymous, some, I am sorry to say, are insulting. All this takes up precious time.

Daudet has been advised to try a type-writing machine, because of his difficulty with the pen. But he will not do so. There exists, he says, a mysterious and wonderful "correspondence"

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between the pen and the brain. The pen, according to his theory, is no mere tool, but a collaborator. Ideas are generated by its contact with the paper. The ink-bottle, on the other hand, he looks upon with suspicion. He fancies it critical, supercilious, antagonistic.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

NEW BOOKS.

M. JUSSERAND'S LITERARY HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

This is the first volume of a work designed to comprehend the entire course of the Literary History of England. It covers the period from Anglo-Saxon times to the dawn of the Renascence. This period includes two epochs totally distinct in character, and calling for a familiarity with totally distinct fields of learning. Very few men are equally masters in Germanic and in Romance and Middle English philology; and M. Jusserand is not one of them. His work presents therefore in its two sections—Anglo-Saxon and Mediæval—a striking inequality of merit, though the charm of style is pretty evenly diffused throughout both. We shall deal with the less adequate first.

All really penetrating and intimate criticism of a literature must rest upon a mastery of its idiom, and M. Jusserand's singular acuteness avails as little to supply the want as his dexterity to conceal it. In a brief comparison between Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian poetry we are told, somewhat airily, "that the resemblances between the two collections are striking, the differences are few. In both it seems as if the same people were revealing its origins, and leading its heroes to Walhalla." Really, to see the sharp diversities of these two literatures thus melt into one another, one must have chosen a pretty remote point of view! M. Jusserand's French readers at least would hardly suspect that of all that colossal myth-world of Germanic gods and heroes which occupies the Edda, hardly a vestige is to be found in the whole of Anglo-Saxon poetry. To such readers the single explanatory sentence which follows, though not exactly wrong in its terms, must convey a completely false impression: "The Anglo-Saxon tale of Beowulf and the Scandinavian saga of Grettir, the Anglo-Saxon story of Waldhere, and the Scandinavian and Germanic tale of the Niblungs and Volsungs, turn on the same incidents or are dedicated to the same heroes, represent a similar ideal of life," etc. But these are not, as the context suggests, typical examples; they are isolated anomalies. Moreover, the Grettir saga is very probably a mere echo of the Beowulf-legend; while the Waldhere, a fragment of some sixty lines, is, with the exception of a few allusions, absolutely the only trace in Old English literature of the story of Hagen Gunther and Attila.

And in his more detailed reference to these literatures, M. Jusserand can hardly be acquitted of that disposition to isolate and insist on particular traits, which is the defect of his method. Taine here led the way; and M. Jusserand, one of his most brilliant disciples, has not altogether escaped his blemishes. M. Jusserand's early chapters are no doubt many degrees less inadequate than Taine's; still, the drawing is often crude in its effort to be bold and clear. Violence, cruelty, bloodshed, hearts cut out, roasted, eaten—this is the impression of Scandinavian poetry which is likely to come home to M. Jusserand's readers. "Refined sentiments," he comments, after quoting the grim story of Hogni, who laughed when the quick heart was cut out of him, "escape the comprehension of such heroes; they waste no time in describing things of beauty." But a sentence or two might have been spared to tell of the lyric passion and splendour with which these northern heroes and heroines can utter their love. When Sigrun, mad with grief at the slaying of Helgi, recalls his

* Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais. Par J. J. Jusserand. Paris: Firmin-Didot.
A Literary History of the English People. By J. J. Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

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living form, it is in images, which, like those of a Hebrew Psalmist, surely show a wild delight of their own in "things" of beauty :

"Helgi so towered above other heroes,
As the lordly ash above thorn and bramble,
Or as above all the beasts of the forest
The great stag towers, the dew-besprinkled,
And the horns of him flash to the very heavens."

The Anglo-Saxons, too, hardly get due credit for the degree of refinement which their poetry discloses. "Beowulf crushes all he touches. . . . Hunferth taunts him with not having had the best in a swimming match. Beowulf replies by a strong speech, which can be summed up in few words : liar, drunkard, coward, murderer !" This "summing-up" is telling, but not judicial. Beowulf's "reply" is a vivid, detailed, and perfectly self-possessed narrative of the swimming match in question, in which he had himself been victor ; and the spirited protest with which he opens might stand comparison, in point of breeding, with the language even of a modern Frenchman, freshly stung by insult. "Ha ! friend Unferth, you have told a long story, after beer-drinking, of Breca and his swim ! Here is the truth—" It surely reflects little reproach upon "the assembled warriors of Arothgais Court" that they listened to this reply "without indignation." And a more sympathetic observer would have discovered many other indications in the Anglican epic of a refinement of manners for which the Anglican tribes were then conspicuous in Germanic Europe ; for instance, the charming picture of the evening banquet before the fight with Grendel, where we hear how the queen entered, *cynna gemyndig* "mindful of etiquette," in her gold glancing raiment, and bare the mead-cup round to young and old, and to Beowulf among the rest, greeted him and thanked God in seemly words that her desire was fulfilled, and she had found a man in whom she might trust for help in affliction. "And Beowulf took the cup, and spoke, fired with the spirit of battle. I resolved, as I stepped on board with my man, that I would either accomplish your desires to the full, or fall on the field. . . . And the lady liked his bold words well, and went in her gold raiment to sit beside her lord." Such pictures deserved to be taken note of as not less essential than the battles and the blood to the atmosphere of this "strange poem." Before leaving Beowulf we may call the author's attention to an error in statement which no reviewer of the original seems to have pointed out, since it is repeated in the translation. Beowulf does not "return loaded with treasure to his own country" (p. 52) after the death of Grendel and before the appearance of Grendel's mother.

The first ninety pages of M. Jusserand's book then would hardly of themselves justify its existence. They are, indeed, little more than a somewhat perfunctory prelude to the book proper, which begins where M. Jusserand's own interest, insight, and special knowledge begin, with what he significantly calls "the French Invasion." It may be said at once that to this part of his work —four-fifths of the volume—he has brought rare and high qualifications. What these are may be readily judged from the subjects of his previous books. M. Jusserand's ways of approaching the literary history of England are those naturally congenial to a student of wayfaring life and of old novels,—let us add, to the trained diplomatist and close observer of practical politics. Continually resident in London and Paris, M. Jusserand has been better placed than any of his predecessors for describing the literary history of a period in which French and English influences were inseparably blended ; and certain aspects of this history have never been so luminously described before. All the outward life of the time is brought before us, especially whatever is spectacular ; ceremonial, processions, pilgrimages, embassies, journeyings of all kinds fascinate his pen ; every glint of bright colour catches his eye, from the gold and purple-draped streets that welcomed Richard II. to the picturesque party-coloured costume—one leg black and one red—which adorned the page Chaucer. The outer detail of Chaucer's numerous journeys is brought home by apt quotations from his contemporary Des Champs, complaints of the discomforts of travel in all countries save "sweet France," where alone you may have for your money, at a fair price, good food, "a room to yourself, fire, sleep, repose, white pillow, scented sheets." Chaucer's famous first Italian journey in 1372, to which he owed so

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signal a revolution in his poetic ideals, is treated in a characteristic way. M. Jusserand does not greatly concern himself to examine the exact nature of the influence of the three great Italian poets upon Chaucer—a topic so brilliantly handled by Ten Brink—but he makes very real the outward semblance of Italy that Chaucer visited—takes us to Petrarch's Arquan villa and to Boccaccio's retreat in "the little fortified village of Certaldo," and cuts a section through the exuberant art-growth of Florence and Pisa to display their then recent glories just as they may have met the eye of Chaucer. M. Jusserand has throughout made a very happy use of art, both paintings and especially of the miniatures preserved in MSS. One very happy example of the latter (mediæval London) adorns the frontispiece of the translation. Another, casually described in a footnote, is of great literary interest: it represents the god of love as mediæval poets conceived him—"a tall person with tunic cloak and crown, a bow in his hand and large red wings on his back," evidently no Cupid, still less a Venus. At a later point M. Jusserand makes a contribution of real value to our conception of the stage arrangements of miracle plays, by means of a miniature of Jean Fouquet, at Chantilly. It represents the martyrdom of S. Apollinia, not, however, as it took place, but as it was acted. S. Apollinia is the saint whose teeth were wrenched out by order of the Emperor Julian, and who thence became the patron saint of all sufferers from toothache.

We have little space to dwell upon the other characteristics of M. Jusserand's method already referred to. Almost every page derives charm from his keen zest for the story-element in literature and his faculty of graceful and easy story-telling. Almost every page, too, contains some curious detail due to M. Jusserand's diligent and fruitful study of the "Rolls," a source which he has been the first to utilise on a large scale for literary history. It is here especially that we recognise the observer of practical politics. This kind of insight makes his treatment of England particularly instructive—"the only author," as he aptly says, "who gives a sufficient and contemporaneous idea of that grand phenomenon, the power of Parliament."

We take leave of the present volume with cordial wishes for the prosperous completion of his arduous and adventurous voyage. The vast subject of this volume embraced, for a historian of his proclivities, some topics of peculiar peril, and others of rich opportunity. The perils he has not escaped; the opportunities he has seized with brilliant skill. This *Literary History* does not affect German exhaustiveness, nor does it very seriously grapple with the problems of literary development; but it enriches the visible story of English literature with a crowd of fresh and vigorous touches, and it has the rare virtue among books of being at once appetising to the many and nutritious to the few.

C. H. Herford.

IN THIS OUR WORLD.*

Charlotte Perkins Stetson, of California, several years ago gave promise of making a unique little niche for herself in literature, when she published in the *Nationalist Magazine* a subtly satirical poem, called "Similar Cases." Her first book of verse, entitled *In This Our World*, published by McCombs and Vaughn, of Oakland, Cal., and of which the Humboldt Publishing Company, of New York, are the authorised Eastern agents, raises her promise into the rank of performance. It is truly one of the most quaint and startling verse-books of the year. The cover with its hint of cloudy, Ethiopian sky, two overburdened camels and two stunted palms, upspringing from one root, recalls at once Olive Schreiner's *Three Dreams in a Desert* and gives the key to the purpose of the author.

The contents of this little volume fully justify the first opinions formed by various critics of Mrs. Stetson's capacity. Here is a woman with a sense of humour and at the same time, in spots, peculiarly without that saving sense; for some things in the book, if read by themselves, would tempt a critic to class it simply as another curiosity of literature.

* In This Our World. By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Co. 50 cents.

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One is repelled every now and then by the "ultra-barbaric yawp" of this Californian Apostle of the New Woman, but one is brought to bay, after all, and compelled to admit considerable reason for the dissatisfaction, the militant pessimism that pervades her utterances. Our social system is, in fact, no better than our industrial one. As a very distinguished man, who was formerly a fairly good President of the United States, once remarked: "It must be admitted we are only making 'a bluff' at civilisation."

But the trouble with most pessimistic philosophers is that they overstate their case. To listen too seriously to Mrs. Stetson's raging dithyrambs about the washtub and her denunciations of the "Holy Stove" might make one believe that she had often been obliged to rise betimes and light the fire, while her liege lord was smoking that *ne plus ultra* of Bohemianism, a cigar before breakfast; whereas this book itself is proof enough that Mrs. Stetson has had leisure to "loaf and invite her soul," and to express her Womanhood in one of the highest channels possible—namely, the "building of the lofty rhyme."

For, *malgré* her infelicitous eccentricities of thought and technique, much of her work is lofty in tone and in tones. There is a fine, throbbing, human quality about it. There are passages of grave and potent eloquence. Here, for example, is a specimen of her epigrammatic neatness:

"Time was we stoned the Prophets. Age on age,
When men were strong to serve, the world hath slain them.
People are wiser now; they waste no rage—
The prophets entertain them!"

Mrs. Stetson has very little Nature-worship in her verse, very little word-painting of the scenic sort. Her concern, chiefly, is Human Nature—Man and Woman—and especially the New Woman of whose arrival we have heard so much lately that some of us are weary in advance. But occasionally Mrs. Stetson can throw words together, as Turner threw colours, and produce an intense sense of picture, as in the case of this fragment descriptive of a Nevada desert:

"An aching, blinding, barren, endless plain;
Corpse-coloured with white mould of alkali;
Hairy with sage-brush, slimy after rain,
Burnt with the sky's hot scorn, and still again
Sullenly burning back against the sky.

"Dull green, dull brown, dull purple, and dull grey;
The hard earth white with ages of despair;
Slow-crawling, turbid streams where dead reeds sway;
Low walls of sombre mountains far away,
And sickly steam of geysers on the air."

Alongside of this quietly grim picture, with its one line that has an undercurrent of human suggestion, stands the pugilistic pessimism of her "In Duty, Bound!" where unsuccessful marriage is thus epitomised:

"A narrow house with roof so darkly low
The heavy rafters shut the sunlight out;
One cannot stand erect without a blow;
Until the soul inside
Shrieks for a grave—more wide."

A profane reviewer of the good old Donnybrook Fair species, who went on the principle, "Whenever you see a head, hit it," would be irresistibly impelled to treat Mrs. Stetson jocosely throughout, and to assert that her chief grievance against the Universe, and Man especially, is that some misguided *homunculus* invented a cooking-stove and that she and other women have had to try their tempers and complexions thereat ever since. Here is a specimen of her sarcastic wrath:

"Six mortal hours a day to handle food—
Prepare it, serve it, clean it all away;
With allied labours of the stove and tub,
The pan, the dishcloth, and the scrubbing-brush.
Developing forever in her brain
The power to do this work in which she lives.
While the slow finger of heredity
Writes on the forehead of each living man,
Strive as he may, 'His mother was a cook!'"

And here is the climax of an ode to "The Holy Stove," which begins, "O the soapvat is a common thing, The pickle-tub is low."

"Our earliest dreams around it cling,
Bright hopes that childhood sees,
And memory leaves a vista wide
Where Mother's doughnuts rank beside
The thought of Mother's Knees.

"The woodbox hath no sanctity—
No glamour gilds the coal—
But the Cook-stove is a sacred thing
To which our reverent faith we bring
And serve with heart and soul.

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The Home's a temple all divine
By the Poker and the Hod!
The Holy Stove, the altar fine—
The wife, the Priestess at the shrine—
Now who can be the god?"

Mrs. Stetson is generally happy in her closing line. She has a sense of climax quite unusual. For example, in a poem where she fights the idea of Vanity as a peculiarly feminine attribute, she clinches a clever *tu quoque argumentum ad hominem* thus:

"We wear false hair! Our man looks big!
But it's not so long, let me beg to state
Since every gentleman shaved his pate
And wore a wig!

"We pad and stuff! Our man looks bolder!
Don't speak of the time when a bran-filled bunch
Made an English gentleman look like Punch—
But feel of his shoulder!

"Feminine Vanity! Hark to these men!
Vanity's wide as the world is wide—
Look at the peacock in his pride—
Is it a hen?"

But the Stove with its crackling fire seems determined to sound the dominant note in her poetry and in an earnest appeal to the "Young Wife" it appears, as by right divine, in the second stanza:

"Are you content with work? To toil alone,
To clean things dirty and to soil things clean,
To be a kitchen maid—be called a Queen—
Queen of a cook-stove throne?"

It would, however, be unjust to convey an impression that the Stove succeeds in its demoniac purpose of dominating Mrs. Stetson. She escapes into larger and nobler fields of thought than those coloured by her probable failure to become a good cook, and she says many fine and valuable things, and some things, of course, which a friendly editor would have prevented her from printing, if he could, because they are flat—as flat, for instance, as her fall of fancy, called "Mr. Rockafeller's Prayer." In most of that class of her verses, like "Similar Cases" and "The Survival of the Fittest," where she assails with the cold logic of science and the charming warmth of ridicule the present industrial system, whose inherent injustice affords historic assurance of its overthrow and change into something better, Mrs. Stetson's humorous and vigorous muse is at her best, because at her largest. The *Weltschmerz* blots out the Ego; the *lacrymæ rerum* put out the fires of the Cook-stove; and standing on the serene height of her "vision and her faculty divine," she is able to declare:

"Peace then! Fear not the coming woman, brother!
Owning herself, she giveth all the more!
She shall be better woman, wife and mother
Than man hath known before!"

And who can deny the poetic intensity of her poem "Mothers," in which with a kind of sublime audacity she compares the whole race to a baby and claims for woman the mission of being the saviour of the future? There is a veiled hint of this, one remembers, on the last page of Hawthorne's immortal *Scarlet Letter* to Posterity. Here is Mrs. Stetson's creed for the modern crusader:

"Look now at the world as ye find it!
Blench not! Truth is kinder than lies!
Look now at the world—see it suffer!
Listen now to its cries!

"See the people who suffer, all people!
All humanity wasting its powers
In a hand-to-hand struggle—deathdealing—
All children of ours!

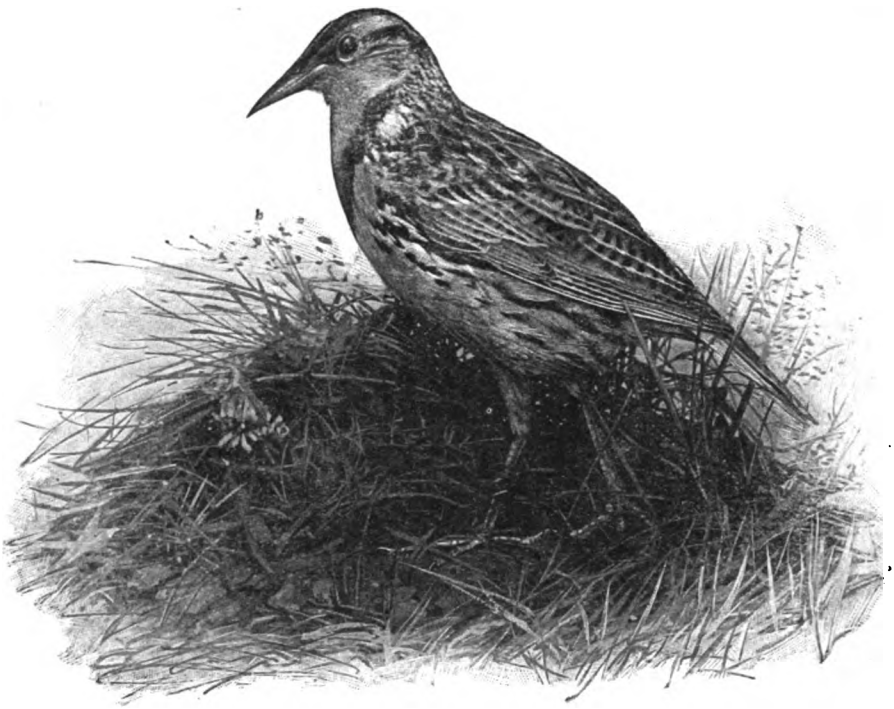
"The blind millionaire—the blind harlot—
The blind preacher, leading the blind—
Only think of their pain, how it hurts them!
Our little blind babies—mankind!

"Shall we bear it? We mothers who love them?
Can we bear it? We mothers who feel
Every pang of our babes and forgive them
Every sin when they kneel?"

In fine, this little book, *In This Our World*, is exceedingly well worth reading for what it says and for what it signifies. One may well believe, too, that it promises another, into which Mrs. Stetson will put no less heart, but far more art, just as much of science, but a larger amount of philosophy—the divine sense of relative values.

Henry Austin.

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MEADOW-LARK.

(From "Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America.")

BOOKS ON THE FAMILIAR FLOWERS AND COMMON BIRDS.*

"Everything is preparing for the great holiday of Nature." While we are being penetrated to the very marrow by the divine spring, and the wind wafts from time to time whiffs of fragrance and the ear catches distant melodies of Nature's songsters, love is permeating knowledge with the fruits of observation on the ways of birds and flowers. "The love which speaks and sings and sighs in one part of creation is revealed," says De Guerin in his *Journal*, "in the other half in the form of flowers. The blossoming branch, the bird that perches thereon to sing or to build his nest, the man who gazes at the branch and at the bird, all are moved by the same principle at different degrees of perfection."

Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden ought to rank with the most popular books on a subject which is every year receiving better and wider attention, and in which the interest is always growing. Mr. Schuyler Mathews works with the double advantage of being both artist and author, and the two hundred and more drawings of flowers which accompany the text are taken from nature in field and garden. The plan of the book is to make familiar by name, common and "titled," the flowers, which,

* Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. Described and illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.

Ten New England Blossoms and their Insect Visitors. By Clarence Moores Weed. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

The Common Land Birds of New England. By M. A. Wilcox. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 60 cents net.

Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America. By Frank M Chapman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.00; limp cloth, $3 50.

Birdcraft. A field book of two hundred song, game, and water birds. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.00.

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many of them, are familiar only to the eye, and to supplement this "with a little friendly gossip based on personal experience." It happens frequently as the writer follows the procession of flowers during the year that his observations, extended along practical and common-sense lines, thwart the conclusions of recognised authorities of scientific training and research. It is for this reason that a work of this kind readily commends itself all the more to the sensible but untrained student of Nature's floral wonders. One is amused as well as relieved sometimes by the whimsical turn which his humour takes. 'Somehow," he says once, "I never see a skunk-cabbage, with its company of buzzing insects, without thinking of Tam o' Shanter; the little witches are having 'a high old time' within, and one cannot help feeling somewhat ungracious over the knowledge that beautiful Nature *does* show herself disgusting once in a while; why, in the name of all that is sweet, do dainty honeybees want to visit such a malodorous character?" Lucky, as Thoreau says, that this odoriferous flower does not flavour their honey.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have produced in *Ten New England Blossoms* an exquisite volume, most beautiful to behold. It is the first thing to be remarked of this book, for it is long before the reader can eschew fondling it for its daintiness and beauty in order to taste its contents, which are not less delectable. A quaint and pleasing idea, though one not to be imitated, is the full-page portrait of the author's little daughter Irene (given on another page) following the dedication. With her curly lovelocks straying, her simple and innocent grace, a two-flowered Easter lily in her chubby arms, and an open book in her hands, you wish she would turn her winsome eyes upon you and let herself right into your heart with a look. She is certainly the most charming of all the New England blossoms which the nature studies and numerous pictures of this volume present.

New England is also provided with a pocket-guide to the common land birds to be found in that favoured territory. Coming from one who has for many years been Professor of Zoölogy in Wellesley College, this booklet possesses the advantages which a long and intimate acquaintance with the subject naturally affords. The author lays claim to no originality, but it brings all the more information of an exact and corroborative nature to bear on its theme for being a compilation from the best available sources, drawn with the trained eye of a keen student and observer of Nature. Clearness and simplicity have been aimed at in its treatment, and this has resulted in a conciseness of form and a paucity of matter which will not satisfy those whose voracity claims a more voluminous treatise, but which are admirably suited to the busy man whose leisure is counted out in minutes. As a plain index to the practical science of ornithology in the New England wapentake it is to be commended.

The combination of popular and scientific treatment has been nowhere so successfully accomplished in the handling of this theme as by Mr. Chapman in his admirable *Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America*. The method of arrangement is simple, and while there is no lack of scientific nomenclature, each family of birds is so lucidly described, that to the student or casual reader the whole is like a mirror set before the most beautiful part of the vast realm of animated nature. In his preface Mr. Chapman says: "If this book had been written in the last century it might have been entitled 'Ornithology Made Simple; or, How to Identify Birds with Ease, Certainty, and Dispatch.' It may be unworthy such a comprehensive title; nevertheless I have made an honest endeavour to write a book so free from technicalities, that it would be intelligible without reference to a glossary, and I have tried to do this in a volume which could be taken afield in the pocket."

Too much is not claimed. The book is not a mass of technicalities, neither is it so shorn of scientific exactness as to be of no value to the student as an introduction to a more exhaustive study of birds. The introduction contains a synopsis of the latest ornithological research, and is especially helpful in that it gives intelligent reference to the works that may be used for further inquiry.

Under the heading "The Migration of Birds," no notice is given to a recent examination of this most remarkable

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habit of the feathered tribes. An effort was made to prove that migration was not due to the search for food, nor for the purpose, in the move northward, of finding a more congenial climate, but owing to the prehistoric residence of the migratory birds in the higher latitudes. The cooling of the earth's surface, making the rigorous winters, was held to have driven the birds south from the home nest, and that the first opportunity was taken to return, this opportunity being the warmth of the approaching summer season. That this habit should have remained in the bird instinct to this day may seem to be a slight stretch of the possible. But it is a plausible hypothesis.

There are several especially helpful features in the book. The colour card, a means of distinguishing the colours of birds as an assistance to analysis, will prove gratifying, and the illustrations of peculiar parts of a species assist inquiry often more than an alleged representation of the whole. The plates are commendably accurate. There is one sentence in the first part of the volume which will be overlooked by the average student. It is the dedication: "To my mother, who has ever encouraged her son in his natural history studies, this book is affectionately dedicated." This should carry its lesson to every one interested in the advancement of the science. It is the young person with the natural love for nature who, if encouraged, makes the future Darwin.

The first feature to be noted about the Messrs. Macmillan's beautiful book on *Birdcraft*, as standing out from all the others, is the numerous full-page plates, which display the birds (128 in all) in their natural colours, with appended charts giving names, size in proportion, and reference to the text for classification. The next feature in point of utility is the indices, one giving the common English names of the birds, and the other giving the Latin or technical nomenclature. After preferring these two features for special mention, it is hard to know what to choose next. Perhaps a run over the table of contents will indicate better than an attempt to pick certain parts at random the nature of the work and present it most practically to the reader. As an introduction we have chapters on "The Spring Song," "The Building of the Nest," "The Water Birds," and "Birds of Autumn and Winter." Then we are instructed "How to Name the Birds," and a "Synopsis of Families" follows. We get into the heart of the book when we come to "Bird Biographies," which gives a full, exhaustive description, under their respective classes, of all the varieties of birds and of their habits, songs, and seasons. Then there is a "Key to the Birds," by consulting which one may learn to identify them. But the reader must go to the book itself to discover for himself its exquisite charm and poetic appreciation. Those who have read the author's former chronicle of birds and flowers contained in *The Friendship of Nature* will meet here with the same fresh delight in open-air life, the same qualities of rare insight, felicitous expression, and racy New England humour; the latter, for instance, bubbling out, by the way, in such illustrations of a bird's song, as when she says of the Brown Thrasher that a reflective shoemaker wove its song into words with this accented value as well as religious suggestiveness: "Look up, look up! Glory to God, glory to God! Hallelujah. Amen. Videlicet!"

The primary value of these studies of flowers and birds is not to be lost sight of; it may not be self-evident, but lasting results are surely gained, nevertheless, in keenness of observation, quickened sympathies, a broader and clearer understanding, and an expansion of soul. Ever so scanty a knowledge of Nature helps us to feel that her realms are very near to the human heart and its sympathies, and that "the truth of Nature is a part of the truth of God: to him who does not search it out, darkness; to him who does, infinity."

AN EXPERIMENT IN ALTRUISM.*

It is useful and instructive "to see oursels as ithers see us;" and this, to the College Settlements, the Charity Organisation Society, and kindred workers, is the chief worth of the small but valuable volume bearing the above title. It consists of a series of sketches and

* An Experiment in Altruism, by Elizabeth Hastings. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.

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character studies which at first glance appear disconnected; but upon further research a thread of purpose and meaning running through the whole, becomes distinctly visible. The characters, it is true, are types rather than personalities; we do not, when we close the book, expect to meet a single one of them in heaven; but men and women modelled along the same lines may be found on every street corner, and especially in all departments of the New Philanthropy. Yet certain features of the book one is tempted to stigmatise with the haste of the Psalmist; as, for example, the first introduction of the Altruist.

"I found him nailing a board to the steps of the tenement-house where he lived. . . . All round it the streets were swarming with children, Russian and Jewish children, dirty, ragged and forlorn. Some of them were kicking dirt towards the Altruist's clean steps; others were eyeing him with respectful curiosity."

To the Settlement worker, this picture lacks vraisemblance. It is only conceivable, as we read on further, and discover the peculiarities of the Altruist, that he was allowed to do his work in peace, without a crowd of little ones swarming up his back. A similar situation is that where three representatives of as many charitable societies met in the room of one "case," and "gravely carried on their investigations together." This is even said to have "occasionally happened," with no precautions against "overlapping," that bugbear of the New Charity!

But these are mere technical blunders, and pardonable in an outsider; beneath them is a very real and deep *motif*, a sincere consciousness of the terrible unreality, the awful sham, of our modern life; against which the Settlements are a living protest, but which they are not always able wholly to escape; and which, because most alien to the spirit of true charity, is most apparent in charitable work. As a contrast to what she believes to be the unscientific spirit and methods of Philanthropy, the author gives us the studies of the Butterfly Hunter and the Lad; typifying the humble reverent seeker after truth. It is good for philanthropists to be thus brought to book; good to be told once more never to be cocksure about anything, especially things too wonderful for us, such as the beginning and duration of a butterfly's little life, or the meaning and ultimate intention of the Almighty in such matters as pain, sin and sorrow. But what Miss Hastings does not see, except vaguely, is that the scientific spirit is incarnated for Philanthropy in just that "Settlement Idea" of which she speaks half scornfully, yet which, being interpreted, is the spirit which observes and trembles; which experiments with reverence; and which accepts as axiomatic that the whole of Life is contained in any manifestation of it, and is greater than any of its observed phenomena. The Butterfly Hunter brought his specimens from Asia, and then tried to reproduce their environment in order to observe their characteristics; the Settlement worker goes in person to the environment, that by a thorough acquaintance with the history of his subjects he may understand and treat such characteristics as pauperism, misery and crime. The portraiture of the Settlement worker as a sentimentalist or an empiric may act as a wholesome warning, but as a type it is wholly false; veteran "Settlers" are, without exception, matter of fact to a degree; indeed, the life would be impossible on any other terms; one becomes, and must become, intensely real in presence of the awful realities around; and the strain upon one's sympathy, in the words of another, "changes it, like the sympathy of doctors and nurses, from an emotion into a motive."

But though valuable rather negatively than positively, the little book is one for which to be grateful. We have, it is true, been told before, that

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world;"

and also that

"God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, his rest;"

but can we hear it too often?

That "there isn't any kind of pain that can equal the joy of simple human love," is the keyword of these sketches, round which they fall into a harmonious and significant whole. We have cause to be thankful that the message of the book has been spoken in such graceful and earnest fashion; that it has been delivered from the standpoint of a looker

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on, and adorned with so many clever and quotable epigrams. If the author had risen to the perception of the further truth, that no "Resident" or "Friendly Visitor" can raise a "case" or a "neighbour" to a moral plane to which he himself has not already attained, she would have added a further value to this contribution to the literature of the New Philanthropy.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENT IN MODERN ENGLISH POETRY.*

No one can read Miss Scudder's book without noting its obvious qualities of critical breadth and lucidity, exquisite insight, and a style which is a rare gift in itself, so easily distinct is it, so large and beautiful in imaginative fulness. The author has performed a delicate task successfully. She has selected for study those elements in modern poetry which are at present generally ignored in artistic criticism, and she has made this study of spiritual ideals interpret æsthetic results.

Miss Scudder has evidently chosen her subject with instinctive sympathy. In fact, eight years ago there appeared in the *Andover Review* an article called "The Scientific Temper in Modern English Poetry," which the reader of that paper will recognise somewhat modified in the opening chapter of the present book. Since that time the author's technical knowledge of her subject has been greatly increased, and the lines of her interpretation extended; but the characteristic attitude of the present book was already taken in this first essay; the author was then in possession of her working hypothesis. This hypothesis, which controlled all her critical work and made it singularly homogeneous, is the result of her frank welcome of the influence of the "modern spirit" in art. It is an influence which she does not leave to some future creative period for justification, but which she shows to have been already efficient in modern poetry, not only making for sincerity in feeling and observation, and widening the range of subject, but persistently manifesting itself as a new mode of consciousness which sees life in imaginative unity. She does not deplore with Mr. Stedman the lack of spontaneity in the Victorian poets. To her the importation of the spiritual, or call it the purely intellectual element, into their poetry is the advent of a new and deeper passion in life, and so of a new and deeper motive in art. She sees the progress of nineteenth-century poetry somewhat as Lanier saw the progress of the modern novel. In other words, Miss Scudder is frankly idealist rather than humanist or æsthete; and she has rightly chosen for study that period which is chiefly remarkable for its deepened spiritual consciousness. In the evolution of this consciousness she finds the confirmation of faith "from pantheism towards Christianity; this is the spiritual pilgrimage of our modern English poets."

Such is the author's attitude, not without its dangers, which her artistic sensitiveness, however, has generally helped her to avoid. Now and then we may think that an ethical interest intrudes itself irrelevantly. Wordsworth's attitude towards the Trade Unions, for example, will be judged by many to be outside the discussion of his spiritual life as a poet; and the whole theory of his "stupid poetry," as the result of disappointment in the world political and social, rather than of uncongenial environment in the region of political dogma, will seem prejudiced by the author's eagerness to prove the new Democracy (in capital letters) as a motive in art.

But Miss Scudder is usually literary critic, rather than *doctrinaire*, and her fine chapter on "Ideals of Redemption" shows how keenly she recognises the æsthetic values of different spiritual ideals. Here her point of view is a positive gain to literary interpretation. Three years ago when in her study of "Prometheus Unbound" she referred the inspiration of the poem to Shelley's democratic faith, she anticipated the question, "What relation has poetry like this of imagination all compact to the theories of life?" and its answer, "The very warp and woof of his noblest poetry are in subtle and secret ways determined by the faith that æsthetic cynics would teach us to ignore." That she has given us these "subtle determinations" of poetry is an ample vindication of her method.

* The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets. By Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.

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We have been suffering of late from the flippancy of the humourist in criticism or from the artificial estimate of the critic of taste. When these tell us that Browning's philosophy is like the pools in the limestone district, apparently bottomless until sounded, when they turn out to be about nineteen feet two; or when they pronounce Swinburne the "phenomenal genius, in his mature dramatic work exhibiting signs of a reaction or transformation that surely is even now at hand," we are conscious of perverted perspective or some lack of understanding in the estimate. What we need, in fact, is criticism of nineteenth-century poetry that shall be in sympathy with its noblest motives. Miss Scudder has shown this sympathy with its intellectual inspiration by making her book so frankly a study of subject rather than of literary form and method, and the resulting estimates are valuable for their restoration of literary and spiritual proportions.

Yet one word of apology to the literary critics. It is perhaps a sin against proportion to have emphasised the purpose of Miss Scudder's book at the expense of its literary quality. The reader has been left to discover the pleasures of its sure and delicate control of suggestive analysis. The constant flashes of intuition in the style, as when the author notes the "wide and tender space" of Wordsworth's pictures, and defines the mystery of the pure antique as the "mystery of entire light relieved by pale pure shadow," show a spontaneous artistic sympathy in the criticism which this review has scarcely noticed. The only possible excuse for these sins of omission is the pre-eminent distinction of the book as the appearance of a new personality in criticism.

Edith Baker Brown.

MR. LIONEL JOHNSON'S POEMS.*

In his *Poems* Mr. Lionel Johnson is likely to suffer at the hands of most readers, because he is known to them as a critic first and a poet afterwards. They will turn to him for certain ascertained qualities, and will not fail to find them—the academic note, the accent of the inveterate bookman, the classic predilection, and the rest. And if we have any complaint to make of Mr. Johnson, it is that he has, of malice prepense apparently, played too much into the hands of his prejudging critics. For it is where he is most himself, most impulsive and original, and least reminiscent and theoretic, that he is most convincing. One such poem as that entitled "To Morfydd," the second in the book, is worth many experiments in the use of curious metres to which Mr. Johnson is given, and which rather remind one at times of the metrical excesses imposed by Gabriel Harvey long ago upon Spenser.

Here, on the other hand, are the two first verses of the poem, "To Morfydd":

"A voice on the winds,
A voice by the waters,
Wanders and cries:
Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!

"Western the winds are,
And western the waters,
Where the light lies:
Oh! what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!"

The refrain of these verses was taken down, we believe, from the lips of an old Welsh woman; and so far it goes to prove our case, that Mr. Johnson's writing is best when it touches life. Fortunately, although there are many pieces in the book whose spirit is purely literary, there is a quantum of others which may fairly be put in the same category with "Morfydd." Others, again, have something of both qualities, as the delightful dedicatory poem, "To Winchester," which has all the mingled reminiscent charm, spirit of old association, and emotion, both historic and human, essential to the "making" of such things.

"To the fairest! then to thee
Consecrate and bounden be,
Winchester! this verse of mine.
Ah, that loveliness of thine!
To have lived enchanted years
Free from sorrows, free from fears,
Where thy Tower's great shadow falls
Over those proud buttressed walls;
Whence a purpling glory pours
From high heaven's inheritors,
Throned within the arching stone!"

Winchester and Oxford account for much that is telling and excellent in these poems, and for something too, no

* Poems. By Lionel Johnson. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.

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doubt, of any excess they may have of academic qualities. But here Mr. Johnson's range by no means ends. One interesting feature about his work, which remains to be traced, is that, with all his classic sympathies, he has been led on so far in other and Celtic fields. Some of the most distinctive numbers in his book are those treating of Wales and Ireland.

" This world of the gray cottage by the hill,
This gorge, this lusty air, this loneliness:
The calm of drifting clouds; the pine-tops whirled
And swayed along the ridges. . . ."

Of this world we hear much in his pages. Even in the heart of the England which he celebrates like a lover in so many of his poems, he has all the longing of the Celt for other and westward places. This is the motive of the two striking stanzas, " Desideria," inscribed to Mrs. Hinkson, of which we quote the second :

" In hunger of the heart I loathe
These happy fields: I turn with tears
Of love and longing, far away:
To where the heathered Hill of Howth
Stands guardian with the Golden Spears,
Above the blue of Dublin Bay."

Of a part with his love for Ireland, we may consider perhaps the strong Catholic sentiment running through his later poems; for Mr. Johnson is another in that remarkable band of poets who have served a Roman Church and an English Muse. However, it is neither as a Catholic nor a Celt that we prefer to represent him in one last extract, which we take from his finely turned poem in quatrains, entitled " In England" :

" Heaped with a sweet hayload,
Curved, yellow waggons pass
Slow down the high-hedged road;
I watched them from the grass.

" A pleasant village noise
Breaks the still air: and all
The summer spirit joys,
Before the first leaves fall.

" Red wreckage of the rose,
Over a gusty lawn;
While in the orchard close,
Fruits redden to their dawn.
. . .

" Oh! Hellas lies far hence,
Far the blue Sicel sea;
But England's excellence
Is more than they to me."

Ernest Rhys.

MENTAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE CHILD AND THE RACE.*

There are two classes of possible readers who will be disappointed in Professor Baldwin's book—those who are ever looking to psychology for some new thing in hypnotism, telepathy, or clairvoyance, and those who consider psychology as a branch of pædagogy. To all interested in a scientific psychology and a sound theory of education the work will be most welcome, though its value for the unphilosophic teacher will lie principally in the experimental portions, which form its groundwork. Its origin was in a series of studies in child-psychology, undertaken several years ago, and published from time to time in various journals. These studies in the development of the child-mind brought the insight that individual psychology must be supplemented by that of the race; hence the broader scope of the present work, only the first six chapters of which are strictly experimental studies of children. Yet these chapters alone are enough to make the work one of great value to the intelligent teacher or parent. They are models of what child-study should be—careful, systematic, and sympathetic—for though we are sometimes compelled to question the author's interpretation of the facts, as, for instance, the reality of the sympathy manifested by his twenty-two-weeks-old child at the sight of a picture of a man weeping, yet we always receive the materials from which inferences are made, and are thus able to make our own. Especially interesting are the experiments on the origin of right-handedness, as to which he concludes that it " is a form of expressive differentiation of movement, and that it preceded speech, which is a further and more complete form of differentiation and adaptation."

The short discussion of suggestion, including hypnotism, is also to be recommended to the notice of those under the popular illusions as to this subject. " The question of suggestion becomes that of the mechanism of attention in working three results: (1) The narrow-

* Mental Development in the Child and the Race. Methods and Processes. By James Mark Baldwin. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.60.

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ing of consciousness upon the suggested idea; (2) the consequent narrowing of the motor-impulses to simpler lines of discharge; and (3) the consequent inhibition of the discriminating and selective attitude, which constitutes belief in reality."

These earlier chapters, besides being of independent value as original studies in infant psychology, serve to illustrate the principle which is the basis for the theory developed in the remainder of the work. This is the law of Dynamogenesis. In biology it means that all stimulations to living matter tend to bring about movements or contractions in the mass of the organisms. In psychology it expresses the fact that every sensation, or incoming process, tends to bring about action, or outgoing process. This is most clearly shown in the case of suggestion, where the individual is given over to the power of the incoming idea, all opposing ideas having been inhibited. The action resulting from any stimulation, however, may be of two kinds—it may either simply repeat a former reaction, or it may be a modified adjustment better suited to the environment—that is, actions are either *habits* or *accommodations*. All development must be due to this power of accommodation, and it was to explain this process that Professor Baldwin's book was written.

The commonly accepted "Spencer-Bain theory," as he calls it, differs from his own in that it makes all development due to the selection of chance variations, reinforced by the resulting pleasure in the adjusted movements. His own theory, on the contrary, gives to the organism the power of expansion toward advantageous stimuli, which in turn produces a heightened central process issuing in excess movements, among which, again, the process of selection goes on. In more popular terms, his is the theory of *imitation*, about which we have lately heard so much. The emphasis is transferred from the subjective and accidental factor of pleasure to the more stable and objective factors of organism and environment, thus opening the way for a teleological explanation of the world process.

The present volume is only the first of the complete work, and deals but with methods and processes of development. It is to be followed shortly by the second volume bearing the same main title, but with the sub-title *Interpretations: Educational, Social, and Ethical.* Yet, lest his readers be disturbed by the wide extension given to the idea of evolution in the present volume, our author in his preface forestalls this later work by naming his philosophy Ethical or Spiritual Idealism, and warning us that the question of natural history is totally distinct from that of the essence or nature of mind. The present volume, however, can stand wholly on its own merits, aside from any possible apologetic value it may be found to have, and judged by these merits there can be no question that it is one of the most notable of recent contributions both to psychology and the theory of evolution.

Norman Wilde.

NOVEL NOTES.

TALES OF THE FAIRIES AND OF THE GHOST WORLD. Collected from oral tradition in Southwest Munster. By Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

Mr. Curtin was the first in his collection of *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland* (1890) to give the public a volume of Irish popular tales, which may justly be ranked with the best recent collections of popular tales in other countries. The present collection is intended to supplement that just cited and the same author's *Hero Tales of Ireland* (1894). In these tales of the Irish fairies Mr. Curtin presents to the scholar as well as to the reader the fruits of personal research in noting traditions and superstitions which are encrusted about the belief of the Irish peasantry in the supernatural at the present day. Mr. Curtin's success in discovering and recording new matter hitherto unearthed has won for him from a host of critics the title to rank as the foremost collector of Irish oral literature. To the student this mass of Irish folk-lore and tradition is especially interesting; indeed, it is only the specialist in this field who can ap-

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preciate fully the value of Mr. Curtin's contribution to literature. But apart from their specific interest, these tales have the simple fascination and attraction which the Norse sagas and ancient myths and mysteries bring to the mind of the general reader; they contain the inimitable charm and novelty which appeal to the fresh sense of wonder in the child that is in all of us. In some of the stories there is that blending of the antique and modern in the adaptation of the old-world tales to fit a present-day local setting, which recalls to one's mind the old print which depicts a beautiful child leading blind old Homer by the hand. As to the manner of telling these tales, Mr. Curtin shows such artistic sympathy and grace in the brief introductory note and occasional comments, we could well wish he would not repress his gifts with such beseeming modesty. These same qualities, which have rendered his translations from Polish and Russian fiction so acceptable are seen to advantage in his present rôle of *raconteur*. And is there anything so perennially fascinating as the old folk-lore tales told anew, especially such tales of fairies and ghosts as can be turned to weirdest music on the harp of Erin?

PRINCETON STORIES. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

This little volume of *Princeton Stories*, despite the depressing effect of its uninviting cover, will be relished by many readers beyond the pale of "'92," to whom Mr. Williams dedicates his eleven stories which relate, "How we used to do when we were in college." We had a foretaste of the quietly humorous lines and vigorous drawing in these vignettes of college life in "The Scrub Quarter-Back" and "When the Girls Come to Princeton" when they first appeared in *Harper's*. Mr. Williams is the Rudyard Kipling of the campus even to his titles: "The Madness of Poler Stacy," "The Responsibility of Lawrence," "The Men that Led the Class," taken at random, recall the quick shock of pleasure which we encountered on first coming into contact with the Indian tales. Observe further the Kipling touches in this picture from "The Winning of the Cane."

The sophomores were closely massed in the segment of the circle on the higher ground toward Reunion. Their cheering sounded blatant, and to the freshmen sickeningly confident. And the freshmen—they were opposite, with their sweet, scared faces still more closely huddled together. Each freshman had his little cap safely tucked away in his innermost pocket, and none of them was saying a word, except when he opened his mouth to cheer with all his heart for his dear class. It was all new to them. They only waited and waited with the same aching sense of suspense that you had on Thanksgiving-day, when you saw the referee toss the coin, and one team take the ball, while the other crouched, and then waited and waited, and you felt certain that something awful was the matter, but you did not know what.

By and by the two nimble light weights "led by their coachers, scudded out mysteriously from different wings of Witherspoon," and stood under the light of the full moon watching over West College. "Everyone felt things."

There was a hurting stillness as they stood there with their feet braced, frozen in the ghastly glare, the one in white, and the one in black, while the referee (who had already handed them the stout piece of hickory called cane by courtesy) said in earnest tones, "Are you ready, freshman?"

You could see his chest filling up from the bottom as he answered, "Um."

"Are you ready, sophomore?"

"Yes."

"Spree!"

One of them dropped as if shot, the other followed him down, both turned over, each began struggling and straining; the coachers began coaching, the referee dropped down on his knees to see fair play, and then some one in the rear said, "Down in front!" in healthy, human tones, and then you came to yourself and remembered that this was only a struggle for class honour, after all, and that whichever way it came out it was not going to kill you. Then you breathed.

We have exhausted our space with these extracts, but they will stand as an example of all these stories which exhibit the same qualities of graphic writing and vivid and striking characterisation, with a terse, energetic style which identifies the writer as a Princeton man.

A SOULLESS SINGER. By Mary C. Lee. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

The story of a young woman, proud, lonely, self-sufficient, whose whole ambition is centred on becoming a great singer, and who is so self-absorbed as to leave "only a corner for her fellow-beings to stand in and look on at her career," readily lends itself to the purpose of the novelist. The purpose in this instance is to show that, after all, the gift of a remarkable voice and the acquisition of an admirable technique are of no avail without the essen-

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tial element of passion, and a climax is reached when the crushing blow falls with the knowledge that she is —a soulless singer. But the purpose runs on and traces the development of those qualities of soul which she lacks, as the painful events of her life press self out of sight and bring thought for others into play. The awakening of her soul by the touch of sympathy is unfolded with delicate and subtle art, and we follow her history with interest in the seclusion of a quaint Quaker settlement by the sea, where one can feel with her sorrow and see with her eyes as they gaze pensively along "the sandy road stretching away to nowhere in particular, and the two or three story-and-a-half houses sitting dozing at intervals of an eighth of a mile."

The most pleasing element in the story comes in at this stage with the entrance of the wonderful little prodigy, Ferdinand Compton—a lad with an exquisite voice and a soul brimful of music, who is one of the actors in that eventful summer for the heroine. How the boy tunes her heartstrings to respond to a melody unfelt before by his singing with its pathetic ending, how Penn precipitates an event which evokes all the latent nobility and tenderness of a character which, once irresponsive to the siren of song, now renders the singer no longer soulless, must be gathered from these closing chapters, to disclose which would spoil part of their interest for the reader. The author's manner of relation is pleasant and readable, and becomes picturesque in description. Beside the characters already mentioned we have an affection for the old sea captain, who sailed out on his last long voyage to the music of the voice, and for Penn, who "had room in a few square inches of face for the expression of all his history and his wants." We welcome the volume as a pleasant addition to the list of summer literature.

A TRUCE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Tappan Wright. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

To call this volume a collection of dramatic fragments or episodes would be nearer the truth than to style these vistas of life, stories. In sculpture they resemble the torso, in music a song sometimes begun, but never ended. Mrs. Wright is conscious of this herself, for she calls one of her sketches "A Fragment of a Play, with a Chorus." But it is this very dramatic and fragmentary form which gives her character-studies their peculiar force and charm. There is a blending of realism and romance, of comedy and tragedy, of smiles and tears which makes havoc with the reader's emotions. It is especially in her power to discern the tragedy of the commonplace, and the pleasure she takes in reducing us to a strange despair at the sorry spectacle of a relentless, ironic nemesis playing fast and loose about us, that she fascinates and holds our interest whether we will or no. Even in her humour there is a touch of impatience and sternness. We discern in her the severity and tragic fire of the Greek spirit refined and softened as it mingles with the gentleness of the woman. In the opening story, "A Truce," we have a veritable cataclysm of the Greek drama. Over the face of Life and Love, which for one day made a truce together, falls a sudden pall which darkens the heavens and sweeps the stars from the firmament at one fell swoop. "As Haggards of the Rock" and "A Portion of the Tempest" deepen this impression and trouble the waters of life with a blind, unreasoning fury, against which the heart cries out under the mystery of its unintelligible burden.

In the last mentioned story we are reminded of the weird manner of Mr. William Sharp's *Vistas*. We are made eavesdroppers to the conversation of a man and a woman, who, in rapid, broken utterance, review the irreparable past, and discuss the next fateful step on the eve of the man's departure for Europe. The high pitch and nervous strain of the few minutes' interview is heightened by the gathering storm which accompanies their strange dialogue. It begins with "a long roll, followed by the heavy drop, drop of the shower."

There was a low roar in the west, a creaking in the trees near at hand, and a cracking far away. Something hurled from a distance struck the roof like a stone. Across the darkness outside the door he could see the flash of an electric-car as it passed on the other side of the cove.

"I must be going," said the man.

* * * * *

His voice was drowned in a sudden deafening

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explosion. Before their eyes a great ball of fire rushed downward and was gone.

* * * * *

Then all was blackness. When he reached the tree she was gone.

Whether because we had previously read "From Macedonia" in *Scribner's*, where some of these stories first appeared, is not clear, but it certainly is the least pleasing, and leaves one vaguely wondering what it is all about. "Deep as First Love" is an idyll of wonderful beauty; it is the sort of thing one turns to and reads again and again with ever-increasing delight. Poor old Mrs. Hathaway, climbing up the Dogtown Road and out upon the moors, till she reaches the point at the top of the hill where forty-two years ago she bade farewell to her lover, Joe, for good and all, is as pathetic a figure as you will meet with in a wide range of fiction. We wish we had space to give the closing passage, which describes the scene of a young man and a girl wandering hand in hand among the rosy lights playing through the wet grasses, as conjured by the strange fancy of the old woman, whose brain has been turned by the overpowering memories of her youth. "I loved him, I loved him, I loved him!" she sobbed. "It's the only thing that lasts."

FORWARD HOUSE. By William Scoville Case. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

This is a tale of mystery, but the mystery with which the reader's mind is most concerned is that which has to do with the workmanship of the story and not at all the one relating to the plot. We have only to read a page or two in order to see that Mr. Case is an absorptive reader of Stevenson; and, if one may hazard a guess, it is fair to assume that in writing this book, the *Master of Ballantrae* was consciously before his mind. This is not the mystery, however, for it is perfectly plain to the least recondite reader of romances. What, one would like to know, is the scene of the story? Is it a bit of English sea-coast that the author has in mind? When he speaks of Colonel Forward as "the biggest man in the county," he is using purely English terminology, since it is only in England that the county is a social as well as a geographical term; but when we stumble on such locutions as "I guess" and "he looked queerly," we know that we are not in England at all. Again, what is the time of the narrative? The diction is the pseudo-Stevensonian, early-eighteenth-century, with an Addisonian Lorna-Doone savour to it, and with "I thank God" and "monstrous," and many an oath to spice it and give it a veneer of strength; but when one character tells another that he "wants the earth," we are jerked back to the end of our own century with an appalling suddenness. These observations will sufficiently show why the book as a whole fails to interest. It lacks verisimilitude and plausibility, being laid in No Man's Land, and it is told in a language that was never found on the tongues of living men. Incidentally, we must refer to the greatest mystery of all, the author's motive for spelling out the prefix "Mr." in full on all occasions—a most curious freak. When one first notices it, he thinks it a device to emphasise the contempt which one of the characters of the book entertains for another; but he soon finds out his mistake. Even in the sentimental passages it is the same. Thus:

"You are Mister Hunt?" she said in the voice that so thrilled me when I last heard it.

This is truly funny. If the author conscientiously objects to abbreviations, why does he not develop "Mrs." into "Missiz," instead of writing "Mrs. Forward" on page 149? We confess that we are greatly puzzled over this, and have given more thought to it than to the mystery of the strange bottle or to Colonel Forward's bold, bad son. Seriously, we hereby invite Mr. Case—*seu 'Mister' libentius audit*—to explain so curious a preference on his part; and we will gladly give his explanation to the readers of the next number of THE BOOKMAN.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

In the spring the reader's fancy lightly turns from the ponderous tome to the gaily paper-covered things which duly flaunt their airy fabrics of imagination at the advent of the summer season. The publisher is wise in his generation, and makes it a ripe occasion for the re-issue in bright trappings of old tales worn threadbare of interest in their former guise, and for the cheapening of vol-

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umes already retailed in cloth, and now set forth in paper to eke out a slender harvest. Among these light commodities there comes from Mr. F. Tennyson Neely, of Chicago, a stirring story by Richard Henry Savage, entitled *In the Old Château*, and a new novel, *The One Too Many*, from the cynical pen of Mrs. Lynn Linton. Both writers are too well known in fiction to call for further comment here. The same firm has reprinted Robert Buchanan's *Rachel Dene* and Grant Allen's *At Market Value*, with the autobiographical account of the writing of "my first book," which these authors contributed to an English periodical some time ago, prefaced to each volume. In the Lippincott's Select Novels series we have the berated *Gallia*, by naughty Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie, which may find favour with the New Woman and certain neurotic critics, but with which the healthy-minded reader can have nothing in common. *The Banishment of Jessop Blythe*, by Joseph Hatton, also comes from the Lippincott Company, but it is in direct antithesis to the former novel. Mr. Hatton is known as a pleasant and entertaining writer of some humour and much human sweetness. He can tell a story that will quietly delight you on every page, and bring the love affairs of his characters—as he does in this novel—to a happy ending. What more does the summer reader want?

The Flower of Gala Water, which first ran through serial form, by the indefatigable author of *The Bow of Orange Ribbon*, has been issued by Robert Bonner's Sons in an illustrated edition, which should make an attractive summer book. Another author, whose stories are winning their way into the hearts and homes of this large class of readers, is Mrs. Augusta Campbell Watson, whose new story, *Off Lynnport Light*, issues from the press of E. P. Dutton and Company.

The United States Book Company (Lovell, Coryell) have the following reprints and new editions in their various series of paper-covered novels: *Mr. Witt's Widow*, by Anthony Hope; *Appledore Farm*, by Katharine S. Macquoid; *The Tower of Taddeo*, by "Ouida;" *Los Cerritos*, a romance of the modern time, by Gertrude F. Atherton; *Suggestion*, by Mabel Collins; *The Black Carnation*, by Fergus Hume; *Catmur's Cave*, by Richard Dowling; all of which have the weight of well-known names to commend them.

Suppressed Chapters and Other Bookishness, by Mr. Robert Bridges, is a collection of scraps on various subjects—some of it in a vein of parody, some of it intended for serious literary criticism. If one has nothing better to do, the book can be read with a languid sort of interest, but most persons have something better to do. It is published by the Scribners.

From the Cassell Publishing Company we have a cheap reprint of George Manville Fenn's exciting romance *Witness to the Deed;* also in the Unknown Library a new issue of *In Tent and Bungalow*, by "An Idle Exile," published three years ago. The latest addition to this Library is a story of Adeline Sergeant's entitled, *Dr. Endicott's Experiment.*

The Merriam Company are sending out some short and long stories, some old, some new in a small, square 32mo series—the Violet Series—which makes a handy volume to hold, and as the type is good and there are illustrations, and among contributors are Anthony Hope, Stevenson, Marie Corelli, John Oliver Hobbes, and the author of *The Green Carnation*, the series is likely to meet with public favour.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

HISTORIC DOUBTS AS TO THE EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY. By James A. Weston. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $3.00.

In this massive volume Mr. Weston has set forth the results of a twelve year's investigation, intended to prove that Marshal Ney, who is generally supposed to have been shot by order of Louis XVIII. soon after the battle of Waterloo, was not in reality so executed, but that after his pretended death he was smuggled out of the country and allowed to embark for America, where, under the name of Peter S. Ney, he lived as a teacher in North Carolina until his death in 1846. Mr. Weston

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believes that an arrangement was made with the knowledge of Wellington, by which the Marshal was to fall to the ground when the word to fire was given, and that the soldiers of the firing party —men who had themselves served under Ney—held their fire for an instant, so that the balls from their muskets passed over the Marshal's prostrate body. The main points of the evidence presented are these: the curious secrecy attending the alleged execution; the belief of many English officials, among them Mr. Quentin Dick, M.P., and Sir William Fraser, that Ney was not actually shot; the date at which Peter S. Ney arrived in the United States from France; the mystery surrounding his arrival; the strong facial resemblance between the portraits of the Marshal and P. S. Ney; the assertion by P. S. Ney on several occasions, made privately to personal friends, of his identity with the Marshal; the fact that when the news of Napoleon's death reached him, P. S. Ney attempted suicide, cutting his throat and nearly dying; and the close resemblance in tastes, education, habits, and character between him and the Marshal. Mr. Weston has left no clue untested; he has followed them up with patient industry both in Europe and in this country; and has tried to show that every apparent discrepancy admits of a reasonable and natural explanation. The book is supplied with numerous illustrations, including portraits, fac-similes of handwriting, and casts of P. S. Ney's skull. It is unfortunate that no portrait of P. S. Ney exists. In its place Mr. Weston has inserted a portrait of the Earl of Eldon, to whom P. S. Ney was said to bear a remarkable resemblance, and this portrait is compared with a pen-and-ink sketch of the Marshal drawn in profile. Mr. Weston deserves the greatest praise for the industry and zeal with which he has prosecuted a most fascinating investigation, which combines something of the attractive mystery of the detective's art with the dignity and value of historical research. The case that he has made out is a very strong one indeed, and it is perhaps not too much for him to claim, as he does, that hereafter the *onus probandi* is transferred from those who think with him to the shoulders of those who accept the traditional account.

POEMS OF PAUL VERLAINE. Translated by Gertrude Hall. Illustrated. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.50.

Any real translation of Verlaine is, of course, quite impossible, because so much of the peculiar fascination of his poetry comes from the strange and haunting cadences that he is able to secure by his defiance of the traditional laws of French verse. To imitate or even suggest these in English is almost hopeless. Miss Hall, however, has done all that can be done towards reproducing the thought and something of the manner of the Symbolist, in this little volume which is the latest addition to the Green Tree Library. The selections have been very admirably made, and here and there a subtle touch recalls Verlaine himself even in the English, though perhaps this is true only of one who can, as he reads the latter, recall the music of the original. Perhaps the most successful of all the versions is that of *Le Piano que Baise une Main Frêle*, but the following stanza from *Langueur* is a fine bit of work:

I am the Empire in the last of its decline,
That sees the tall Barbarians pass—the while
Composing indolent acrostics in a style
Of gold with languid sunshine dancing in each line.

The internal rhyme at the end of the stanza is quite in Verlaine's own manner and is the perfection of art, suggesting the assonance of one of his famous lines,

En robe d'or il adore gloire et symbole—

most daring in its originality, and exquisitely beautiful. The illustrations to the volume it is not possible to commend. One of them, facing page 11, is frankly indecent, but we object to it less on that account than because the indecency is wholly without excuse in the lines which it professes to illustrate. The others are harmless, but sometimes unintentionally comic.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE: Chiefly from his unpublished journals and correspondence in the possession of his family. By W. Garden Blaikie, D.D., LL.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.

Through the enterprise of the *Century Magazine* we are enabled, in its May number, to look on the testimony of the camera to the preservation during twenty-two years of the tree with its chiselled inscription which enshrines

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the heart of David Livingstone in "Darkest Africa." The interest which this landmark has for the entire civilised world will, no doubt, stir the minds of many to peruse the wonderful career of this great missionary and explorer again, and the *Personal Life* which Messrs. Revell have rescued from the obloquy of the old Franklin Square Library, and republished in a substantial edition, appears opportunely. For those who have not yet read the account of Dr. Livingstone's strenuous life and labours, no better book could be resorted to than Dr. Blaikie's biography. After all the years that have intervened since it was written, it still remains the most complete, authentic, and "inspired"—for the best biographies have a divine afflatus about them. The sterling simplicity and honesty of Livingstone, his unselfish and entire devotion to the good of Africa, his dogged and unfaltering perseverance in his great object, his resolute missionary zeal, coupled with his enthusiastic love of exploration, his genial, kindly nature, brightened by that touch of humour which is never wanting in the highest specimens of humanity—these are the qualities which are conspicuous in this volume. One marvels, as one reads, at the depths of humility into which he lowered his genius; for his was no ordinary mind, sadly put to it, as some would have us believe, to attain that last infirmity of noble minds, fame. Rather do we see its natural explanation in the view of Edna Lyall in her *We Two*, when Erica, the daughter of the atheist, gets the *Life of Livingstone* to review in her father's journal, with instructions to leave out his religion, but finds that his religion is the web and weft of his whole life, and becomes herself a believer because she cannot see that it is possible for such strong and vivid subjective convictions to exist without an objective reality.

PLEASURE-CYCLING. By Henry Clyde. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00.

Opening this little volume at page 148, we read half-way down the page: "A lady once said to the writer: 'The bicycle has been the greatest of blessings to my husband. He has always seemed fairly well, but always nervous, and at times afflicted with the worst attacks of the "blues." These never visit him now in the wheeling season, and I shall welcome for his sake the opening spring and settled roads.'" Wives of sulky husbands take note.

Mr. Clyde appears to be more sensible of the poetry of motion than was Mr. Porter in his *Cycling for Health and Pleasure*, noticed in these columns last month. There is an exhilaration about him which is certainly catching, but sometimes one is tempted to wish it did not run to effervescence. Yet do not let this blind the reader to the real value of the work, which is conscientiously done. In information and practical helpfulness it is no whit behind its neighbour already mentioned, and its literary quality is certainly much better; while in describing the principal parts common to the safety bicycle, illustrated with an accompanying diagram, and in the addition of an index, it has decided advantages. Mr. Clyde's timely words of counsel on using the wheel for pleasure as distinguished from its too prevalent abuse in racing are well worth consideration. It was a bright idea, too, to relieve the monotony of the page with silhouette drawings, some of them rather comic in their effect.



HOMEWARD: SONGS BY THE WAY. By A. E. Enlarged edition. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. $1.00 *net.*

The success of this little book is certainly one of the significant things in the imaginative awakening of our time. It owes its success to a kind of charm rare in an age when artists and writers obey only too much the command of the Elizabethan painter who bade his pupils grind the whole world into paint. One feels that the thoughts it contains were thought out for their own sake, and not for the sake of literature; that its writer could become silent to-morrow without a pang, and that its silence would be no mere refuge from thought, no mere laying down of a burden. Other writers may celebrate life and joy and love, or set their hearts on fame, or in the sheer delight of writing, but this man writes to hearten the pilgrims to the eternal city, and to keep them from forgetting the day A. E. sings of:

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" When the shepherd of the Ages draws his misty herds away
Through the glimmering deeps to silence, and within the awful fold
Life and joy and love forever vanish as a tale is told."

A. E. is always the visionary and the poet, and like all purely creative forces, is beyond analysis and calculation.

MAKE WAY FOR THE KING. A Series of Sermons. By Rev. J. Flavius Brobst, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.

The Rev. Flavius J. Brobst, D.D., has exempted himself from the responsibility of offering his sermons to the public by laying the blame on those "numerous requests," which not unusually figure in the preface of a book of sermons. We hope that those who proffered these requests will not expect "author's copies," but evince their appreciation by purchasing the Rev. Mr. Brobst's work. We say this in all seriousness, out of that knowledge which has made many a clergyman (as well as his publisher) a sadder and a wiser man after publishing a volume of sermons. The addresses which constitute this volume were given extemporaneously under the auspices of the New England Evangelistic Society. We hope that none will suspect us of flippancy when we say that, however effective such discourses may be when delivered, they ought seldom to be printed. There is always a personal appeal, an unction of the Spirit in the spoken voice and in the pervasive presence of the speaker which elude print, and not infrequently leave what is written a mere grotesque of the original. Still, lacking the impassioned fire which we believe this preacher possesses in his delivery, these sermons will not fail to attract and sway the minds of certain readers, especially as they are subdued to one dominating chord. The glaring red and blue of the cover may be symbolic, but its taste is questionable.

AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF NAPOLEON. Memoirs of General Count de Ségur, revised by his grandson, Count Louis de Ségur. Translated by H. A. Patchett-Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

This is a very readable and in some respects valuable addition to the increasing flood of Napoleonic literature. The Comte de Ségur writes in a simple and unbiased way of his association with the great soldier; and gives, often too briefly, particulars that throw light upon some of the most important episodes of the First Empire. Especially deserving to be read are the chapters relating to the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, the preparations made by Napoleon for the invasion of England, the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, and the intrigues in Spain. One incident recorded here of the stay of Napoleon in Spain, has, so far as we can remember, never before been told. At Burgos the Emperor was quartered in the Archbishop's palace, whose rooms were in great disorder. Ségur was trying to put the place to rights by the light of a single candle, when, on pulling back a heavy window-curtain, three armed Spaniards were discovered crouching in the dark, having all the time been concealed within a few paces of Napoleon's person. This incident is narrated with a simplicity that heightens its dramatic effect, and leaves on the mind an impression comparable only with that produced by some few memorable passages of fiction—the adventure of Count Fathom, for instance, or the night spent by Bertram in the Kaim of Derncleugh. The translation is excellently done, though the dates of the Revolutionary calendar should have been all converted into forms more intelligible to the English and American reader. "The 3d Nivôse" and "the 9th Thermidor" do not convey any meaning to such. On page 127, *senatus-consultus* should be either *senatus-consultum*, or the plural, *senatus-consulta*.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

What the volumes of *Half-Hours with the Best Authors* did in general, *Old English Dramatists* does in one particular field for the ordinary reader who wishes to be spared the time and pains necessary to pick and choose for himself, and whose pocket-book necessitates a library *multum in parvo*. Mrs. Catherine Reignolds-Winslow, who is responsible for this work, issued by Messrs. Lee and Shepard (2 vols., $3.50), modestly disclaims any originality except in "the grouping together of carefully made selections from the works of a few typical English dramatists," beginning with the masques and miracles of the fif-

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teenth century, and covering the succeeding periods of dramatic activity down to Goldsmith and Sheridan in the eighteenth century. The plan is an excellent one, and affords an illustrative and instructive series, along which the development of the drama and its progress in history may be studied in connection with contemporary criticism of the dramatic element in literature. Originally prepared by the compiler as lectures delivered at colleges and schools, they have the advantage of being the outcome of a practical need calling for this special treatment of the subject.

From the Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati, O., we have received a crown octavo volume consisting of an *Introduction to the Study of St. John's Gospel*, together with an interlinear translation of the Greek text of Stephens 1550, with the Authorised Version conveniently presented in the margin for ready reference, and with the various readings of the editions of Elzevir 1624, Griesbach, Lachmann, and others. The author is J. P. MacLean, Ph.D., and his plan includes the requirements of the devout reader as well as the scholar. The price is $1.50.

From F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago, we have a fantastic collection of short stories, by Robert W. Chambers, entitled *The King in Yellow*, bound in green buckram. There is a fine facility about Mr. Chambers's style, but the grim realism, ghastly sometimes, and a something undefinable but disagreeable about his stories repel us. Eccentricity, even affectation, can be palliated when there is genius behind them, but here we have both without the genius, and the result is mere journalistic clap-trap.

The Messrs. Macmillan have ventured on a new edition of the novels of Björnstjerne Björnson; the first two volumes which we have just received being his *Synnövé Solbakken* and *Arne*. The first has been translated by Miss Julie Sutter, and has, as a frontispiece, a good portrait in photogravure of Björnson with autograph. This volume contains a long essay extending to nearly eighty pages by Mr. Edmund Gosse, in which he presents a careful and critical study of the Norwegian novelist's writings. "Now Browning has left us, Björnson is the one great optimist left in Europe," Mr. Gosse avers. By nature an idyllist, Mr. Gosse sees in his genius two pre-eminent idyllic qualities, "one of these is an impassioned love of his country, another is a happy intuitive insight into the hearts of women." The second novel is a translation by the late Walter Low, whose premature death calls forth a note of eulogy from Mr. Gosse "in memoriam." Mr. Gosse also contributes to each volume a bibliographical note. The volumes are substantially bound and printed in large, clear type, and are of a handy size for library use.

In the dainty Lyric Poets series, edited by Ernest Rhys, the latest addition is a volume of *Lyrics from the Bible*. There will be two volumes of the Biblical anthology; the present (first) selection is taken chiefly from the Book of Psalms and the Book of Job, the second to contain selections from the Prophetic Books, with the Song of Songs and other parts of the poetry of the Bible. Mr. Rhys has wisely refrained in his introduction from that species of patronage which mørks the attitude of certain critics in approaching the Bible; he has, for the most part, indeed, made a compilation of noble passages describing the poetry of the Bible from mediæval and modern authors, which one feels is a more judicious course than if he had essayed something new himself. There is a fine photogravure frontispiece of one of Blake's drawings to the Book of Job. (Macmillan and Company, $1.00.)

Mr. Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto*, with its sub-title "A Study of a Peculiar People," has at length been published in a handy one-volume edition by Messrs. Macmillan and Company at $1.50. In America it has only been accessible to readers in two unattractively bound volumes, published by the Jewish Publication Society in 1892. It is the work which brought Mr. Zangwill into public notice, and despite his worthy literary efforts since, it is still unequalled by any of his other writings. As *A Window in Thrums* is to the rest of Mr. Barrie's books, so is *Children of Gibeon* to all else that Mr. Zangwill has written.

With the appearance of the fifth volume of the works of Defoe from Messrs. Macmillan and Company, we are still further impressed with the fact that this will be the standard edition of Defoe's

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novels and tales. In this volume we have the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* ($1.00), which purports to be a military journal of the wars in Germany and the wars in England 1632–38. "Nothing more can invite than the story itself," as the ingenuous author says in his preface, "which, when the reader enters into, he will find it very hard to get out of till he has gone through it."

The last volume to be added to Roberts Brothers' edition of Balzac's novels in the Comedy of Human Life, is the third and last part of "Lost Illusions," and is here entitled *Lucien de Rubempré* ($1.50). These scenes from Parisian life have been abridged in this volume by the omission of episodes which seemed superfluous, in the judgment of the translator, to the main story. This makes the thirtieth volume in the series, which has met with a well deserved popularity.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company publish for boys and girls an excellent volume of *Stories for all the Year*, by Katharine McDowell Rice. Paper, binding, and typography are commendably in good taste, and the twenty-five illustrations, drawn by W. St. John Harper, lend an attraction to the pages which by their very naturalness make the little eyes open wide. Those who believe with Ruskin that children ought to be educated to prefer the best books in the best form will find this volume acceptable. The stories are gathered from *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, and other periodicals, and are worthy of their setting in book form.

The Messrs. Appleton publish Professor Cesare Lombroso's book on *The Female Offender* as the first volume of a "Criminology Series." It deals, of course, with the anthropometry of female criminals and such physical and mental characteristics as he considers typical. These very gruesome chapters are adorned with portraits of Messalina, Gabrielle Bompard, and numerous other ladies less known, but presumably no less disreputable. To turn the pages over is like paying a visit to the Rogues' Gallery. It must be confessed, however, that if Professor Lombroso had not given such explicit information about the careers of these *fleurs du mal*, no one would suspect them from their looks of being anything more than homely, commonplace, and slightly stupid women of the servant class. Two faults are to be found with the illustrations, they are often inserted too far from the text that describes them, and—a much more important blunder—references are made to illustrations that cannot be found by the numbers given.

Professor Frank J. Goodnow's *Municipal Home Rule* is the second volume to be issued by the newly established Columbia University Press through its agents, the Messrs. Macmillan. It is an attempt to find out exactly what, under existing American law, is the sphere of action of municipal corporations in which these bodies should be largely set free from external legislative control. The author's statements are supported by copious citations of legal decisions covering the points in question. The price of the work is $1.50.

RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

We were once presented by a well-known scientist with a pamphlet which he had written to elucidate a simple and convenient way whereby any one could determine for himself just when Easter would come in any given year. On looking into this delightful and popular treatise which the good man offered with such enthusiasm, we discovered that his system presupposed on the part of the person using it a knowledge of the differential calculus. Consequently the world has gone on in the old way, finding the date of future Easters by the crude but satisfactory method of looking it up in the tables of the Prayer-Book. We are reminded of our now deceased friend's beautifully simple system by receiving from the Messrs. Macmillan an impressive-looking volume entitled *The French Verb Newly Treated*, which is, so the sub-title informs us, "an easy, uniform, and synthetic method." Perhaps it is; but we should hate to display its pages to a beginner if we desired him to go on with his

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studies. The heavy type, and the light type, and the italics and the black lines that are splashed over two hundred large pages fill us with a sense of profound wonder that any one has ever since the days of Charlemagne succeeded in mastering the French verb; but we grow calmer when we come to reflect that there is, after all, another way of doing it than by this "easy, uniform, and synthetic method." The learned author of the method is Mr. A. Esclangon, Examiner in the University of London; and we are glad that he is not going to examine us. The book sells for $1.25, at which rate one gets almost too much for his money.

Classical publications of value are pouring in at a rate which proves that there is no diminution of popular interest in the *litteræ humaniores*. An excellent possession for the teacher who wishes to guide his pupils to the study of antiquity and to give an impression of reality to the life of the Greeks and Romans is Schreiber's *Atlas of Classical Antiquities* (Macmillan and Company, $6), an English edition of a well-known German work. It is practically a classical picture-book, made up of reproductions of archæological remains illustrative of the life and customs of the ancients, with a number of restorations of buildings, etc. A brief account of each cut is given on the opposite page, with an indication of its source. The English version is by Professor W. C. F. Anderson, and there is a short introduction by Percy Gardner.——Mr. Lindsay's historical account of Latin phonetics, word-forms, and inflections, entitled *The Latin Language* (Clarendon Press, $5), marks an epoch in the history of classical scholarship in England, in that it shows that after all the rest of the learned world has come to recognise the high scientific value of German investigation, the English are at last reaching the same point of view. This will put an end to their long isolation from full literary fellowship with their brothers of the Continent and of this country, and will be a great gain to linguistic science. Mr. Lindsay has made excellent use of the most recent material to be found in Brugmann, Osthoff, Johannes Schmidt, Wölfflin and others, and has given to the English-speaking world a work that should do for England what Corssen did for Germany and the United States. Perhaps the English will now drop the absurd orthography and pronunciation by which their Latin has been made grotesque for so many generations.——We have received from Mr. Frederick Taber Cooper a massive volume entitled *Word Formation in the Roman Sermo Plebeius*, a treatise prepared by him in part fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Columbia College. This work, which is twenty times the size of the ordinary doctor-dissertation, is a model of research and minute investigation. It deals with the Latin which was not the Latin of literature, but of the shops and streets, the colloquial, slangy, ungrammatical language used by all except the cultivated caste. Mr. Cooper's work is the first well-rounded and satisfactory treatise upon this very interesting subject, of which it fully covers one important side, leaving the investigation of the plebeian syntax to some other time. Students of the classics and, perhaps even more, students of the Romance languages will find Mr. Cooper's volume a treasure-house of accurate and elsewhere inaccessible information. Trow Printing Company, New York (Price, $2.50.)——The American Book Company sends us a very prettily bound edition of Cicero's treatise *De Senectute* by Professor Frank E. Rockwood, of Bucknell University. The notes are fresh and well selected, and are enlivened by copious allusions to English literature. The introduction and bibliographical references will be found suggestive and useful.——Professor Charles E. Bennett, of Cornell University, has written a condensed Latin grammar, in which he aims to give the essentials of the subject while omitting the mass of detail by which the young student is usually bewildered. The design is very happily conceived and ably carried out in a modern spirit and with ample scholarship. In preparatory schools this book, which is published by Messrs. Allyn and Bacon, of Boston, ought to drive the larger grammar out of the field, to the great gain of classical teaching. (Price, $1.00.)

Dr. Gustav Gilbert's standard *Handbuch der griechischen Alterthümer* is now accessible to the English-speaking world in a translation made from the second German edition (of 1892) by Messrs. Brooks and Nicklin, and published in

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this country by the Messrs. Macmillan under the title *Greek Constitutional Antiquities*. (Price, $3.) It is a work of a quite technical character, with a wealth of illustrative citations which make it almost indispensable to the advanced student. It is broadly divided into two parts, one dealing with the Spartan and the other with the Athenian State, and amply covering all questions of population, government, finance, administration of justice, and military organisation. The title-page speaks of an "introductory note by J. E. Sandys," but the few words that Dr. Sandys has written are so very few as to make this prominent announcement rather ridiculous.

Messrs. Henry Holt and Company issue a second edition of *Latin Pronunciation*, a monograph of 38 pages by Professor H. T. Peck, of Columbia College, setting forth as concisely as possible what is known about the way in which the Romans of the classical period pronounced their own language. This new edition has considerable additional matter, and the bibliography at the end is brought down to date. (Price, 40 cents.)——The same publishers send us an *Introduction to English Literature*, by Mr. H. S. Pancoast—a very compact and convenient manual of 473 pages, with two maps. The feature of the book that most commends itself to us is the insertion of many references to the best and most recent books given at the ends of the paragraphs and chapters. ——From the American Book Company comes Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, edited with an introduction and footnotes for the use of schools and belonging to the Eclectic English Series.—— Messrs. D. Appleton and Company publish a convenient little Spanish-English and English-Spanish dictionary based upon Velasquez, the price of which is $1.00.

THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, June 1, 1895.

It would seem rather early to be thinking of holiday trade, but many of the publishers are already busy preparing their stock for next fall. The travellers have started on their Western trips, and in some instances they have solicited orders in New York. Samples so far as shown consist mainly of new lines of 12mos and 16mos; these do not differ materially from those of last year, but there is a tendency to neater styles of binding, better quality of paper, and more illustrations, together with a reduction in prices.

The spring demand for bird and flower books has continued, Mrs. Dana's *How to Know the Wild Flowers* being the leader. The new works on these subjects published during the month include *Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden*, by F. Schuyler Mathews; *Birds of Eastern North America*, by F. M. Chapman, and *Birdcraft*, by Mabel Osgood Wright. The last named is a very attractive book, containing coloured reproductions from Audubon's work, and although published at a net price will undoubtedly have a large sale. Works on outdoor recreation are still being called for, and as cycling has the popular fancy at present, it is easy to account for the increasing demand for Mr. Porter's *Cycling for Health and Pleasure*, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The same publishers have issued this month *Golf in America*, by James P. Lee, which meets the demand for information on this new sport in this country.

European guide-books are selling well, and to these may now be added guides to summer resorts and New York City; of the former, Sweetser's *New England*, Stoddard's *Adirondacks*, etc., have a regular sale, while for the latter the same may be said of Appleton's *Dictionary of New York*. Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company announce a new *Guide to New York City*, containing maps and illustrations, at twenty-five cents.

Works on religious subjects meet with a good demand at this time of year, and of those popular during the past months may be mentioned *Foundations of Belief*, by A. J. Balfour; *The Ministry of the Spirit*, by A. J. Gordon; and *The New Acts of the Apostles*, by A. T. Pierson, while Dr. Gordon's new work, just published by the American Baptist Publication Society, should sell readily.

Financial problems are still interesting the public, and the large circulation of *Coin's Financial School* has called forth an increasing number of answers, none of which, however, have met with anything like the same popularity.

School trade is practically suspended until the fall openings, although a few of the large houses are placing their stock orders for early delivery. Some call is also made for Speakers for use at commencement season; the orders being largely for *Best Selections* and *One Hundred Choice Selections*.

The publications of the month, although numerous, include few that have reached any considerable sale. The most successful have been

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Heart of the World, by H. Rider Haggard; *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, by Frank Stockton; *Princeton Stories*, by J. L. Williams, and *The Major's Favourite*, by John Strange Winter.

Notwithstanding activity in the above-mentioned lines, trade on the whole has continued light, with no appreciable signs of immediate improvement. The most saleable books during the month were:

Chimmie Fadden. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1 00.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Brush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Foundations of Belief. By A. J. Balfour. $2.00.

The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.

How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. W. S. Dana. Revised edition, net, $1.75.

The Jewel of Ynys Galon. By O. Rhoscomyl. $1.25.

The Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

Birdcraft. By M. O. Wright. Net, $3 00.

Birds of Eastern North America. By F. M. Chapman. $3.00.

Cycling for Health and Pleasure. By L. H. Porter. $1.00.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

Princeton Stories. By J. L. Williams $1.00.

Sant' Ilario. By F. M. Crawford. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Revised edition, paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1895.

Business during May was slower than it has been since the beginning of the year. Sales were fairly good while the warm, spring-like weather, which prevailed during the opening days, lasted, but with the return of winter in the middle of the month, country orders became very scarce and the general demand fell off. The last ten days, however, were very good, and brought the month's trade up to the average of former years.

Fiction, as usual, absorbed the lion's share, but the feature of the month was the continuance of the extraordinary demand for financial works. Every book that purports to throw light on the vexed question of the day sells largely, and some books on the subject that have been dead for years, from a selling point of view, have been resuscitated, and are being frequently called for.

So many "answers" to *Coin's Financial School* have appeared, that the market is quite overstocked with them, for hardly a day passes without one or more being received. Some of these, like the "Coin" books themselves, serve the purpose for which they are published very well—that is, to supply certain classes of people, who have never opened a book on this branch of political economy before, with specious ready-made arguments. Judging from the demand, the best of these replies to "Coin" is *Coin's Financial Fool*, by Horace White; but those who desire to go deeper into the subject are buying Laughlin's *Bimetallism*.

Several important new books of fiction appeared during May, and considering the season, publishers were quite busy. The leading books were Henry Fuller's *With the Procession*, a novel dealing with Chicago life as it is to-day; Zangwill's *The Master*; Haggard's *Heart of the World*; Tolstoy's *Master and Man*; Stockton's *Adventures of Captain Horn*, all of which are selling well. Miss Wormely also added to her successful translations from the French of Balzac a new work, entitled *Lucien de Rubempré*, which is in lively demand, as indeed are all of the previous volumes.

Representatives of most of the publishing houses which make a specialty of 12mos and 16mos in a uniform series for jobbing purposes were here at the beginning of May, showing the different lines they purpose making for the coming season. It is pleasant to note that, excepting the very cheap lines, the tendency is toward better binding and better work in every way in these series.

With the improvement in the general business outlook, the sale of mechanical and technical books shows signs of improvement. For a long time sales in this class have been very slow, the only exception being works on electricity, for which the demand steadily increases, especially for those which endeavour to popularise the science. In fact, some of the cheap non-technical manuals, written chiefly for the young, such as Meadowcraft's *A B C of Electricity*, sell largely throughout the year. It is necessary, however, for the success of a popular work on electricity, that it be frequently revised and brought up to date, for unless this be done it will soon lose its interest, and with the exception, perhaps, of theological literature, nothing else "dies so dead" as an out-of-date electrical work.

The Trilby craze is visibly declining and the Napoleonic fad seems to be about over, the demand for Napoleoneana having gone back to its normal condition.

Appended is a list of the books which sold best last month. In addition to these, guide-books and works of travel which may be used as such were much inquired for, as were outdoor and athletic books of all kinds. Works on China and Japan, especially the more recent, also sold well.

Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

With the Procession. By Henry Fuller. $1.25.

The Master. By I. Zangwill. $1.75.

Lucien de Rubempré. By Balzac. $1.50.

Heart of the World. By H. Rider Haggard. $1.25.

Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

Master and Man. By Tolstoy. 75 cts.

Two Women and a Fool. By H. Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50.

A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.

Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Children of the Soil. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00 and $1.25.

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ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, April 21 to May 18, 1895.

During the period above indicated trade has, for the time of the year, been satisfactory. This is always a quiet month, but there have been decided improvements at intervals. At the moment of writing it has eased off somewhat, and is likely to continue dull until after "St. Lubbock's Day." Trade with foreign countries and the colonies is about normal, but there is still room for more. Some fair orders from Australia have been received, and it is hoped that business there is mending.

Considering the time of the year, the number of new books and new editions issuing from the press is unparalleled. A literary journal recently stated upon the best authority that upwards of one hundred new books and editions have been appearing each week for some time past. These include many works of considerable importance, which makes this state of things all the more wonderful. Against this it must be borne in mind that although the numbers increase the total sales do not show a corresponding rise. This points to very small editions and very short lives for a large proportion of the publications in question.

A facsimile reprint of the author's favourite edition of the Waverley Novels, published by Cadell in 1829, is being issued. The sales show that Sir Walter Scott is as popular as ever among the lovers of sound fiction. These, it is well known, are the mainstay of the true bookseller.

Most noticeable among magazines is the steadily growing favour with which the *Woman at Home* is meeting. Its success must by this time be assured. *Cassell's Family Magazine*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Quiver*, and *Strand Magazine* seem to be the leading family magazines of the hour. The number of small religious periodicals is quite alarming, every shade of thought having its organ.

Appended is a list of the more popular publications at the time of writing. It seems to indicate a taste for more varied reading, as the proportion of novels is smaller. Of course, this is not the time of the year for ascertaining the literary appetite of the British public.

Zoraida. By W. Le Queux. 6s.

Gallia. By M. M. Dowie. 6s.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

Honour of Savelli (The). By S. L. Yeats. 6s.

Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.

Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.

Master (The). By I. Zangwill. 6s.

Woman who Did (The). By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. *net.*

Eliot's (George) Works. Standard Edition. 2s. 6d. per volume.

Lord Oakburn's Daughters. By Mrs. H. Wood. 2s. and 2s. 6d.

R. L. Stevenson: An Elegy, etc. By R. Le Gallienne. 4s. 6d. *net.*

Peoples and Politics of the Far East. By H. Norman. 21s.

Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. *net.*

Napoleon. By Sir G. Wolseley. 3s. 6d.

Wellington. By Lord Roberts. 3s. 6d.

Zeit-Geist (The). By L. Dougall. 1s. 6d. and 2s.

The Atonement. By R. W. Dale. 4s. *net.*

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between May 1 and June 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Gods, etc. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. de Koven. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Jewel of Ynys Galon. By O. Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)
5. Man of Mark. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Jewel of Ynys Galon. By O. Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)
2. Memoirs of Barras. Edited by George Duruy. $7.50. (Harper.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Birds of Eastern North America. By Chapman. $3.00. (Appleton.)
6. Lotos Time in Japan. By Finck. $1.75. (Scribner.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. 50.cts. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)
4. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Memoirs of Barras. Edited by George Duruy. $7.50. (Harper.)
6. Heart of the World. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Marcella. By Mrs. Ward. Paper, 50 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. The Mermaid. By L. Dougall. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Foundations of Belief. By A. J. Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
3. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
4. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Jewel of Ynys Galon. By Owen Rhyscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Captain Close. By Capt. Charles King. (Lippincott.)
3. The Phantom Death. By Clark Russell. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Cycling for Health and Pleasure. Porter. $1.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Birdcraft. By Mabel O. Wright. $3.00. (Macmillan.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. With the Procession. By Henry Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. The Master. By I. Zangwill. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Chronicles of Border Warfare. By A. S. Withers. $2.50. (The Robert Clarke Company.)
2. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Paper, 50 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. The Play-Actress. By Crockett. $1.00. (Putnam.)
3. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. George Eliot's Works. 24 vols. D. D. Merrill & Co. $1.50 per vol.
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. Outre Mer. By Paul Bourget. $1.75. (Scribner.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
3. Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
4. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Story of a Canon. By Mrs. Hill. 50 cts. (Arena.)
6. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. Forward House. By William Scoville Case. $1.00. (Scribner.)
4. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)
5. Fidelis. By Ada Cambridge. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Appleton.)
6. Heart of the World. By Rider Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Publishing Co.)
2. Coin's Financial Fool. By White. 5 cts. (Reform Club.)
3. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
3. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. Mystery of Cloomber. By Doyle. Paper, 50 cts. (Fenno.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
6. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
4. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. Marcella. By Mrs. Ward. Paper, 50 cts. (Macmillan.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50; (Appleton.)
3. My Early Travels and Adventures. By Stanley. $3.00. (Scribner.)
4. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50; paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Ministry of the Spirit. By A. J. Gordon. $1.00. (Revell.)
6. Studies in Theology. By Dr. James Denny. $1.50. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Sale for "Trilby" rapidly declining. We have a 75-cent edition of "Round the Red Lamp," by Conan Doyle, still in great demand.

NEW HAVEN, CT.

1. Ways of Yale. By Beers. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)
3. Punishment and Reformation. By Dr. F. H. Wines. $1.75. (Crowell.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton)
6. The Jewel of Ynys Galon. By Owen Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $1.75. (Scribner's.)
5. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Harper.)
2. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood. By Macdonald. 50 cts. (Harper.)
5. The Idiot. By Bangs. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. Sport Royal. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
3. Cycling for Health and Pleasure. By Luther H. Porter. $1.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
6. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
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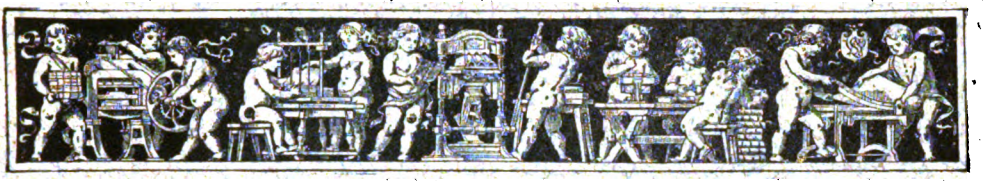
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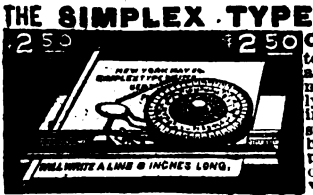
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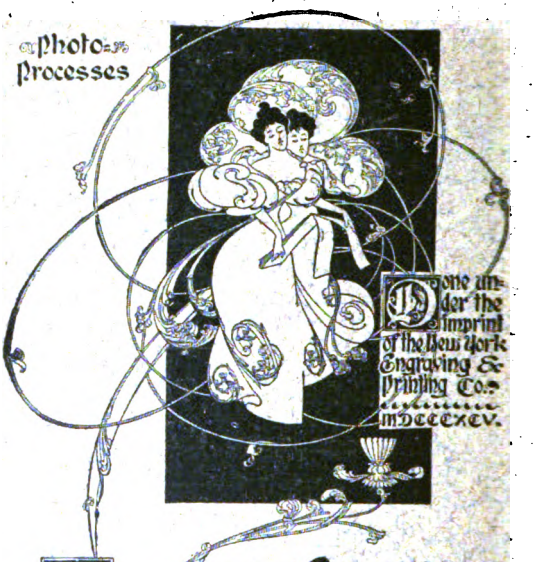
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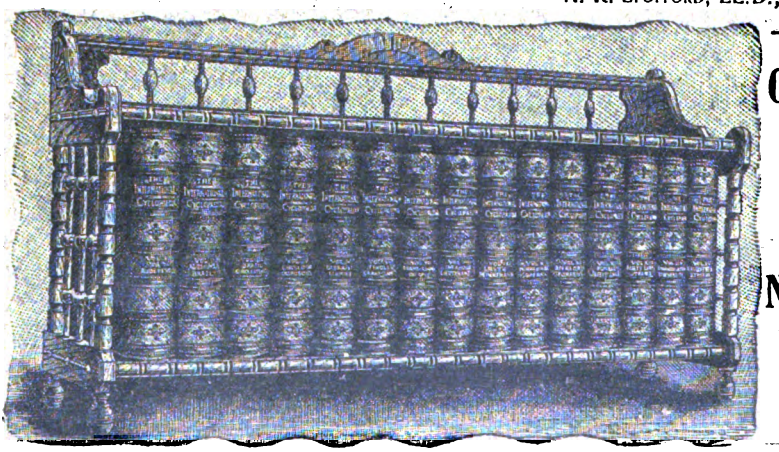
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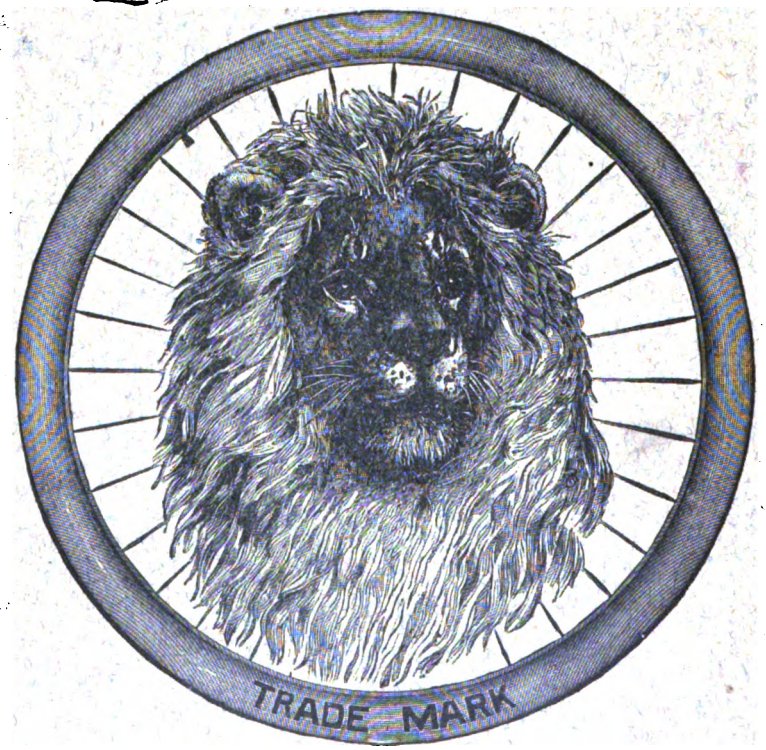
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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. JULY, 1895. No. 6.

NEWS NOTES.

From Mr. R. H. Sherard's interview with Mr. Stanley Weyman in the *Idler*, we learn that "the Dumas of the hour" was born on August 7th, 1855, in the house in Broad Street, Ludlow, where he still lives with his mother and sister. His father was the principal solicitor in the town, and he himself was called to the Bar in 1881. "My very first brief of all was for the defendant in a case about a tailor's bill in the Westminster County Court. For the plaintiff was Charles Dickens, the son of the novelist. I lost the case." Four years ago he left the Bar and came back to Ludlow to live with his people at the age of thirty-five—as he puts it, "a complete failure." During all that time, however, he was trying hard to eke out an insufficient income by contributing sketches to various papers. He wrote short stories for the magazines, but failed, until one day there came into his hands Anstey's tale, *The Black Poodle*, about which everybody was talking. He read and re-read it until he came to the conclusion that its captivation lay in the fact of the extreme carefulness of its workmanship. Thereupon he followed suit, and elaborated and polished a story which he wrote and called *King Pippin and Sweet Clive*. He sent this to the *Cornhill* and received a warm approval and the encouragement to write from its editor, Mr. James Payn. At his instigation he wrote a novel of modern life which was a lamentable failure, except that he has since used the title again, *The New Rector*, and is now writing another story on the back of the pages of the manuscript.

❀

History had always fascinated him, and among the first things he did after his retirement was a study on "Oliver Cromwell's Kinsfolk," which appeared in the *Historical Review*, and called forth an interesting letter from Mr. Frederic Harrison. *The House of the Wolf*, upon



Stanley J. Weyman

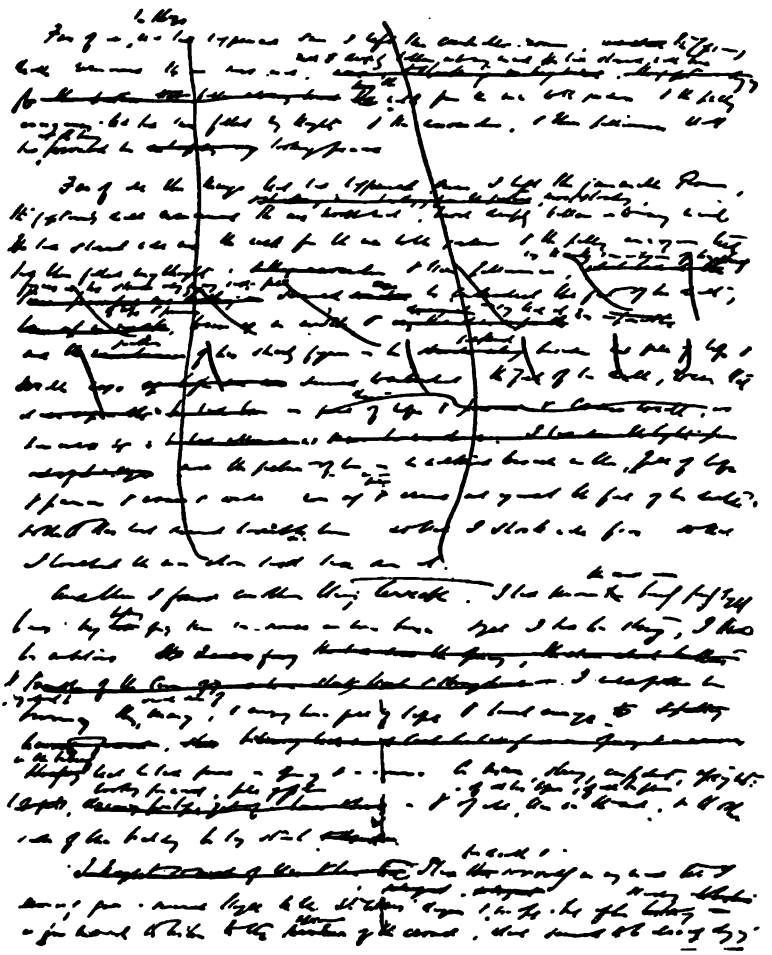
which he spent infinite labour, was the book, however, which turned the tide, although his real success began with *A Gentleman of France*, upon which he bestowed, in almost feverish anxiety, a whole year of unremitting labour. These two stories he attributes to a mere accident which led him to observe a copy of Professor Baird's *History of the Huguenots*; and Weyman is profuse in his acknowledgments to Baird, whose book, he says, put him in the right direction at last. In matters of detail or of stage properties, he invents the costumes in which his characters parade,

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and for information on the technicalities of fencing he has been indebted to Castle's excellent *Schools and Masters of Fence from the Middle Ages to the Eighteenth Century*. *Under the Red Robe* was completed in thirteen weeks, yet, now that he might allow himself to do slovenly work, he is more careful than ever, as the page of manuscript in facsimile herewith reproduced will show. Especially does he spend time and labour over his proofs. As soon as he has got through the work now before him—the most important thing on the stocks being his new book, entitled *The Red Cockade*, which is appearing serially in Mr. Jerome's *To-day*—he intends going away for a whole year's rest.

❀

Mr. Weyman gave evidence of his literary predilections when as a child he read *Little Arthur's History of England* in preference to his toy-books. The next book which enthralled him so that he read and re-read it, taking it to bed with him, was the marvellous *Jane Eyre;* and at the age of eleven he was bribed by his father to read Macaulay's *History* at the rate of sixpence a volume, although he hardly needed the stimulus of the bribe. "Together with Macaulay, I read *Ivanhoe*. I was fond of Scott at the time, and am so still, though there are some of his books—as, for instance, *Count Robert of Paris*—which I cannot and never could read. On the other hand, I can re-read *Quentin Durward* with the most complete satisfaction." At the age of fifteen he went to Shrewsbury School, where *Hypatia* and *Adam Bede* were his favourite books. In the matter of poets, he prefers Dryden and Pope—the poets of the days of the rapier and peruke. On his bookshelf stand Byron, Horace, Bacon's Essays, Pope, and the Fairy Tales of the Countess d'Aulnoy.



FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF MS. OF "THE RED COCKADE."

❀

An esteemed correspondent begs leave to inform us, apropos of a recent note in THE BOOKMAN, that in the *Century Dictionary of Names* Mr. Weyman's name is pronounced "Wayman." In reply we beg to inform our esteemed correspondent that the *Century Dictionary of Names* is wrong.

❀

We understand that Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography of

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Robert Louis Stevenson need not be expected for two years. A volume of his correspondence will, however, appear in the autumn. Mr. Charles Baxter, who so long acted as Mr. Stevenson's literary representative, is making arrangements for the publication of the manuscripts he has left behind. We believe all, or nearly all, will appear in serial form before they are issued as books.

❀



The portrait of Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), which appeared in THE BOOKMAN for May, has been so much admired that we reproduce in the present number a fine pencil sketch of the same lady, lately drawn from life by Walter Spindler. Both portraits are extremely attractive, the former one, however, suggesting the creator of Allegra, and the latter the delineator and analyst of Anne Passer. The former will, we fancy, please the greater number of Mrs. Craigie's admirers. Readers of Mrs. Craigie's books are at present commenting on the announcement lately telegraphed from London of her divorce. It is, in fact, hinted that her husband suggested to her some of the traits of Algernon Dane in her latest novel.

❀

Lucas Malet's new novel is entitled *The Power of the Dog*. It is the story of a man who believed himself to be haunted by a dog. Messrs. Methuen will be the publishers.

❀

It is understood that Miss Edna Lyall's new story will deal with the subject of divorce. It was to appear in serial form in the next volume of *Good Words*, but on account of her illness the work will not be ready in time. Miss Montrésor, whose strong story *Into the Highways and Hedges* has met with such a flattering reception for a first novel, will, we understand, take Miss Edna Lyall's place.

❀

Two neat phrases are flitting about the literary world. The first is due to Mr. Zangwill, who lately spoke of a number of contemporaneous writers as "falling into the sere and *Yellow Book*." The second is attributed by an essayist in *Blackwood's* to an anonymous and probably imaginary friend who classified decadent literature as of three kinds—"erotic, neurotic, and tommy-rotic."

❀

The Messrs. Harper have in press a new volume of essays by Mr. Laurence Hutton as an addition to their American Essayists Series. It is largely made up of papers contributed by Mr. Hutton to *Harper's Weekly*.

❀

We have not made any comment on the recent knighting of Messrs. Henry

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Irving, Lewis Morris, and Walter Besant, because our able contemporaries have saved us the trouble. Amid the diversity of views one single opinion stands out conspicuous and universal, to the effect that the last-named gentleman should have had the discretion to decline the honour, and thus spare the inevitable comparison with another and a greater Sir Walter, the stopper of whose ink-bottle he is unworthy to unloose.



A TRUE AND NOBLE KNIGHT.
From the London Sketch.

The present Sir Walter was, of course, promptly dined by his literary brethren, and took that occasion to speak with much complacency of his honour as the first of the kind ever bestowed in recognition of literary achievement. Such trifling instances as those of Scott, the baronet, and Tennyson, the peer, were, of course, too insignificant to be recalled by a newly fledged knight.

❀

It has been suggested that among many distinguished men of letters yet to be honoured, it might have restored the apparently waning popularity of the late Premier in Scotland if Mr. Barrie had become Baron Thrums, and if "the Crockett Minister" and "Ian Maclaren" had been created K. K., or Knight of the Kailyard. Medical novelists, with Dr. Conan Doyle at their head, might revive the good old literary title of Knight of the Burning Pestle. Mr. Pinero would take rank as the first Lord Tanqueray; and other distinguished dramatists could furnish a run of a hundred knights.

❀

The writer of a letter which lately appeared in the columns of the *Sun* ascribes to Captain Mahan the expression, "The man behind the gun is everything." As this saying seems likely to become historic, and as it has already been much quoted and made the subject of a poem in *Punch*, it is just as well to have it credited to its real author, who is not Captain Mahan, but Rear-Admiral Erben, who used it in responding to a toast at a banquet given to himself and the officers of the *Chicago* in London last year. As a matter of fact, while Captain Mahan was greatly lionised and *fêted* when in England, his superior officer carried off all the honours as an after-dinner speaker, having a bluff, breezy style of oratory that took the fancy of the English immensely, smacking as it did of the salt alike of the ocean and of Attica.

❀

This is the pessimistic conclusion at which Mr. Howells has arrived as set forth in his latest book: "I have found that literature gives one no certain station in the world of men's activities, either idle or useful. We literary folk try to believe that it does, but that is all nonsense. At every period of life among boys and men we are accepted when they are at leisure and want to be amused; and at best we are tolerated rather than accepted."

❀

Reports as to Mr. Du Maurier's new novel are beginning to come across the Atlantic. We are told that the book is to be called *The Martians*, and that it is to deal with school life in France, with some further glimpses of the Quartier Latin. Mr. Du Maurier is not going to lecture in America. His health does not permit of his accepting the proposals made to him. He is said to be in receipt of $700 a week as his share of the profits on the play of *Trilby*.

❀

Mr. Walter Raymond, author of *Love*

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and Quiet Life, will contribute a short serial story to *Good Words* during next year.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just published a new story by Max Pemberton, author of *The Impregnable City*, entitled *The Little Huguenot*, an historical romance of the Forest of Fontainebleau. The same firm will publish Mr. William Tirebuck's new novel, *Miss Grace of All Souls*, in the autumn. Mr. Tirebuck has a series of "Tales from the Welsh Hills" running at present through English, Welsh, and Scotch papers. A cheap edition of his Welsh story, *Sweetheart Gwen*, has just been issued in the Longmans' Paper Library. Some facts of interest concerning Mr. Tirebuck and his forthcoming novel will be found on page 150 of the third number of THE BOOKMAN.

❀

A translation of Max Nordau's *Conventional Lies of our Civilisation* is announced for publication in August.

❀

As we predicted some time ago, Max Nordau's *Degeneration* has held of late a good place in the lists of the best selling books. Those of us who are more than thirty years of age can remember how Barnum's old Museum in this city contained a large hall that was always spoken of as the "Lecture Room." As a matter of fact it was a theatre and one in which the plays were of the most blood-curdling type of melodrama; but many very pious people, whose training had taught them to regard the theatre as an antechamber of Satan, used to visit the "Lecture Room" with an undisturbed conscience. Such is the power of a name. In like manner, unsuspecting souls and souls not quite so unsuspecting but who would never by any possibility purchase a copy of *Ghosts* or *Nana*, or *A Rebours*, are reading with great gusto Nordau's elaborate citations and explanations of all that is most revolting in these and other similar works; and they feel that this reading is most salutary because the quotations are accompanied by a moral antiseptic in the way of denunciation. There is not a doubt, in our mind, however, that infinite harm is being done by the book, in that it brings to many persons a knowledge of certain things whose very existence was quite unsuspected heretofore.

This propagation of pornography in the guise of science is seen also in the extraordinary circulation of a work by Dr. von Krafft-Ebing of Vienna, a year or two ago. This book deals with a mass of facts that are generally familiar to medical specialists alone, and the knowledge of which ought to be confined to them exclusively; but when published in this country in an English translation, it reached a sale of thousands of copies, and fell into the hands of the general reader, so that the moral harm done by it has been simply incalculable.

❀

M. Léon Daudet, who is sharing with his father the joys of London, is now known far and wide by his powerful *exposé* of the Parisian medical clinique.



M. LÉON DAUDET.

To an interviewer who inquired whether *Les Morticoles* was not an attack on the French medical world, he replied: "Those who either thought or said that made a great mistake. *Les Morticoles* was, in reality, an essay against Positivism and modern science, and not an attack upon any class of workers. I used the medical world as a background partly, because I knew a great deal about it, and also because the evils brought about by science are more apparent there than in most other centres of modern life. Within a few days of

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its publication, I received between four and five hundred anonymous letters, full of frightful abuse. A great deal of what I described was absolutely true to life. Listen! I should have liked to place as preface to *Les Morticoles* an engraving of Hogarth's striking picture, 'The Reward of Cruelty.'"

❀

"I admit," continued M. Daudet, "that I have always wished rather to express ideas and expand theories than to tell a story. My first book, *Germes et Poussière*, was distinctly philosophical. In *L'Astre Noir*, I attempted to trace the career of a great man surrounded by a flock of disciples; but now I am writing a serial, which is coming out in the *Nouvelle Revue*, and which deals entirely with modern life; my first plunge—I speak in a literary sense—into Parisian society. The story, which is called *Les Kamtchatka*, is really a strong satire against the more affected schools of modern French literature."

❀

M. Léon Daudet, speaking of his profession, said: "There is no nobler existence to be led than one passed in healing or alleviating suffering; but, on the other hand, nowhere will you find more charlatans than in the medical profession." He is now busily occupied on a book to be called *Le Voyage de Shakspeare*, in which he describes a journey made by the Bard of Avon to several of the places which he later immortalised in his dramas. M. Daudet himself went last winter, step by step, along the journey which he makes Shakespeare go. He confesses himself an ardent Shakespearian student, especially of "Hamlet," which character, he says, absolutely fascinates him. He takes Goethe's view of the Prince laid down in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*—namely, that Hamlet was not equal to the task he set for himself.

❀

Mr. George Moore's novel, *A Mummer's Wife*, has at last been reprinted in this country.

❀

Last month, by what the late Richard Grant White would have called a heterophemy, we inadvertently spoke of Besant's *Children of Gibeon*, having in mind, however, Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto*. The context made our intention sufficiently clear; but the slip brought us at once a most amusing letter from a valued reader, beginning as follows: "With mild whoops of delight and a skipping as of the feet of young lambs (but are not all lambs young?), let me point out that my favourite BOOKMAN has stumbled upon an error." Whereupon he proceeds to point the error out. We bow our neck meekly in the presence of the avenger; but, really, it will be a temptation hereafter to make an occasional *lapsus calami* on purpose, in the hope of extracting more letters such as this, for which we hereby return our acknowledgments with a suppressed editorial chuckle.

❀

We are glad to see Mrs. Graham's *Stories of the Foothills* meeting with just appreciation from many quarters in the literary newspapers. It will be recalled that Miss Beatrice Harraden spoke highly of them in her chapter of impressions last month, but perhaps the most serious and discriminating review we have yet seen of this little cluster of stories appeared in the *Critic* of June 15th.

❀

Mrs. Graham's title, by the way, suffers by a slip in the caption to this review in being called *Tales of the Foothills*. This is not so bad, however, as the designation it received in the pages of our English contemporary, in which it was styled *Sorrows of the Foothills*.

❀

Miss Harraden has just completed another Californian story. She expects to come East in September, but will not remain long in New York, as she is anxious when she starts to get home to London and work. "If I stayed out here much longer," she writes, "I should end by wanting to plant lemon trees and grow roses, and to do nothing else."

❀

So far *Munsey's Magazine* has failed to prove that cheapness is compatible in a magazine of its kind with reliability and thorough competency. To some of us, perhaps, the paragraphs appearing under "The Publisher's Desk" afford most amusement. "We are in earnest in our purpose of giving a better trend to American fiction," says the Publisher in the July number. We wish to suggest that he direct his zeal to other de-

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partments of letters in his magazine. In "England's New Writers," by no means an uninteresting though belated subject, an article has been written, with accompanying portraits, which for inaccuracies and inadequacy and for its snippety form and slipshod style —commend us to a sensational newspaper.

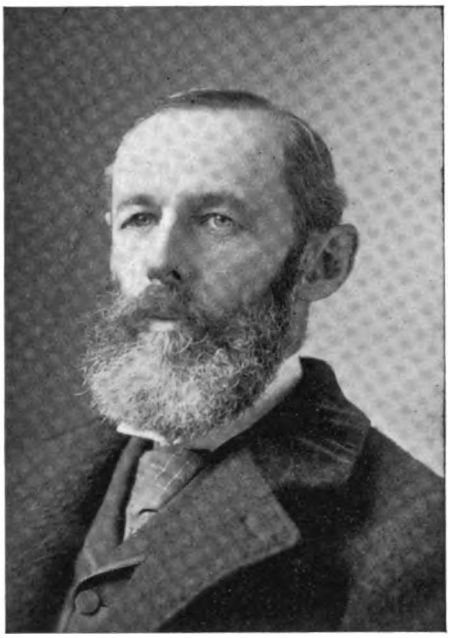
❀

But our object is not simply to state an obvious fact—it is much more serious. When it comes to openly maligning and falsifying an author's character we feel called upon to protest. What the writer of this article says about the poet William Watson approaches perilously near to libel. Some curious blunder is at work in the following paragraph which *Munsey's* ought to set right. Coupling him with Francis Thompson as "two erratic characters," who "remind us of tales of the early French poets, of the Bohemia of Alfred de Musset," and who "were brought up from the depths by curious accidents," he goes on to say:

"He lived in holes and corners; he starved; he walked the London streets. It is a story of yesterdays. Then one day something gave way in his brain, and he lost consciousness of his own acts. He stopped in the park and accosted a royal personage. He was hustled away by the police, and his past was looked into. It was found that he was insane and—a poet. Friends were ready to care for him then; publishers asked for his verse. He was sent to the Lake country and made happy."

❀

Mr. Watson lived in Liverpool with his parents until 1888, when his father died, after which he brought his mother to London, where he has since had his permanent home. He was one of the early band of young writers in Liverpool which included Hall Caine, Richard Le Gallienne, James Ashcroft Noble, William Tirebuck, and others. He was known to the littérateurs in London long before his temporary mental aberration as a contributor of prose as well as of poetry to the *Spectator*, the *Academy*, and other first-class literary periodicals. Mr. R. H. Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*, has been one of his oldest and most loyal friends. So far from living in the slums and like a Bohemian, he comes of a good family, and one whose means would have enabled him to live in affluence even had he not been able to support himself by his literary work. Much more might be said by one who has known him all his life; but these meagre facts will suffice to refute the egregious statement referred to. We shall be pleased to see what explanation *Munsey's* has to offer.



WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

In reading Mr. Shelton's war stories included in the volume recently published by the Messrs. Scribner (see *A Man Without a Memory*, in Novel Notes), one is made aware that their realism is more than verisimilitude. Mr. Shelton was "caught young" when he entered the Federal army and marched forth to the tune of "Marching through Georgia." Seven out of the nine stories in the collection are moulded from material gathered during his term of service; and the last in the volume, which appeared in the *Century Magazine* under the title "A Hard Road to Travel Out of Dixie," is the record of an actual experience. Mr. Shelton is an artist as well as a writer and an old soldier, and his well-knit figure—he is about fifty years old—is familiar to New Yorkers, and may be frequently seen in the rooms of the Salmagundi.

❀

Mr. J. M. Barrie will shortly take up his permanent residence in a house near Gloucester Road Station, London. The

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publication of Mr. Barrie's story will commence in *Scribner's Magazine* in January next, and it will appear in book form in October, 1896. *Sentimental Tommy*, the title of Mr. Barrie's new novel, is said to be a most wonderful study of child life. Its appearance—so we are told by an eminent critic who has read the manuscript—will make a new reputation for its author in the world of fiction.

❀

It is not generally known that Mr. Barrie finished this novel a year ago, but could not be persuaded to let it go into the publisher's hands until he was satisfied that he had done his best with it. "And how much do you think you have improved or altered it during that time?" he was asked. "About one per cent," was the reply. "Writing," he once said to the writer, "is all a pursuit of that which we can never seize; but we can go on pursuing—all work is that."

❀

Mr. James Lane Allen, who has been in New York during the last few weeks, wishes us to correct the statement made in an article concerning him in the June BOOKMAN anent the appearance of his new story, *Butterflies*, in *Harper's*. No announcement has yet been made in regard to its serial publication.

❀

A recent sale of authors' autographs in New York gives one a very excellent clue to the relative popularity of many of the best-known English and American writers. For autographs of authors now dead, the following prices were paid: Constance Fenimore Woolson, 15 cents; Fanny Fern, 20 cents; Anthony Trollope, 25 cents; James Parton, 25 cents; Helen Hunt Jackson, 30 cents; Phillips Brooks, 35 cents; Mayne Reid, 35 cents; Edmund Yates, 50 cents; Miss L. M. Alcott, 63 cents; Wilkie Collins, 65 cents; Miss Mulock, 75 cents; Bayard Taylor, 75 cents; G. W. Curtis, 75 cents; William Cullen Bryant, 85 cents; Charles Reade, 95 cents; J. G. Whittier, $1.25; Oliver Wendell Holmes, $2.05; Longfellow, $3.00; J. R. Lowell, $3.00; Ralph Waldo Emerson, $3.00; Artemus Ward, $4.25; Robert Browning, $5.00; Dickens, $17.00 for two letters.

❀

Autographs of living English authors sold as follows: Rider Haggard, 40 cents; William Black, 43 cents; Walter Besant, 53 cents; Thomas Hughes, 55 cents; Austin Dobson, 70 cents; Thomas Hardy, $1.00; Du Maurier, four letters for $2.00; J. M. Whistler, $3.13.

❀

American authors (who were more numerously represented than English) sold as follows: Charles Dudley Warner, 25 cents; E. C. Stedman, 30 cents; Edward Bellamy, 30 cents; Mrs. Burnett, 40 cents; R. H. Stoddard, 40 cents; Henry James, 40 cents; George W. Cable, 50 cents; W. D. Howells, 52 cents; William Winter, 55 cents; Mrs. Stowe, 55 cents; Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 55 cents; Mark Twain, 75 cents; Bret Harte, 80 cents; Henry M. Stanley, $1.00; Joseph Jefferson, $1.10; Donald G. Mitchell, $1.15. It is evident that some of these prices were based less upon the celebrity of the author than upon the scarcity of his autograph. The lowest prices received were for the autographs of Mrs. Harriett P. Spofford, 4 cents; James Payne, 5 cents; James Bryce, 11 cents; Mrs. Ritchie, 17 cents; Mr. Anstey, 20 cents. Outside of authors' autographs there were sold autographs of Lawrence Barrett, 60 cents; Ellen Terry, 65 cents; Henry Irving, 75 cents; Taglioni, $1.00; William Warren, the actor, $1.25; and Mary Anderson, $1.38.

❀

"Elizabeth Hastings," the author of that clever satire, *An Experiment in Altruism*, turns out to be Miss Margaret Sherwood, a young instructor in Wellesley College. Although Miss Sherwood is described by a reviewer in the last BOOKMAN as an "outsider," she has not only been a visitor for the Associated Charities, but counts among her most valued friends leaders in the Settlement movement. Miss Sherwood's keen sense of humour has, however, kept her firm to her conviction of the "Modesty of Truth," in spite of her real sympathy with the New Philanthropy.

❀

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, of Nova Scotia, has just finished a short popular *History of Canada*, on which he has been occupied for two years past.

❀

The Critic Company has published in a neat paper-covered brochure all

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the matter of more or less importance pertaining to *Trilby* which the subject perambulating through the pages of successive *Critics* gathered, like a rolling snowball, while the novel was in the height of favour. *Trilbyana*, as it is called, is a fitting close to the *Trilby* craze, and while it is worth getting, and not to be likened to the extravaganzas which have been foisted on a too gullible public, we may hope that this will be accepted as a final decorative tail-piece.

❀

We have received the first number of *The Philistine: A Periodical of Protest*, apparently edited in Cambridge, Mass., and published in East Aurora, N. Y. It is of the *Chap-Book* and *Chips* order of literature. It hardly lives up to its name, as the word Philistine is generally understood, for it goes on to define Philistinism as attacking pretty nearly everything that Matthew Arnold included in the name. It actually enrolls among supposed Philistines Thackeray, Tolstoy, and Ibsen! However, there is a good deal that is really Philistine, in the common acceptation of the term, as in having an article by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, and in poking unlimited fun at Mr. Howells, Mr. Bok, and especially Bliss Carman, whom it styles "Joy Trolleyman." This last scintillation will give, perhaps, as fair an idea of its quality as anything can. Its verses are, however, unusually good.

❀

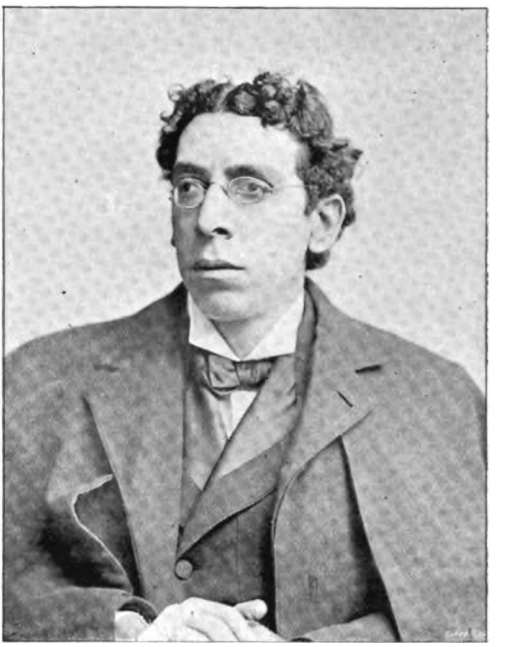
It is not more than six weeks since Mr. Stockton's *Adventures of Captain Horn* was published, yet the Messrs. Scribner have had to issue a third edition to meet the demand. Thirteen thousand copies have been sold within this short time.

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day are soon to issue, simultaneously with Mr. John Lane, of London, a new edition of Mrs. Meynell's poems. These will combine not only the contents of the first edition, which is now out of print, but also later poems. Mrs. Meynell's work, to which reference was made in our last London Letter, is for the few, subtle in emotion and exquisite in workmanship.

❀

Mr. I. Zangwill, whose new novel, *The Master*, is reviewed on another page, began life as a teacher in a London school. He was sometime editor of a now defunct humorous periodical called *Ariel*, and he wrote in collaboration *The Premier and the Painter*. Two of his books, *Children of the Ghetto* and *The King of the Schnorrers*, brought him pronounced success. A new American edition of the former, which is as yet his best work, was published by the Messrs.



I. ZANGWILL.

Macmillan a few weeks ago. He writes a *causerie* under the caption "Without Prejudice" in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and which appears in the *Critic* as "Men, Women, and Books," in a vein of delightful egoism, sometimes marred, however, by a habit of clever posing or affectation. He is said to have dramatic ambitions, confirmed to some extent by his *Six Persons*, which appeared on the Haymarket stage, London, on which he also appeared as an actor in the copyright performance of Mr. Hall Caine's *The Mahdi*.

❀

From *The Ruskin Reader*, consisting of passages culled from the works of Mr. John Ruskin, and trotted out to do duty as a school book, we take this delicious note (and, by the way, Mr. Collingwood, the editor, prays, in his preface, "for the

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impertinence of notes, pardon") : " Mrs. Gamp in Dickens's *David Copperfield ;* Heep in *Oliver Twist ;* Quilp in *Nicholas Nickleby ;* Chadband in *Martin Chuzzlewit*"! ! !

❀

Henryk Sienkiewicz, whose new Polish novel, *Children of the Soil*, is reviewed on another page, was born in Lithuania in 1845. He studied at Warsaw and spent some of his early years in California, and it was his descriptive articles on the " Far West," published in Poland, which won for him the first recognition among his countrymen. The results of his extensive travels the world over are reflected in the strong love of nature, the deep reverence and tolerance of his religious spirit, and the cosmopolitan sympathies, together with the fervent passion of patriotism, all fused in the solvent of his strong and vivid imagination. Although one of the most prolific writers of the day, only half-a-dozen volumes of his remarkable works are accessible in English, the novel just issued by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company (the publishers of his previous volumes) making the seventh. Few translators have done the reading English world a greater service than has Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, not only by introducing us to the virile Polish novelist, but in bringing to a congenial task a ripe scholarship and a mastery of the literary art which are rare among those of his craft.



HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

❀

The Viol of Love, a volume of poems by Charles Newton Robinson, to be published soon by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, in conjunction with Mr. John Lane, of London, contains some exquisite verse, of which we are permitted to quote this specimen entitled " Love Unuttered :"

My life reveals my love ;
Thereof my soul is proud !
My life reveals my love ;
Yet vaunts it not aloud !

For one alone there lives,
My heart's interpreter :
The silence of my soul
Is musical to her.

❀

Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, of Boston, who, by the way, have opened a New York office in the Life Building, have some noteworthy books in preparation, which will appear immediately. Dr. Hale's *My Double and How He Undid Me*, which had a large sale on its first appearance about thirty years ago, is to be re-issued by them with a new preface and a vignette frontispiece of the author. They have imported the original French edition of Ongania's *L'Arte Della Stampa*, which contains a profusion of illustrations and examples of the various styles of type in use in Venice in the fifteenth century. They offer this at the low price of $5.50. *Two Modern Phases*, comprising " A Literary Farce," read some weeks ago in New York by the Comtesse di Brazzá, commented upon by the press at the time, and a story by the same lady will appear shortly ; also a volume of poems by E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake), the American Indian princess. John Lane, of London, will publish the English edition of the latter.

❀

The college commencement season is now at an end, and innumerable young men and women are wondering what they shall do next. The present writer has found no slight amusement in attending some of these ceremonies where persons of both sexes received diplomas, and in watching their comparative demeanour as they took part in the academic cake-walk across the stage to receive the coveted parchment from Chancellor or President. The young men skurry by nervously, clutch the diploma, and skulk away as though they had stolen it under circumstances of great discredit. Not so the young women. They float gracefully along with

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just the right poise and just the right expression of countenance, receive the diploma with a smile delivered at exactly the right moment and with the precision of a sharpshooter, and then retire as though borne upon a cloud. They are probably at heart even more perturbed than the men, but the histrionic capacity of women is unlimited, and they instinctively rise to the full possibilities of anything spectacular.

❀

The first and second numbers of *The Bachelor of Arts*, the new monthly magazine "devoted to university interests and general literature," have reached us. It is handsomely bound and printed and is of a shape convenient for slipping into one's pocket, being long and narrow. We have found much to interest us in its pages, but we may venture upon giving it a word of friendly caution, to the effect that it is in danger of being mistaken for the organ of a single university. For instance, the June number opens with Mr. Stedman's "Yale Commencement Ode," the second and third papers are on town and gown rows at Yale, and the Athletic Department conducted by Walter Camp, has a rather strong Yale flavour. At this rate, *The Bachelor of Arts* will soon come out with a blue cover.

❀

We notice one ingenious dodge in its prospectus. Glancing down it, we observed a long list of distinguished names —Henry Cabot Lodge, Theodore Roosevelt, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charles Dudley Warner, and others—and we thought to ourselves, What great luck the *Bachelor* is in to secure so many attractions at a swoop! A closer reading, however, reveals the fact that these gentlemen "will be *asked to contribute.*" Verily, here is a difference indeed!

❀

Mr. William Watson has written an ode for the Burns centenary to be held in London on July 21st. The ode will be published simultaneously in England and America.

❀

Yet another edition—a "Centenary Edition"—of Burns is to be published. It is to be edited by Mr. W. E. Henley, who will write an essay on "The Life and Genius of Burns," for it, and Mr. T. F. Henderson. It will be printed by the Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, and published in the same city. Mr. William Hole, whose etchings to Mr. Barrie's *A Window in Thrums* and *Auld Licht Idylls* (the latter to be issued soon by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company) have been so successful, will make a portrait and other etched illustrations for the work which will appear in four volumes, to be issued at intervals of about three months in the course of this year and next. Every effort is being made to turn out a final edition.

❀

Speaking of Burns reminds us that Mr. Quiller Couch, whose critical articles in the *Speaker* are always fresh and interesting, discussed recently the question why the Scotch people gave their enthusiasm to Burns rather than to Scott. About the fact there can be no doubt. "All over the world—and all under it when their time comes—Scotsmen are preparing after-dinner speeches about Burns. The great globe swings round out of the sun into the dark; there is always midnight somewhere; and always in this shifting region the eye of imagination sees orators gesticulating over Burns." Carlyle spoke for all Scotsmen when he said: "We love Burns and we pity him."

❀

Only recently Messrs. Roberts Brothers published two of José Echegaray's Spanish plays in English, to wit, *The Son of Don Juan* and *Mariana;* and now Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company announce two more plays done into English prose by the celebrated dramatist entitled *The Great Galeoto* and *Folly or Saintliness*, with an introduction by Hannah Lynch, who is also responsible for the translation, which we trust will be happier in some respects than Mr. James Graham's. *The Great Galeoto*, we understand, is to be one of the attractions of the Boston stage next season.

❀

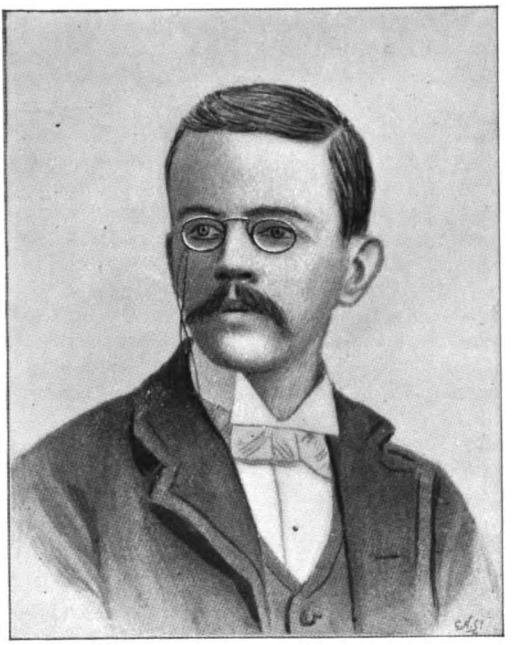
Messrs. Roberts Brothers have in the press an invaluable and important historical work on Constantinople. Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor, of Amherst, has given the subject a careful and profound study with a view to making his history a standard work. It will be issued in two large volumes, and will contain about two hundred illustrations

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from photographs and cuts, many of them now not generally accessible.

❀

We are able to give a portrait of Mr. H. D. Lowry, whose *Women's Tragedies* is reviewed on another page, in further evidence of the fact that the author of this volume is not, as conjectured by the *Literary World*, a woman. Mr. Hardy



H. D. LOWRY.

has been named as Mr. Lowry's master, and certainly his manner and temper, as well as his materials, strongly assert this, but it is a pity that, like his master, he should dwell so relentlessly on the overshadowing fate and pursuing doom which with mocking irony debars his characters of joyousness and shuts them out from longed-for happiness.

❀

But when all is said, these polished little Cornish gems stand out among the hysteria and modernity of the Keynotes Series with a reticent dignity and an intensity of vision which are due to their true artistic sense. The material may not be of the pleasantest, but the manner by which these stories are wrought into forms of art there is no gainsaying. "I have a pain—of the heart, I think; a pain smaller than the hurt of a cut finger, and yet it takes my life." Was there ever a finer expression of a breaking heart? Mr. Lowry's previous volume of Cornish tales, *Prisoners of the Earth and Other Stories*, should be read in connection with this later collection.

❀

The amenities of criticism are frequently rather amusing when critics disagree in the pages of the same periodical over a common book. For example, the *Sketch*, in its issue of May 8th, says of *Women's Tragedies* that there are "eleven women's tragedies in Mr. Lowry's book, and the strongest effect of each is to cancel the effect of its neighbours; read singly, however, Mr. Lowry's Cornish tales of woe are good." The same paper of date June 12th says "they gain by being printed together. Story by story a world is built up; and though each story, with an exception or two, deals with different *dramatis personæ*, we bring to it the general accumulated effect of atmosphere and conditions to which it, in its turn, contributes."

❀

We have just received Messrs. Appleton and Company's *Monthly Bulletin*, which is a fiction number. When we say that it contains thirty-two vignette portraits of the writers of to-day, some of them reproduced here for the first time, and that it contains biographical matter relating to the subjects of these portraits, it will be seen that the *Bulletin* is worth getting. The publishers have kept in view the fact that many readers will want to preserve this number for reference, and have bound it in thick paper wrappers with neat decorative cover design.

❀

Messrs. Stone and Kimball promise a book of singular interest in *The Love Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R., 1775–1779*, which appears as we go to press. "They are full of genuine fire," says the London *Daily Telegraph*, "and paint a most curious picture of the ways and manners of high life at the end of the last century." The same publishers will follow this volume with a new collection of poems by Eric Mackay, the author of *The Love Letters of a Violinist*. Mr. Mackay, it will be remembered, is the son of Marie Corelli.

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Here is an interesting question of ethics. The Messrs. Scribner, as is well known, publish the Great Educators Series, of which Professor Nicholas Murray Butler is the editor, and in which a number of volumes by distinguished educationists have already appeared. By an agreement with the American publishers, these are issued in London by Mr. William Heinemann, who, however, not satisfied with giving them his imprint, omits the name of the American editor altogether, and brings the series out as "Heinemann's Great Educators Series." This having excited some protest, Mr. Andrew Lang, in his column of chit-chat in the *Illustrated London News*, comes to the defence of Mr. Heinemann, and with a certain good-humoured insolence replies that American editors are not so important to the English public that the suppression of their names need call for any censure, with other remarks in the same vein. We must confess to a good deal of surprise at Mr. Lang's point of view. Does it not strike him that he is confusing effect with cause, and that American editors will be permanently visited with British ignorance of them if English publishers, while eagerly bringing out their books, are encouraged to suppress their names? How would Mr. Lang like to have his name left off of all his works that are reprinted in this country? In these matters there can be, in fact, only one honest rule: if a book be worth publishing at all, it is certainly worth crediting fairly and fully to its proper author and to its proper editor; and if Mr. Lang will think the matter over he will assuredly take our view of it.

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Mr. Heinemann, who is best known to the public as "Sarah Grand's publisher," recounts the following bit of personal experience as an instance of the tricks and wiles of the up-to-date publisher. "I was walking down the Strand the other day," says Mr. Heinemann, "and when I got to the point where the Strand turns round the Grand Hotel into Northumberland Avenue, I saw two men standing on the curb selling penny toys. The one held up a funny-looking doll with a paper frock and a very fat face. He called out: 'One penny for the Empire Lady. One penny buys Mrs. Chant.' The other held up an enormous blown-out bladder with the features of an infant painted upon it. He asked passers-by: 'Who wants a baby? One penny for the beautiful baby.' Well, curious as it may seem to you, his stock did not diminish. But his neighbour who sold Empire ladies for a penny did a roaring trade. So I went up to the neglected one and said to him: 'Your business is bad, my friend. I will advise you in your affairs. Hold up two of your beautiful babies and offer them for twopence as the Heavenly Twins.' He did this with astonishing success. The Heavenly Twins were the vogue of that street corner, and Trafalgar Square resounded with their praise. He sold every Twin he had except an odd one, and in two days he drove his competitor higher up the Strand. I, on the other hand, received extraordinary orders for six-shilling novels from booksellers in the vicinity. I tell you the story as it really happened, because it contains a moral—a moral which I will ask you to find out for yourselves."

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An important work is about to be published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company which will be welcomed by all who are genuinely interested in literature. It is a biography, and in a sense an autobiography, for the life is told for the most part in the letters of the subject of these memoirs, Gustave Flaubert. A work of this kind is very much needed, and we trust in our next number to interest our readers still further in a review of the book which will bear the title *Gustave Flaubert as Seen in His Works and Correspondence*, and which by that time will be before our readers. There will also appear this month from the same publishers a new novel by the author of *The Green Carnation*, entitled *An Imaginative Man;* also George Gissing's *In the Year of Jubilee;* and in the Town and Country Library a romance of the colonial fireside, by Hezekiah Butterworth, entitled *In Old New England.* The new volume in the Library of Useful Stories appearing this month is called *The Story of the Plants*, and has been prepared by Grant Allen.

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We are pleased to see that Mr. Levett Yeats's stirring romance, *The Honour of Savelli*, published here by the Messrs. Appleton, has run through two large editions in England and is now in a third.

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We have received from Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls a circular asking us to agree for the future to spell a long list of words after the fashion in which they are spelled in a printed slip accompanying the circular. As to the greater number of these spellings, we must, with all due regard to Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, respectfully decline to adopt them. We do not believe that we shall ever, while our bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne, write "skul" and "specter," and "chaf," and "epilog," and "buxum." We would give up our breakfast sooner than write it "brekfast," and we feel that "aw" is quite too awful. Our reasons for declining are easily given. In the first place, we are not cranks. In the second place, we know something of the history of the English language and like to find that history traced in the forms of words. Finally, we have a good healthy sense of humour, and a strong aversion to making ourselves unnecessarily ridiculous. As a matter of fact, the list sent us is evidently made up from several sources and embodies various inconsistencies. Why should phantom be written "fantom" while phœnix stands as "phenix," with the ph retained? Why, if they wish to simplify, do they write "beuteous" rather than "buteus"?

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Some of the proposed spellings, however, we accept with joy. We are delighted to assent to the request to use the forms "Antichrist," "havoc," "myth," "nowadays," "prophecy," "prophesy," and "unchristian." In fact, we may say in confidence that this is precisely the way we have always been spelling them without the slightest knowledge that we were thus becoming "reformers." By the way, how did Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls suppose that we were writing these last few words?

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When one expresses a dislike to any change of orthography, some "reformer" at once remarks, "Oh, then, why don't you spell as Shakespeare did?" Well, in the first place, the changes that have taken place in the spelling of English since the time of Shakespeare, nearly three centuries ago, are less violent than those which the "reformers" wish to force upon us over night; and in the second place, they have been made very gradually and for reasons. They are a part of the history of our common tongue, and have a scientific interest of their own. The changes proposed by the advocates of "fonetik refawrm" are the mere whims of a lot of pedants, who cannot agree even among themselves as to what they want. A person who lends his influence to their vagaries ought to join a society for whitewashing the Coliseum, or for providing Gothic cathedrals with green window-shutters. For our part, when we feel the need of a machine-made language we shall take to Volapük at once.

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A great deal of stress is laid upon the fact that these barbaric spellings have the support of many members of the American Philological Association. Of what earthly importance is that? It is not a question of scholarship, for no one claims that the changes are based upon the historical development of our language or are justified by it. The truth is just the contrary; and so the opinion of the American Philological Association is of no more consequence in what is a pure matter of taste than would be the opinion of the Ancient Order of Hibernians or the Knights of Labour. As a matter of fact, one may hear quite as many crudities of pronunciation and inflection at a meeting of the American Philological Association as at any gathering of educated men. As we are of those who possess membership in that body, this can be taken as an inside view and not the scornful utterance of a rank outsider.

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In her wordy warfare with Andrew Lang and others of that ilk over the persistent stand which Miss Gilder takes in the *Critic* that *The Woman Who Did* is an indecent story, this lady has our sympathy. She may see little to worry over, as some London writers have seriously done, in the fact that the author's manuscript of the dramatised version of the opprobrious novel was in his home, which was threatened with fire recently, while Mr. Allen was in London at a literary reception. As the result of repeated applications for the right of translating it into German, *The Woman Who Did* will run as a *feuilleton* in a German newspaper.

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THE OLD BOOKSELLERS OF NEW YORK.

JOSEPH SABIN.

When Joseph Sabin, bookseller and bibliographer, succumbed to overwork, "Killed by a Dictionary" was suggested as his most fitting epitaph. He was a strong advocate of total abstinence, and in his younger days wrote and lectured upon the subject of temperance. He practised what he preached—water pure and simple was his exclusive beverage, and he eschewed tobacco in all its forms; but in point of mental activity he failed to exercise a corresponding degree of moderation. To the cares of a considerable business in the importation and sale of books he added the labours of a publisher, the drudgery of compiling catalogues, and the arduous calling of a book auctioneer, and then took upon his broad shoulders a literary burden of indefinite proportions in his *Dictionary of Books Relating to America.*

This indefatigable worker in the twin fields of bibliography and bibliopolism was born in 1821 in Branston, Northamptonshire, England, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to Charles Richards, an Oxford bookseller and stationer. Two years after the completion of his seven years' apprenticeship he married, and in 1848 emigrated to the United States, arriving in New York on July 3d. He established himself at first in Philadelphia, and purchased a farm of thirty acres at Chestnut Hill, which would have greatly enriched his heirs if they had retained possession of it until the present time.

In 1850 Mr. Sabin removed to New York, and was connected for a time with the well-known book auction firm of Cooley, Keese and Company, where he was principally employed in preparing catalogues of the better class of books. In the panic year of 1857 he returned to Philadelphia and engaged in business as an importer of fine books. At the outbreak of the Civil War he lost many of his customers, and again sought to retrieve his fortunes in this city. He opened first a book auction-house, and then a book shop in Canal Street. Again he returned to his farm and began work upon his *Dictionary of Books Relating to America from its Discovery to the Present Time.* A year or two later found him once more in New York in the employ of the Riverside Press publishers, Hurd and Houghton. In 1864 he ventured again into business on his own account, and purchased for $9000 the stock and good-will of Michael Noonan, a genial and popular Irishman, who had built up quite a respectable business in second-hand and new books. From No. 84, Mr. Sabin removed to 64 Nassau Street, where he continued in business



JOSEPH SABIN.

until his death. Nassau Street from John to Beekman was then the "Rialto" of the old book trade, and the place where book-hunters most did love to congregate.

Mr. Sabin's sales in the ten years from 1864–74 aggregated over $1,000,000, and during this period he supplied with some of their choicest treasures many of the public and private libraries then in course of formation; among them those of Almon W. Griswold and William Menzies, of New York, and Henry C. Murphy and T. W. Field, of Brooklyn. The two most prominent American collectors of the first half of this century, John Carter Brown, of Providence, and James Lenox, of New York, had nearly ceased their purchases when Mr. Sabin came to New York, and he supplied them with comparatively few books. Rare Americana were Mr. Sabin's spe-

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cialty, and several of his customers were advantageously influenced by him in turning their attention in this direction. Many of the books which these fortunate individuals procured through him have become, as far as booksellers are concerned, simply fondly cherished memories. What book-hunter dreams nowadays (unless he be in his novitiate) of finding in a book-stall such nuggets as the first New York Directory, the first edition of Andre's *Cow Chase*, Symmes's *Late Fight at Piggwacket*, or a copy of Hariot's *Virginia*, the rare English De Bry, which was sold to Mr. Kalbfleisch for $1250, a long price in those days, but a short one in this year of grace 1895. Mr. Sabin published a facsimile of this excessively rare book.

Rarities in the way of English literature were by no means neglected by the bibliopole of 64 Nassau Street, although the present fierce demand for first editions of early English writers was still slumbering. The set of five Waltons sold in this city within a few months came, I believe, from Sabin's, and the first alone brought more than two and one half times as much as was originally paid for the set. Several copies of the first folio Shakespeare passed through Mr. Sabin's hands, including that of Sir William Tite; and the early Chaucers, Miltons, Ben Jonsons, Spensers, and Drydens, now sought for with so much eagerness by book collectors, were far from being strangers to the shelves of his bookshop.

In those days there was on the part of book-buyers, both here and abroad, a tolerance of big books, which no longer prevails to the same extent. The *Musée Français* and *Musée Royal*, Robert's *Holy Land*, Boydell's Shakespeare, Hogarth's works, and the whole long list of elephantine folios were staple articles in the second-hand book-shops. In "extra illustrated" books the same preference for folios and large quartos was manifested, ostensibly because they permitted the insertion of large prints, and so widened the "extra illustrator's" field of selection. An English dame greatly distinguished herself by "extra illustrating" the Old and New Testaments at a cost, we were informed, of over £10,000, not including the expense of the book-case or book-room, whichever it was, that was found necessary to contain this monument of enthusiastic Grangerism.

The sale by the founder of the house at an early stage in its history of an "extra illustrated" Shakespeare for $3000 is one of the never-to-be-forgotten reminiscences of Joseph Sabin and Sons.

The publications of Mr. Sabin, aside from the *Dictionary*, were a monthly magazine called the *Bibliopolist: A Literary Register and Repository of Notes and Queries*, etc., begun in 1869, and continued until April, 1877; *A Bibliography of Bibliography; or, a Handy Book about Books which Relate to Books;* and a series of American reprints, ten of which were issued in quarto size and seven in octavo; large and small papers were made of each. It was the day of privately printed books and "large papers" (not necessarily large *books* because they were large papers), books which have been aptly described as "mere rivulets of text in a meadow of margin." A reprint, in three volumes, of Garden's *Anecdotes of the Revolution*, published in three sizes—ordinary paper, large paper, and what Mr. Sabin dubbed "blanket folio"—capped the climax in these typographical absurdities, and brought them into merited disfavour. They, however, reappeared later disguised under the name of *éditions de luxe*.

The first important collection of books catalogued by Mr. Sabin was that of the comedian, W. E. Burton, in 1860. In 1864 he catalogued the collection of the old Scotch antiquarian, John Allan, of pleasant memory. The title on the cover of this catalogue was not composed by Mr. Sabin. In his opinion it was awkwardly constructed, and, not being willing to father it, he signed himself as "Compiler of this catalogue, *the cover excepted.*"

Among the one hundred and fifty or more libraries which Mr. Sabin is said to have catalogued was that of the Shakespearean scholar, Richard Grant White, who remarked, as the result of his observations, that if anybody thought that bibliography was an easy subject he should serve an apprenticeship under Joseph Sabin.

The book auction sales at which Mr. Sabin officiated included some of the most important that have occurred in this country. The last at which he presided was the great Brinley sale. This was divided into five parts, and the sale of the third part was set for March, 1881, but was postponed on account of Mr.

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Sabin's ill health. His family had already been informed by his physician of the fatal character of his illness. On April 4th Mr. Sabin began the sale, and conducted it to a satisfactory conclusion. On this occasion he had the pleasure and high bibliopolistic distinction of selling the only copy of the Mazarin Bible that has ever been brought under the hammer on this side of the Atlantic. The book was bought by the late Hamilton Cole for $8000, and the sale created a sensation in the book-buying world, which was revived when the two volumes again appeared at auction in the dispersion of the collection of Mr. Brayton Ives, and were taken to Chicago at a ransom of $14,800.

The preparation of the *Dictionary* was begun about 1860. The prospectus was issued in December, 1866, and the first part was published in 1867. It continued to make its appearance in parts at irregular intervals until the death of the author. It was his "old man of the sea." Early morning hours, the small hours of the night, and stolen moments in cars and on shipboard were devoted to it. At Mr. Sabin's death, eighty parts, describing over fifty-eight thousand lots, had been issued, bringing the work down in alphabetical order to the letters Pa. The manuscript left unpublished is now being revised by Mr. Wilberforce Eames, of the Lenox Library, and thirty-six additional parts have so far been printed, completing the work as far as the word Smith. In his process of revision Mr. Eames occasionally must meet with the handwriting of the founder of the institution he serves, as Mr. Lenox was especially interested in this particular work of Mr. Sabin, and rendered him valuable assistance by bringing him titles of rare books in his own collection, which were unobtainable from any other source.

Mr. Sabin was a genuine lover of books and a patient, painstaking student of bibliography. He was a better bibliophile than he was a merchant, and his customers would often find him more eager to discuss the bibliographical points of his literary wares than to effect a sale of them. It is not surprising that he should disrelish having his dictum called in question, and that he sometimes met an assumption of superior knowledge with a show of impatience. A youth once brought him for sale a volume of the Mexican Boundary Survey, published by the United States Government. Mr. Sabin told him that it was not perfect, but should be in two volumes. The young man insisted that the book was perfect until Mr. Sabin closed the discussion by saying jocosely, "Young man, if that work was contained in one volume it would make a book as thick as your head."

Thirty years ago the art of book-binding was not receiving in this country the attention now bestowed upon it; but Mr. Sabin was not unmindful of the exteriors as well as the interiors of books, and he has been credited with the introduction into this country of full and half calf bindings in place of the cheap and less durable sheepskin previously so extensively employed by American binders.

Mr. Sabin died in the harness. Against the advice of his physician, he undertook the auction of the third part of the Brinley Library, and his labours in connection with it probably hastened his death, which occurred at his Brooklyn home on Sunday, June 5th, 1881. His funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Collyer, and he was buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery.

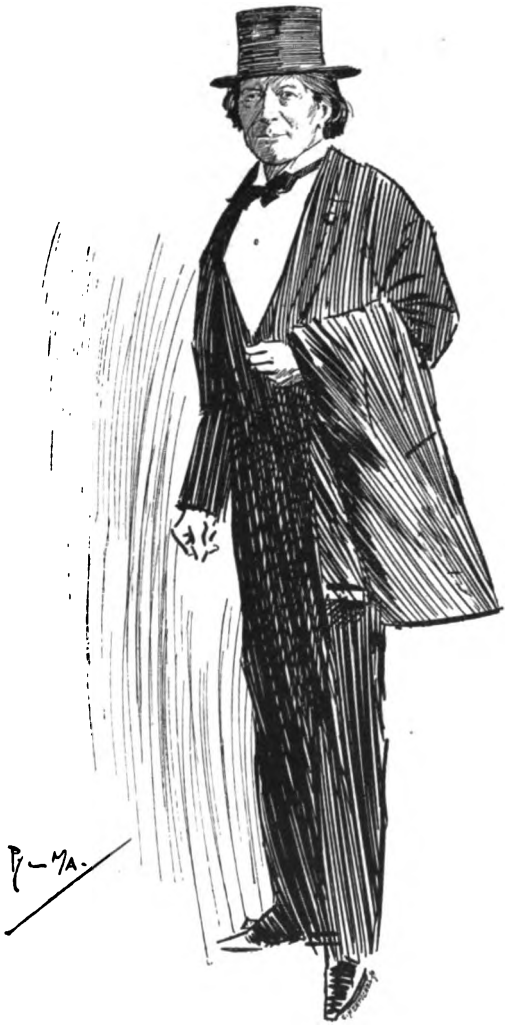
They say that there is no money in the old book business; however that may be, there is certainly in this, as in any other honourable pursuit, something quite as much to be coveted as financial success, and that is the regard and goodwill of one's business associates. These Mr. Sabin enjoyed. Mr. John Pyne, his near neighbour for many years, said of Mr. Sabin at the time of his death, that he was the acknowledged head of his profession, and was loved and appreciated by all who knew him; and the same friend sums up a pleasant tribute to the memory of his brother bibliopole in these words: "His love for rare books passed into knowledge which he used for the benefit of all who had the pleasure and profit of knowing him."

W. L. Andrews.

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THE DRAMA OF REVOLT.

In his refreshingly disrespectful essay, "Naturalism on the Stage," Zola characterised the successful drama of the day as "a pasteboard world peopled by puppets." He further revealed the revolutionary animus of his criticism in his trenchant censure of the wit of Alexandre Dumas *fils*. "The men, the women, and even the children in his plays make witty remarks," he observes, "these famous witticisms which so often give a play success. Nothing can be falser or more fatiguing. It destroys all truth of the dialogue."



VICTORIEN SARDOU.
From the London Sketch.

The revolt against all the ancient dramatic conventions which this essay and the dramatisation of *L'Assommoir* signalised has since become very widespread, and there is scarcely a country in Europe where the younger school of playwrights do not echo the sentiments expressed by the French iconoclast. They do not, however, base their rebellion upon his example, probably because Zola is primarily a novelist and has achieved no pronounced dramatic success. The acknowledged master of the new school is Henrik Ibsen, who, as a matter of fact, had raised the standard of revolt before the author of *Nana* had yet made his noisy but effective *début*. It is the name of Ibsen which is the watchword of the protagonists in the battle against the mechanical drama of Sardou, Dumas and Co. in England, Germany, France, Holland, Sweden, and Norway. It is with *Ghosts*, *A Doll's House*, or *The Pillars of Society* that the reformers invariably consecrate their *théâtres libres;* and in Antwerp they have even christened the new stage the Ibsen Theatre. The affinity to the grisly magus of the North is no less pronounced in the Englishman, Bernard Shaw, and in the Swede, August Strindberg, than in the remarkable group of German dramatists, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Halbe, and Hartleben. Nay, even that romantic arch-patriot and successful glorifier of the house of Hohenzollern, Ernst von Wildenbruch, is said to have acquired a certain Ibsen cadence of late, and in his plays, *The Crested Lark* and *Master Bolser*, there is no denying that he is squinting toward the camp of the naturalists. Nothing is to my mind more striking evidence of the completeness of the triumph of the naturalistic school upon the German stage. The dramatic critics of Berlin are, with scarcely a notable exception, in sympathy with the new movement, and would look with undisguised amusement upon the narrow-visioned antediluvians that sit in the judgment-seat on our side of the ocean. Every dramatist, even though his position be as well established as Wildenbruch's, is compelled

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to reckon with the new order of things with the risk of being relegated to the lumber garret. It is this which he has with moderate success attempted to do in the two above-mentioned plays.

The most conspicuous disciple of Ibsen in Germany is, however, not the diplomatic gentleman to whom I have alluded, but one far greater than he—Hermann Sudermann. His magnificent play, *Die Ehre*, is to my mind the most beautiful piece of dramatic work which Germany has produced since Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*. I am in no wise staggered by the fact that Schiller's *Wallenstein* and *Wilhelm Tell* belong to the interim. Not a single one of Schiller's justly famous dramas contains so delicious an intellectual problem as *Die Ehre*. Emile Augier's *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* propounds essentially the same problem—viz., the conception of honour of a superior class as contrasted with that of an inferior class; but Augier is only half-emancipated from the old conventions. He openly pleads the cause of the *bourgeois*. He apprehends, to be sure, the situation from its intellectual side, but he lacks the cool and ruthless audacity of Sudermann, and he lacks, too, the scientific equipment which enables the German to analyse the idea of honour into its last component elements. It is a marvel of marvels to me that (as far as I am aware) this triumph of dramatic art has, as yet, not been produced in English, while the farcical nonsense of Moser and Von Schönthan is eagerly watched for and promptly adapted by London and New York managers.

Die Ehre, which was Sudermann's first venture upon the boards, is, however, by no means his best. The ancient traditions were yet vaguely buzzing in his brain, and one of his characters, Count von Trast Saarberg, is none other than our old friend—the favourite of romantic playwrights—"The Uncle from America." That he comes from Java or East India makes, of course, no difference. As a *deus ex machina* who cuts the Gordian knot by choosing the plebeian hero for his partner and heir to his untold millions, he is a distinct remnant of the condition of things which Sudermann, following in Ibsen's wake, came to abolish. *Sodoms Ende* is less pleasing, but constructed far more strictly according to the naturalistic formula. It is one of the most powerful plays it has ever been my fortune to witness, and glides along with an irresistible logic and with the beautiful rhythm of life itself, without resort to the venerable tricks of the playwright's trade. Even Paris has accorded a hearing to Sudermann, whose *Heimat* is one of the most recent successes of Madame Sara Bernhardt. This is a relentless satire and an uncompromising exposure of the rottenness of the modern society, founded upon the corrupting feudal



HERMANN SUDERMANN.

traditions which the age has outgrown. The psychology of these plays is, to my mind, profound and masterly, and betrays a fearless and radical thinker who is fully abreast of the age, if not considerably in advance of it.

It was in January and February, 1878, that Ibsen's *The Pillars of Society* was played in Berlin in six different translations in six different theatres. The critics, at that time, wrote of him in a strain of hostility, though with a less purblind and pachydermatous ignorance than the New York critics displayed toward *Ghosts* a year ago. But since then they have apparently (like their London *confrères*) seen a great light; and now, as I have hinted, the whirligig of Time has in its revolution lifted them bodily and deposited them on the other side. This circumstance tends, I think, to explain the remarkable benevolence of the press toward such strange, revolutionary phenomena as those which during the last five years "The Free Stage" has been producing. There appeared, for instance, Gerhard Hauptmann's *Die Weber*, which dances a war-dance upon the prostrate corpse of all dramatic traditions. It has, properly

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speaking, no action in the old sense. The spectator has the impression of accidentally witnessing scenes and overhearing conversations which were perhaps not intended for his eyes and ears. It is as if the roofs had suddenly been taken off the houses and you were allowed to gaze into the homes and hearts of misery, degradation, and want. No attempt is apparently made to be entertaining, witty, striking, or anything remarkable; and yet the sight grips you by the heart-roots, and you are moved to the depth of your soul. The very absence of all appeal to the spectacular imparts to the scenes, not only a verisimilitude which would content the most radical realist, but a marvellous sense of actuality which had never been seen upon the stage, until that *première* in



GERHARD HAUPTMANN.

February, 1893, when Hauptmann's *Die Weber* won its victory against tremendous odds. Some would say, no doubt, that the same kind of power is displayed in his *Sunrise*, which provoked a drawn battle between the old and the new school in 1889. But *Sunrise*, with all its grim unconventionality, strikes me as being a little too much of a manifesto, and has the crudity of over-emphasis and a rather too demonstrative self-assertion.

The drama, according to Scribe and his successor, Sardou, is an ingenious mechanical contrivance, consisting of nicely adjusted wheels within wheels (as in the works of a watch), warranted to run without jar or accidents for three or four hours, as the case may be. Now it would, to my mind, be a very great mistake to assert that Ibsen and his school have emancipated themselves from all this slavery to "construction" upon which the critics discourse so learnedly. Mr. Bronson Howard once called my attention to the fact that Ibsen's plays are far more rigidly "constructed" than either Sardou's or Dumas'; and the Norwegian's art was only so much more perfect because it showed no visible traces of construction. Never was the art of concealing art more triumphantly demonstrated than in *Ghosts*, *A Doll's House*, and *An Enemy of the People*. In Sudermann and Hauptmann the discarding of all rules is also more apparent than real. The scenes do not succeed each other in the haphazard fashion that they do in life. It is only the obvious stage tricks which are contemptuously rejected. The clever footman and chambermaid who have been ostensibly dusting the furniture in the opening scenes of a thousand comedies from Plautus and Molière to Scribe and Sardou, while their real business was to drop some useful indiscretions regarding the family secrets—these, of course, have been discharged and banished. The serviceable friend of the hero and the confidante of the heroine, who are likewise stock characters, could, however, not be dispensed with; not because they were stage conveniences, but because life exhibits their counterparts in many situations worth portraying.

It is in the pitch of the conversation, and what I may call the key of the action, that the chief innovation is to be observed. The dialogue has somehow acquired the note and *timbre* of the actual voice. It has been tuned down from the unnatural heroics of humour and pathos in which it was made to indulge. The cothurnus, intended to produce the illusion of heroic size, has been thrown away. The action has been simplified, and every motive which is a strain upon one's credulity is ruthlessly rejected. But what, then, is there left? asks the old-fashioned playgoer. What amusement can there be in watching a commonplace episode represented by commonplace people?

I asked myself the very same question, and had it most satisfactorily answered at the performance of the first naturalistic play I witnessed. Since seeing Ibsen, Sudermann, and Haupt-

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mann, the old mechanical drama has become to me utterly flimsy and artificial. I hear all the time the creaking of the rusty machinery, and I feel imposed upon by the threadbare stage devices which I have seen a hundred times repeated. I can delight in Augier yet, for he comes exceedingly near being a naturalist; not to speak of Björnson, who shed his romanticism in the early seventies, when he published *Bankruptcy* and *The New System*. Dumas *fils*, I admit, still gives me pleasure, in spite of his perpetual pyrotechnics of wit, which are certainly a strain upon one's credulity; for his plays are rarely without an interesting intellectual problem which is most brilliantly expounded. But for all that, they never move me as do Hauptmann's and Sudermann's intimate and unembellished studies of life itself. The glimpses they afford of the abysses of human nature seem to me more valuable and more affecting than any amount of startling cleverness in devising situations. Thus there are passages in Max Halbe's *Youth* and in Erich Hartleben's *Hannah Jagert* which in their naïve and simple truthfulness make, as it were, the stage and the footlights vanish and bring us face to face with nature in all her uncompromising nakedness. Never was youthful love treated with more touching veracity than in the former play. It is this sort of power which Tolstoy displays in his autobiography, in *The Cossacks* and *Anna Karénina*. The literary medium disappears and Nature rises out of the book with her august and terrible countenance. Therefore such books, whether they be novels or plays, become experiences. They necessitate a new adjustment of our attitude toward life. The great earth-scented facts which they uncover have, somehow, to be disposed of and assimilated, for they refuse to be dismissed.

I am well aware that the reflections which have been urged upon me by this new school of dramatists run counter to all the accepted canons of the drama. It is contended that a play which is a mere transcript of life would be impossible to act, and if acted would be deadly wearisome. Like the Kingdom of God, a drama cometh not by observation—or at least, not by observation alone—and the attempt to make the stage conform to the laws of reality shows an utter misconception of what the stage is or should be. Thus speak the critics. The late Robert Louis Stevenson asserts the very same thing of the novel, and maintains that the business of the novelist is to throw a spell over his readers and compel them to accept the wildest impossibilities as facts. If he cannot do this, he does not know his craft.

For all that, the novel as well as the drama is drifting away from its old moorings, and in spite of the clamourous protests of the gentlemen of the old school is undergoing a gradual transformation in the direction which is here indicated. The fact that both England and the United States have so far remained comparatively untouched by the new movement does not by any means deprive it of its significance. England is notoriously the most conservative country in Europe, and the United States, in spite of our pretence of independence, has always in literary matters followed the lead of England. Because the London critics have, during the last months, begun to speak respectfully of Ibsen, our critics will presently take their cue from them, and discover that, as a New York critic recently declared it to be, *Brand* is not a mass of nonsense, and that *An Enemy of the People* and *A Doll's House* have not made the round of the civilised world, because some crack-brained persons in Paris, London, and Berlin made their author a fad and imposed upon a credulous public.

It is safe to assert that only that will survive in which the life-blood of the age pulsates—which is in the current of the world's evolution. Literary fashions are as much subject to change as are fashions in hats and trousers; and the tendency of the literary development in fiction as in the drama has always been toward a closer and more uncompromising regard for nature. As Zola has remarked, actors now no longer wear masks, as they did in the age of Pericles; nor do they wear the cothurnus, which was designed to add to their stature; nor do they chant as they did at the time of Louis XIV. And yet, I fancy, the abolishment of these ancient and venerable traditions must have been no less shocking to the conservatives of ancient Athens, Rome, and Paris than the drama of Ibsen and his school is to Clement Scott, William Winter, and

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their ilk in London and New York today. I should not have the hardihood to claim that the achievements of this school are above legitimate criticisms. They suffer from many blemishes which are easy to discover. All I assert is, that they are vital and interesting productions which may serve as guide-posts pointing the way of the probable development of the drama during the twentieth century.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

VI. THE BOOKS OF LIFE.

The books of power, as distinguished from the books of knowledge, include the original, creative, first-hand books in all literatures, and constitute, in the last analysis, a comparatively small group with which any student can thoroughly familiarise himself. The literary impulse of the race has expressed itself in a great variety of works, of varying charm and power; but the books which are fountain-heads of vitality, ideas, and beauty are few in number. These original and dominant creations may be called the books of life, if one may venture to modify De Quincey's well-worn phrase. For that which is deepest in this group of masterpieces is not power, but something greater and more inclusive, of which power is but a single form of expression—life; that quintessence of the unbroken experience and activity of the race which includes not only thought, power, beauty, and every kind of skill, but, below all these, the living soul of the living man.

If it be true, as many believe, that the fundamental process of the universe, so far as we can understand it, is not intellectual, but vital, it follows that the deepest things which men have learned have come to them not as the result of processes of thought, but as the result of the process of living. It is evident that certain definite purposes are being wrought out through physical forms, processes, and forces; science reveals clearly enough certain great lines of development. In like manner, although with very significant differences, certain deep lines of growth and expansion become more and more clear in human history. Through the bare process of living men not only learn fundamental facts about themselves and their world but they are evidently working out certain purposes. Of these purposes they do not, it is true, possess full knowledge; but complete knowledge is necessary neither for the demonstration of the existence of the purpose nor for those ethical and intellectual uses which that knowledge serves. The life of the race is a revelation of the nature of man, of the character of his relations with his surroundings, and of the certain great lines of development along which the race is moving. Every leading race has its characteristic thought concerning its own nature, its relation to the world, and the character and quality of life. These various fundamental conceptions have shaped all definite thinking, and have very largely moulded race character, and, therefore, determined race destiny. The Hebrew, the Greek, and the Roman conceptions of life constitute not only the key to the diverse histories of the leaders of ancient civilisation, but also their most vital contribution to civilisation. These conceptions were not definitely thought out; they were worked out. They were the result of the contact of these different peoples with nature, with the circumstances of their own time and with those universal experiences which fall to the lot of all men, and which are, in the long run, the prime sources and instruments of human education.

The interpretations of life which each of these races has left us are both revelations of race character and of life itself; they embody the highest thought, the deepest feeling, the most searching experiences, the keenest suffering, the most strenuous activity. In these interpretations are expressed and represented the inner and essential life of each race; in them the soul of the elder world survives. Now, these interpretations con-

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stitute, in their highest forms, not only the supreme art of the world, but they are also the richest educational material accessible to men. Information and discipline may be drawn from other sources, but that culture which means the enrichment and unfolding of a man's self is largely developed by familiarity with those ultimate conclusions of man about himself which are the deposit of all that he has thought, suffered, wrought, and been—those deep deposits of truth silently formed in the heart of the race in the long and painful working out of its life, its character, and its destiny. For these rich interpretations we must turn to art, and especially to the art of literature; and in literature we must turn especially to the small group of works which, by reason of the adequacy with which they convey and illustrate these interpretations, hold the first places—the books of life.

The man who would get the ripest culture from books ought to read many, but there are a few books which he must read; among them, first and foremost, are the Bible, and the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. These are the supreme books of life as distinguished from the books of knowledge and skill. They hold their places because they combine in the highest degree vitality, truth, power, and beauty. They are the central reservoirs into which the rivulets of individual experience over a vast surface have been gathered; they are the most complete revelations of what life has brought and has been to the leading races; they bring us into contact with the heart and soul of humanity. They not only convey information and, rightly used, impart discipline, but they transmit life. There is a vitality in them which passes on into the nature which is open to receive it. They have again and again inspired intellectual monuments on a wide scale, as they are constantly recreating individual ideals and aims. Whatever view may be held of the authority of the Bible, it is agreed that its power as literature has been incalculable by reason of the depth of life which it sounds and the range of life which it compasses. There is power enough in it to revive a decaying age or give a new data and a fresh impulse to a race which has parted with its creative energy. The reappearance of the New Testament in Greek, after the long reign of the Vulgate, contributed mightily to that renewal and revival of life which we call the Reformation; while its translation into the modern languages liberated a moral and intellectual force of which no adequate measurement can be made. In like manner, though in lesser degree, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the *Divine Comedy*, the plays of Shakespeare and *Faust* have set new movements in motion and have enriched and enlarged the lives of races.

With these books of life every man ought to hold the most intimate relationship; they are not to be read once and put on the upper shelves of the library among those classics which establish one's claim to good intellectual standing, but which silently gather the dust of isolation and solitude; they are to be always at hand. The barrier of language has disappeared so far as they are concerned; they are to be had in many and admirable translations; one evidence of their power is afforded by the fact that every new age of literary development and every new literary movement feels compelled to translate them afresh. The changes of taste in English literature and the notable phases through which it has passed since the days of the Elizabethans might be traced or inferred from the successive translations of Homer from the work of Chapman to that of Andrew Lang. One needs to read many books, to browse in many fields, to know the art of many countries; but the books of life ought to form the background of every life of thought and study. They need not, indeed they cannot, be mastered at once; but by reading in them constantly, for brief or for long intervals, one comes to know them familiarly and almost insensibly to gain the enrichment and enlargement which they offer. Moreover, they afford tenfold greater and more lasting delight, recreation, and variety than all the works of lesser writers. Whoever knows them in a real sense knows life, humanity, art, and himself.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

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LONDON LETTER.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

I am afraid that your readers may be weary of this never-ending subject, but as there is something like a crisis in the publishing trade at present, and as the whole truth on the subject has not yet found its way into print, I may be pardoned for yet another discussion of the theme.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, who is understood to be one of Mr. Heinemann's literary advisers, complained in an after-dinner speech that the "unbridled greed" of authors was likely to destroy the publishers. This statement was fiercely resented by the Authors' Society, or, rather, by the committee of that Society, for it should be understood that the Society has no power of any kind over its committee. Mr. Gosse was invited to substantiate his assertions, but declined to do so, and has refused either to vindicate or retract an expression which he probably now feels was somewhat unfortunate. Mr. Hall Caine then took the field. Mr. Caine's book, *The Manxman*, as is well known, has had a very large circulation, and it was generally thought that Mr. Gosse's censure was aimed at him. I understand, however, that the relations between Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Heinemann are perfectly friendly, and that in all probability Mr. Heinemann will publish Mr. Caine's next book. In any case, Mr. Caine's appearance on the scene of war drew all eyes.

It is difficult to say what the reason is, but it must be admitted that the tendency on the part of literary men generally is to laugh at Mr. Hall Caine. One of the most distinguished among living writers maintained the other day that Mr. Hall Caine's books were not literature; and a young novelist has recently written a short story, the hero of which is obviously Mr. Hall Caine, in which many points of his character are mercilessly ridiculed. The sketch has given the utmost delight to many, but others have regretted it. Mr. Hall Caine has very fine qualities of mind and heart, and it is the exaggeration of these more than anything else that gives the satirist his opportunity. A novelist of the school of Victor Hugo, he has perhaps a better chance of maintaining his popularity than some who refuse to admit his right to be called a man of letters. That, at all events, is the opinion of the publishers, for I am in a position to say that he was offered two shillings royalty on each copy of his new book, which is to be published at six shillings. This means that the publisher will receive about threepence a copy if the circulation is very large, and nothing at all if it falls short, say, of 30,000.

This brings me to the moral of the whole question. Publishers protest, reasonably enough, that their profits are greatly exaggerated, and that their losses are ignored. They are right in saying that the current calculations are misleading, for these do not include the travelling of a book, which is a very important part of its management, perhaps quite as important as advertising. Nobody has ever explained how publishers are to make losses good, unless by profits—that is, how any plan of publishing can be devised in which publishers shall take the risk and successful authors have to pay nothing for the unsuccessful. But one's sympathy is largely diminished by the fact that publishers themselves make the most extraordinary offers to new authors who seem likely to be very popular. Some years ago the great houses made it a rule never to interfere with authors publishing with other firms. Even yet, two or three publishers hold to this practice. But the custom is gradually being broken down. Let any publisher bring forward a new writer who turns out well, and he has immediately to defend himself from the eager and persevering attacks of brother publishers. There would not be much to complain of in this provided that the offers made by competing publishers were such as could be fairly paid without any one being the loser. I regret to say that this is not by any means always the case. I could tell of offers being made which would be condemned by every practical man as injurious and unfair. I could tell of publishers offering to issue books on no profit at all, acting simply as the

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author's agent, and paying over to him the whole of the gross profits. If these things were done by one or two Ishmaels of the publishing world there would be nothing to wonder at, but some of the most eminent houses in the world are to blame; and so long as this practice continues, it is obvious that the general public will pay no attention to the publishers' wail, and that authors and the authors' agents will be more stringent than ever. In other words, if the publishers are to make head against the combination against them, they must combine. I do not think they will. Success in publishing will more and more fall to the alert and wide-awake firms who can devise schemes, bring out new papers and magazines, discover authors, and always be prepared with fresh developments.

It is not easy even for the strongest publishers to establish new periodicals. The greatest English houses do comparatively little business in that way, and it may be questioned how far that business is profitable. A very interesting experiment is the founding of *Chapman's Magazine*. The old and eminent firm of Chapman and Hall was turned into a limited liability company a good many years ago, with Mr. Frederic Chapman as managing director. Up till last year a dividend of seven per cent on the preference shares was paid regularly, and five per cent on the ordinary shares. Recently Mr. Oswald Crawfurd was appointed to succeed Mr. Chapman, and a revaluation of the property was made. It turned out that the figures had to be reduced very considerably, and the consequence was that no dividend was paid this year either on preference or ordinary shares. A suggestion to reduce the capital was rejected, and hopes were held out that by newer methods in publishing and more enterprise the loss would be retrieved. *Chapman's Magazine* is the most important forward step which has been taken as yet. Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, who is a well-known, able, and accomplished man of letters, founded it upon three assumptions: First, that the public wanted a magazine containing nothing but fiction; second, that they wanted their fiction without illustrations; and third, that the fiction of the future will take largely the form of dialogue. Personally, I disbelieve all the three propositions; but if success is to be gained, Mr. Crawfurd deserves it. He has secured the services of the best writers, and he is working out his scheme with extraordinary energy. The firm are, as I write, endeavouring to conquer a position in the provinces. They issue an eight-page circular, and distribute it by hundreds of thousands through the agency of a well-known London advertising firm by the means of a house-to-house visitation. To this end, they divide the United Kingdom into districts beginning this week with a district including Manchester and Liverpool, and another including Leeds and Newcastle-on-Tyne. The circular consists of the full contents of the first three numbers of the magazine, sample pages of the stories it contains by Bret Harte, S. R. Crockett, W. L. Alden, and Violet Hunt, along with an account of the plan and purpose of the magazine. They believe that this circular will be brought into the homes of every possible reader in England. The result of this expensive experiment will be watched with very great interest. Only one or two of the recently established magazines give signs of vigorous life, and before the end of the year some of them are to be dropped. It is significant that the *Pall Mall Magazine*, with Mr. Astor's immense wealth to back it, is to increase its price to eighteenpence, and has slightly reduced the number of its pages. The old magazines are not all of them in a very flourishing state. *Macmillan's*, which was commenced about the same time as the *Cornhill*, and was for many years the most attractive magazine in England for people with a literary taste, shows signs of distress. There are now only 80 pages given for a shilling; there are no illustrations, and recently the magazine has been doubly leaded throughout, thus giving even less reading matter than before. What is still worse, the articles as a rule are not in the least timely—they might be published any month. This appears to me a fatal policy.

How much publishers can lose and have lost is shown by some extremely interesting statistics given by Mr. George Smith, the head of the great firm of Smith, Elder and Company. Mr. George Smith started the *Cornhill* in 1860, with Thackeray as its first editor. One hundred and ten thousand copies were sold of the first number; and during the first twenty

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years of its existence £85,000 was the amount paid for the editorship and literature of the *Cornhill*. Five thousand pounds were spent in advertising the new periodical. Far more serious was the founding of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. During the second month of its existence, the sales of the *Pall Mall* averaged 660 copies per day, while the advertisements reached the magnificent total of £3 4*s*. 10*d*. a day. In a year, the daily sales had gone up to an average of 5400, the advertisements being about £45 a day. The amount paid for the editorship and literature of the *Pall Mall* during the sixteen years it was Mr. George Smith's property was close on £158,000, irrespective of news and telegrams, etc. It may be doubted, I think, whether the *Pall Mall Gazette* ever paid; and a lawsuit brought out the fact that its successor, the *St. James' Gazette*, was carried on at an enormous loss. It would be curious to know what was the precise loss upon the *Pall Mall* and its offshoots from the beginning. The sum would startle even those who are familiar with facts of the kind. Mr. George Smith's last great enterprise was the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The outlay upon it up to the present time is not far short of £100,000.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, June 22, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

A new edition in ten volumes of Bourrienne's Memoirs is announced for early publication under the editorship of M. H. d'Almenas, who recently published a volume of *Souvenirs de Bourrienne*. I notice that in their preliminary announcements of this work the publishers state that the original edition of Bourrienne's Memoirs, published in 1829, is nowhere to be found. I am afraid that this is not quite true, as when, some time ago, I was editing an important work on the Napoleonic era, and stocked my library with every book likely to be of assistance to me, I found no difficulty whatever in procuring these famous—some would say infamous—Memoirs. If I remember rightly, I paid a very low price for them. I know that I had great difficulty in getting any price for them whatever when I afterwards disposed of the volumes.

It is generally accepted that the unfortunate Louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne was not the author of the Memoirs published under his name; that, rather, these were the work of a number of anonymous hacks in the pay of the publisher who, at Holstein, paid him a sum of 30,000 francs for the use of his name. Méneval states that he met Bourrienne in 1825, and that Bourrienne told him that he had been asked to write against the late Emperor. "In spite of all the wrong he did me," added Bourrienne, "I could never make up my mind to do so. My hand would wither sooner." Méneval proceeds to point out numerous inaccuracies in the volumes, and adds that Bourrienne's "entire co-operation in this book consisted in some stray, fragmentary notes which were worked out by certain professional writers, who had to make up for their insufficiency by their own researches and with materials supplied by the publishers." My opinion is that the first three volumes, at least—by far the most interesting of the ten—were entirely written by Bourrienne, who was at school with Napoleon. I am doubtful as to the authenticity of the others. Bourrienne had gone out of his mind some time before the entire manuscript of these memoirs was in the printer's hands. They are dull reading on the whole, and venomous to a degree. To be sure, Bourrienne had no reason to love Napoleon, whom he had repeatedly and deeply injured, and who had as often forgiven him. Still, as an antidote to all the gush which has lately been poured out on the world about the Little Corporal, some benefit may be derived from the perusal of these volumes.

The French Academy has been much *en évidence* of late. To begin with, some weeks ago M. Bergerat wrote an article entitled "One Must Belong to It," in the *Echo de Paris*, in which he called on Daudet to let bygones be bygones, and to apply for a *fauteuil*. Daudet, in answer, sent a very neat little note to the *Echo*, in which he described himself as

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the spiritual child of a number of French authors—Balzac, Flaubert, and Gérard de Nerval among others—who had never belonged to the French Academy, and added that "to belong to it, or not to belong to it, is not the question. The question is, to write good books."

Pailleron once said to me that the reason why Daudet refused to apply for a seat in the Academy was that he was very well aware that he would not be elected. Pailleron was sadly mistaken in making this assertion. It is a well-known fact that if Daudet were to present himself he would be elected by at least twenty-five votes, and that at the first ballot. Only last Thursday I heard a prominent Academician, speaking in the name of his colleagues, assure him of that support as a minimum, and I know from other sources equally direct that the Academy would be delighted to receive him. But Daudet is as firm in his determination not to present himself as Zola, "the perpetual candidate" is firm in the contrary resolve. It was amusing to listen to his conversation with the Academician in question. The latter agreed that for a man of Daudet's standing there was little advantage in belonging to the Academy. "It is only," he said, "for men like myself, who enjoy little or no notoriety, that it is a good thing to be Academicians. It helps us to sell our books; it gives us a standing, and when we travel abroad it fills people with veneration of our persons." He continued by saying that he himself owed his election to the Right—a solid nucleus of nine votes. "There is wonderful solidarity among the members of the Right," he added. "They always vote together as one man." He was very amusing when he described the official visits to the Academicians which every candidate has to pay. "The great thing is not to be too humble," he said. "It is best to be cheerful and witty, for then the Academicians say to themselves, 'This fellow will brighten our sittings. Let us vote for him.'" He added that the candidate should dine out as often as possible before election, but never afterwards. It was easy enough, according to him, for a candidate to tell from his reception by this or that Academician whether the person he was calling on intended to vote for him or not. "The first question that one Academician asked me," he related, "after I had expounded the object of my visit, was as to the flora and fauna in my part of the world. I knew at once that I had no supporter in him, and withdrew as speedily as possible." On the whole he seemed to think that a candidate could derive considerable amusement from these official Academical visits.

Then, to keep the Academy still in evidence, there has been this week the reception of Paul Bourget, one of the youngest of Academicians. It was a grand function, and Bourget's speech, especially when he alluded to the great and unfortunate Guy de Maupassant, was most deservedly applauded. Monsieur de Vogüé's speech in reply, though much more scholarly, was less successful. M. de Vogüé has a poor delivery, and, as a schoolboy would say, "he put on too much side," aristocrat as he is. Bourget looked very handsome in his official coat embroidered with green laurels, which, as the omniscient Jules Huret informs the readers of the *Figaro*, cost thirty-nine pounds.

I understand that Jules Lemaître is certain to be elected at the next balloting, and that his opponent, M. Delafosse, will only secure a maximum of ten votes.

Madame Adam is about practically to relinquish the editorship of *La Nouvelle Revue*, which, in future, will be mainly conducted under the joint control of M. Léon Daudet and M. George Hugo. Madame Adam has taken this step because she wishes to devote the next six years almost entirely to the preparation of her memoirs, which will consist of six volumes, of which one volume will appear each year. Léon Daudet, by the way, has scored another success with his *Kamtchatka*. It has been widely and excellently reviewed, and is selling very well.

I hear that M. de Goncourt has been much expostulated with by people about whom he gossiped in the last volume of his Diary, and who complain of a certain want of discretion. It is certain, for instance, that Daudet's interests were not advanced by the various statements as to his health which his old friend made in the previous volumes of the *Journal*. Book-buyers look askance on the work of authors who have been described to them as "paralytic," fearing lest value shall not be had for money. Daudet was quite frightened about the fate of

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La Petite Paroisse when it first came out. "People have got to think me 'doddering,' and I feared a disaster." Fortunately, however, the book soon began to move, and is now in its fiftieth thousand.

Among a number of books which I have received for review this month, I wish to say a word about two in this place. One is a novel, entitled *Flavie*, by André Theuriet (Charpentier). The other is a small volume of poems, *Les Amours de Lyristés*, by Lionel des Rieux (*Edition du Mercure de France*).

André Theuriet's new novel, *Flavie*, is an excellent specimen of the work and style of a distinguished author whose comparative unpopularity I have never been able to understand. When I speak of unpopularity, it is in comparison with Zola, Daudet, Ohnet, and other writers, *à grand tirage*, for while Ohnet has sold over 250,000 copies of his mediocre *Maître des Forges*, André Theuriet's high-water-mark, reached with *Hélène*, has only been 12,000. Yet Theuriet is an admirable writer, refreshing and reposeful, a consummate master of French, and above all clean, cheerful, and natural. *Flavie* is a simple love-story which gives a very faithful picture of certain phases of contemporary middle-class life in France, and if it lacks in incident—Theuriet's weak point—it fully makes up for this—which many do not consider a deficiency—by the interest of the characterisation. M. André Theuriet, who is now sixty-two years of age, and commenced to write, as a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, at the age of twenty-four, has been a most prolific writer of poems, plays, and novels, altogether considerably over fifty volumes, to say nothing of innumerable contributions to the reviews and magazines. *Flavie* is good proof that his abundance has in no way deteriorated his style.

Monsieur Lionel des Rieux is a young man of fortune who has devoted himself to the arts, and is fast making for himself a very distinguished name among *les jeunes*. Long before I received his dainty little volume, admirably printed by the publishers of *Le Mercure de France*, I had heard him spoken about in literary circles as a poet whose name would soon make itself heard. The reception given to *Les Amours de Lyristés* has confirmed this opinion. It deserves its success, and we have in Lionel des Rieux a true poet. Here is a specimen verse from the "Hommage a Lycénis."

"Petite Lycénis aux dents courtes qui mordent,
Moi dont la jeune main sur la lyre aux sept cordes,
Celébre d'autres noms et le tien tour à tour,
Je te donne ces vers, donne-moi ton amour."

The biggest publishing success in France in the matter of poetry was, I think, secured by José Maria de Hérèdia, of the French Academy. The entire edition of his first volume of sonnets was sold out before four o'clock in the afternoon of the day of publication. Monsieur de Hérèdia is not, however, a man to profit by such popularity in a financial sense. He is a most conscientious worker, and is said to spend many weeks over one sonnet. His beautiful daughter has recently revealed herself as a poetess of exquisite quality.

Robert H. Sherard.
123 Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

NEW BOOKS.

LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.*

It will always remain a melancholy coincidence in literary history that the publication of these Letters of Coleridge should have been followed so closely by the death of Mr. Dykes Campbell, "S. T. C.'s" last and best biographer. In a sense, indeed, no one but the editor or Mr. Campbell himself (to whom due acknowledgments of obligation are made in the preface) could review the book with thorough competence. For the publication is even now admittedly not quite complete; and the letters occasionally require explanation which could only be given by those acquainted with the still unpublished documents. As far as this explanation can be given by

* Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6.00.

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notes, Mr. Ernest Coleridge has supplied it excellently. But there are necessary gaps in the text, and the plan of the book does not include a connecting narrative to fill those gaps.

Of what it adds to our previous knowledge there appear to be two rather different opinions. I have seen it spoken of as finally lifting the veil—as telling us all about Coleridge that we ought to care to know, and so forth. I cannot, I confess, quite take this view. The collection is an invaluable one. It gives a great many interesting things which are new (especially the long, furious, and extremely characteristic letter of railing accusation to Southey in reference to the split over Pantisocracy). And it contains, as to the things that were known before, the first proper collection of them, the first juxtaposition, from a score or more of different and scattered sources. I am not, indeed, quite sure that it would not have been better, in the cases where the answers to these letters or the letters to which they are answers exist, to have published them too; but this would probably have been in some cases impracticable, and it would anyhow have made an already rather bulky book bulkier still.

But as to the upshot of the whole—for it is impossible here to speak of parts—I own that after very careful reading of the letters through I do not seem to myself to have a much clearer notion of Coleridge than I had before. My notion is justified additionally in parts, is corrected and modified a little in other parts; but it does not extend itself much further into the double mystery, first of the combination of such almost unexampled moral weakness with such intellectual strength, and secondly of the coexistence not merely of such genius and such love for literature, but of such constant practice of it with such an amorphous and disappointing result as a whole. It is not so much Coleridge's poetry that is in question; for though that undoubtedly contains a surprising mixture of superlative goodness, easy mediocrity, and the positively bad, this is nothing so very out-of-the-way in poetry, and the goodness of what is good is so transcendent, so unique, so altogether ravishing and final, that critical grumbling is almost as foolish as it is ungrateful. It is the question why the prose is not better as a whole than it is that is the real crux. And so of the moral side. It is as great a mistake of the anti-Philistines to protest against harsh speaking of Coleridge's character as it is of the Philistines to abuse that character over much. For the problem in his case is not what it is or has been thought to be in Bacon's or in Dryden's, in Byron's or in Shelley's case—whether he did or did not do certain particular things which are dishonourable or vicious or even criminal, according to this and that standard. It is that the man seems to have had no moral stamina whatever, that in point of dignity, straightforwardness, resolution, and all similar virtues he was simply boneless.

On this double problem, ethical and artistic, the letters throw but little light. A little, I think, they do throw; and it is noticeable that this little has somewhat changed the tenor of the usual Coleridgean apologetics. We used to be told that it was all that wicked opium. Now opium is not entirely relieved of the blame, but a good deal of it is shifted partly to the fair shoulders of Miss Mary Evans for not marrying the poet, and partly to the sturdy ones of Robert Southey for making him marry some one else. I own myself no more satisfied with this explanation than with the other. Both neglect (though the later not quite so completely as the earlier) the eternal and immutable dictum that defilement comes not by what goeth into a man, but by what cometh out of him. To say that Coleridge was weak, ethically and in literature, because he took opium, is to put the cart before the horse in the strangest of all possible fashions. As a matter of fact, of course, he took opium because he was weak. Nor is the case much otherwise in the other matters. I do not for one moment believe that he would have been any better if he had married Mary Evans than he was when he had married Sara Fricker, or that he would after a year or two have cared any more for Mary than he did for Sara. Indeed, Professor Dowden and Mr. Stopford Brooke, both enthusiastic Coleridgeans, admit that, in the words of the latter, he "never truly loved any woman." I should not say that; I should say that he never truly loved any woman for more than a few months.

The truth seems to me to be that Coleridge's sphere was the vague, and

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that this vagueness, rather unluckily for him and still more so for his friends, extended into every aspect and function of his being. We shall not, if we are wise, grumble at it, for it gave us the special beauty of his most beautiful poetry; it communicated to his conversation and theories the impalpable charm that was so great a stimulus to the best minds of the next generation. But Nemesis, outraged by this spectacle of a human being freed from human limitations and conditions, ordained that from this freedom should come hopeless instability in conduct, incapacity to finish, to achieve, to do anything four-square and final in art. For my part, puzzling as he is, I have not the least desire to have Coleridge in any form that might conceivably have lost us *Kubla Khan*. I am quite satisfied with *The Ancient Mariner*. I think the versification of *Christabel* in the hand a great deal better than any number of *Treatises on Logic* in the bush. But I do not see that we gain by going beyond this acquiescence and trying to prove that he was an archangel not so very much damaged after all, and that if somebody had let him marry some one, and some one else had not made him marry yet another, he would not have been damaged at all.

George Saintsbury.

CHILDREN OF THE SOIL.*

The interest aroused by *Children of the Soil* is chiefly psychological. It does not, like some great novels, sweep you along with the current of a splendid river which you know must reach tragic excitement in jagged rapids and terrific cataracts. Its movement is slow, like the rising tide in an estuary. It runs on into a length of about three hundred thousand words, and there seems no valid reason for it not having been continued out to five hundred thousand words. Giovanni Verga, or, perhaps more significantly, Björnsterne Björnson would have told the same story in as many hundred. The title furnished by the translator is not more misleading than the original title, which means "The Family of the Polanyetskis." One might think that it concerned peasants or dealt especially with country life; but Warsaw mainly furnishes the scene, and it is only in the last chapter that the Polanyetski family may be said to become founded. The main strand of the story is as follows:

Pan (or Mr.) Stanislav Polanyetski, the scion of a poor but noble race (the very name would seem to be derived from *polye*, a field, and thus justify his claim to high birth), after living in Belgium long enough to imbibe liberal notions—at least in religion, for politics is absolutely ignored throughout the book—returns to Warsaw and enters into business in company with Pan Bigiel, a man of *bourgeois* origin. They are successful, but in extending their connections more capital is needed, and the story opens with Pan Stanislav going to the village of Kremen, which belongs to a distant connection to whom his mother had loaned money on a mortgage. Pan Plavitski has an only daughter, Panna Marynia, who practically manages the place and keeps the wolf from the door, the proprietor being inane, incompetent, vain, and feeble. Pan Stanislav spends Sunday at Kremen, and narrowly escapes falling in love at sight with the fair young mistress of the domain. But when he tries to obtain the money from Pan Plavitski, and realises that it is hopeless, he loses his temper, resists the motion of his heart, returns to Warsaw, and sells his claim to Pan Mashko, an advocate, who, relying on false pretensions to birth and fortune, is trying to worm his way into high society. Pan Mashko buys not only the claim, but also Kremen. The adventurer then offers himself to Panna Marynia, but the girl takes a great dislike to him. Besides, in spite of Pan Stanislav's cruel hardness to her in compelling her to give up her beloved Kremen, she really loves him, and after a time circumstances easily bring about an engagement between them. Pan Mashko, who in a more melodramatic novel would have wreaked his revenge on his rival, contents himself with a milk-and-water spinster who, like himself, pretends to have possessions, but has none. Pan Stanislav marries Panna Marynia and goes to Italy on their wedding tour. On his return, his business still prospering, he is delighted to find that he is to be a father.

* Children of the Soil. Translated from the Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz. By Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

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Now comes in the strange psychological tragedy of the story. Even while despising Pan Mashko's wife, Pan Stanislav feels attracted to her physically. He deliberately allows himself to take advantage of her weakness, and is unfaithful to his wife, whom all the time he reveres and worships as a pattern of purity and goodness. Sienkiewicz leaves the imagination of the reader to decide whether the sin was in deed, as it certainly was in word; but he allows no detail of the man's punishment to be hidden. No one ever finds it out or suspects it; least of all Pan Mashko, who, in fact, finding himself in deeper and deeper pecuniary difficulties, has to flee the city. Panna Polanyetska has a few twinges of jealousy owing to a certain expression that she detects in her husband's eyes as he dances one evening with Panna Mashko, but that is all. The husband's punishment is wholly a moral one, and it works out his purification till at last he who had married, so to speak, without complete surrender of self, is lifted to the same divine height as that whereon his wife, in her absolute love and unselfishness, stands. Love makes a new man of him.

Side by side, detailed with almost equal minuteness, is the love affair of the young poet, Pan Ignas Zavilovski, with Panna Lineta Castelli. But this also in itself has only a mild interest. The reader is made to perceive that the young woman is an adventuress, and wonders if the infatuated youth will find it out before or after marriage. On the very eve of the ceremony her unworthiness is proved to her lover, who tries to commit suicide. He recovers, and by the death of a distant relative and the generosity of a cousin becomes the richest young man in Warsaw; but he writes no more poetry. Pan Mashko's love affairs are also circumstantially described. He is involved in a duel, which is related most graphically. The same treatment of the artist Svirski's unreciprocated attachment is threatened, but only partially evolved. The long illness and death of the beautiful little maiden Litka, who so devotedly loved Pan Stanislav, and who on her death-bed brings a reconciliation between him and Panna Marynia, are shown with every possible detail. One might say almost as much of the introduction of the family troubles of Pan Osnovski, whose wife is vulgarly unfaithful; of Pan Bukatski and his illness and death; of the handsome but insignificant Pan Osnovski; of Professor Vaskovski and his Aryan theories.

It is the every-day life of the Polish capital that is displayed before us, but the characters all stand out with the utmost distinctness, absolutely unblurred, painted with all the minute accuracy of a verbal Meissonier. It is a *chronique intime* as well as a *chronique scandaleuse*. It is a wonderful revelation of human pettinesses and human genuinenesses. To hear the names in sequence, as Charles Kingsley loved to put them—

Krasovski,
Vaskovsky,
Osnovsky,
Ratkovski,
Zavilovski,
Kopovski,
Gantovoski,
Plashovski
and "all the others that end in ski"—

one would not imagine how enthralling their fortunes would become. They become so because they are evidently true to life. Their hidden motives, revealed under the dissector's scalpel, are seen to be working as they must work—not alone as Poles, but as fellow-mortals with kindred hearts and souls. Long as the story is—longer as it might easily be—you would not have it shortened; you would not object to know what became of Pan Zavilovsky, or of the adventurer Mashko, or of several others who flash out into the darkness like sparks from an anvil.

Mr. Curtin confesses in his preface that the translation of *Rodzina Polanieckich* was made "in many places, in different countries, at various intervals, and at moments snatched from other work." He began it, he says, in Ireland, continued it in London, Edinburgh, Rome, Naples, Florence, Russia, and in the outer Hebrides, and finished it in Warren, Vt.!

It is in many respects a wonderful piece of work, for it gives the flavour of the original and at the same time on the whole is very readable in English. The correction of the mannerism of placing the adverb last in the sentence would in many cases have vastly improved the style: "Which young ladies in the country have usually;" "I came here with my mother when you were not in the world yet;" "Do you wish to see Emilia absolutely?" "I would persuade Emilia

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greatly to go to Rome;" "Pani Bronich, leaving her husband in the carriage below, broke into Marynia a little by violence." There are other examples of carelessness in the use of English; giving sometimes an odd foreign tone. He mentions a room in the *depths* (instead of the background) of which was a table. On page 199 hunger is used instead of famine. In one place the hero speaks with "great passionateness."

Some of the conversations sound stilted from misuse of tenses: "Mamma, wilt let me go, isn't it true?" (instead of "wilt thou not?") "She would have answered something, *were it not* that Bukatski" . . . "He went out and sat on a droshky." On parting with a friend, Marynia says: "To-morrow, then, to a four o'clock." "But thou might come." . . . "Dost wish I will go with thee?" He refers to the "monotonous *tact* of the waltz," and in several instances there are un-English phrases like this: "He turned on her his wonderful eyes without mind." On page 586 the odour of iodine is mentioned when of course it must be iodoform.

But these petty mistakes nor the slow movement of the work do not detract from its greatness as a psychological study and picture of life; in this respect it easily takes its stand with such works as *Romola* and *Anna Karénina*. Its morality could not be questioned, though it is not a very suitable book for the Young Person. But for mature readers it may be safely recommended as most wholesome and tonic. The wretchedness of social sin and the beautiful dignity of social purity were never placed in more vivid contrast. Mr. Curtin deserves the thanks of all English readers for his enterprise in exploiting these masterpieces of Polish fiction.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

PROFESSOR McMASTER'S FOURTH VOLUME.*

The period covered in this volume extends from the repeal of the British orders in council, in 1812, to the admission of Missouri as a State of the Union, in 1821. The scope of the work has widened since the author entered upon his task, and the entire history will be comprised in six volumes instead of five, as was at first announced; but the treatment, if somewhat ampler, is substantially the same as in the first three volumes. No attempt has been made to trespass on the field of Adams, whose work covers a portion of this period, as the author is true to his purpose of writing a history of the people and not a political or constitutional treatise. To recall the chief events that make up the history of these nine years will give no adequate idea of the contents of the volume, since its object is to portray the character and condition of the people and to outline the general movement of American civilisation rather than to chronicle events.

Nearly a third of the volume is taken up with the history of the War of 1812, which he narrates with an impartiality that seriously disturbs the complacency of the patriotic reader. He neither palliates nor condemns, but sets forth concisely the whole record of executive incompetence, military jealousy and braggadocio and popular indifference or cowardice, and lets the facts speak for themselves. With a militia refusing to cross the frontier against the enemy, and letting their comrades be outnumbered and slain because "the Constitution did not give the President power to send them out of the United States," with generals more intent on embarrassing each other than on discomfiting the foe, and, finally, with a President dodging about in the woods and hiding in hovels while a British force of 5000 men sacked the capital, we have an episode in our history that is more instructive than pleasing. Of generals like Alexander Smythe, who urged his "heroes" to "come on," and then refused to lead them, the author makes no attempt to construct romantic figures; and even the military achievements of General Harrison fill him with no enthusiasm. In recounting the exploits of our little navy —the despised arm of the service, but the sole supporter of our prestige throughout the war—he finds a more cheerful theme. He gives a vivid description of Perry's and Macdonough's victories, and in a chapter on the ship duels and the privateers narrates with evident zest the long course of American successes and the humiliation of the

* A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Vol. IV. $2.50.

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British at the unexpected blow to their maritime supremacy. He sums up the general character of the two navies when, in describing the capture of the British frigate *Macedonian* by the American frigate *United States*, he says :

"It was the old story of bull-dog courage, stubborn resistance, and frightful slaughter on the part of the British, and of splendid gunnery and perfect discipline and seamanship on the part of the Americans."

Yet despite the interest of this part of the work, it cannot be said that Professor McMaster throws any new light on the events he describes. Its value is due rather to his clear and concise style and to his skill in weaving in bits of personal and local history to enhance the realistic effect of the narrative. On this latter point, however, he is sometimes open to criticism for cumbering the story with material better suited to a gazetteer or biographical dictionary than to a historical treatise. To find one's way blocked by a biographical notice at an exciting point in the narrative is tantalizing ; and there are times when the enumeration of the saw-mills, grist-mills, woollen factories, and retail shops in a town which is about to become the scene of an important action palls on the reader. While these details generally serve a purpose, sometimes they seem to have no bearing whatever on anything in the context, and we wish the author's net had not so fine a mesh. Sometimes, too, a want of proportion is apparent in the treatment of topics. Thus, all that is said of the failure of our commissioners to secure a denial on the part of Great Britain of the rights of search, impressment, and paper blockades is the following paragraph :

"Concerning the great issues which had produced the war, the treaty was silent. Yet silence was not dishonourable. Our countrymen did indeed fail to extort from Great Britain damages for the spoliation inflicted on their commerce. They did indeed fail to make good their claim to the islands in the Bay of Fundy and to a natural right to fish in British waters. But it must also be remembered that Great Britain failed to extort from them any admission of her right to search their ships, to impress their seamen, or to lay paper blockades on the coasts of Europe."

Surely something is needed here to enforce the author's view ; and one regrets that he has not taken for it some of the space that he devotes immediately afterward to telling just how and when the news of the peace was received in the different cities.

If the war was inglorious, at least it was inexpensive. "The truth is," says Professor McMaster, "no people had ever before fought so long a war at so small a sacrifice of life, property, and money. Never at any time were there more than thirty thousand fighting men in the army. Never were there actually engaged in any battle as many as four thousand regulars and militia. From such returns and statistics as are trustworthy it seems that the number of men killed in all the land fights was under sixteen hundred, and the number wounded less than thirty-five hundred. Indeed, it is safe to say that the total number of killed and wounded was not far from five thousand."

Some of the facts that he brings out in subsequent chapters may be briefly noticed. The recovery of trade was astonishingly rapid, but the return of peace by exposing to foreign competition the manufactures which had sprung up during the war threatened them with utter ruin. Urgent petitions from the domestic manufacturers combined with the efforts of the Southern representatives at last induced Congress to enact the tariff of 1816, the first distinctively protective tariff adopted by the United States. But in spite of the protection of domestic manufactures, the prosperity was short lived, and was followed by a long period of hard times, which brought in their train an alarming increase of pauperism and crime. No chapter in the present volume has greater interest than that relating to the nature and extent of these evils and the means adopted to check them in the large cities. In New York pauperism increased so rapidly after the war that a public meeting was called and a committee appointed to investigate its causes. It was found that paupers were increasing more rapidly than the population, and that one seventh of the population of the city were living on charity. The causes were declared to be drink, pawnbrokers, lotteries, and the ill-regulated charitable institutions of the city ; and vigorous efforts were made to suppress or regulate these demoralizing influences, but without immediate success. The agitation, however, bore fruit in a great humanitarian movement which a few years later succeeded in introducing better conditions. Crime kept pace with pauperism. It was fostered by the defective

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penitentiary systems and by lack of educational opportunities for the children of the poor. One of the most glaring evils of the time was the imprisonment of debtors. During the year 1816 nineteen hundred and eighty-four debtors were confined in the debtors' jail in New York City, and of these, nearly one half were imprisoned for debts under twenty-five dollars. The author says: "Nothing done by the States since they provided for the gradual or complete abolition of slavery did so much to alleviate human suffering, unjustly and often maliciously inflicted, as the abolition of imprisonment for petty debts." In short, his picture of the social conditions that prevailed in our large cities in the decade from 1810–20 brings home to us forcibly the extent of the improvements and moral and economic progress of later years.

Space will not suffice for a description of other equally valuable portions of the work. It remains to say a few words of his method of treatment and his style. The chief fault of the volume is a certain scrappiness—a want of continuity and systematic arrangement. A multitude of interesting and suggestive facts have been collected with great diligence, and they are presented in a clear and graphic manner; but they lose their force by improper grouping. Topics are introduced, dismissed, and resumed according to some mysterious law not discoverable by the reader, and the effect is somewhat kaleidoscopic. For all that, the author has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the times of which he writes, and he reproduces it with singular vividness.

F. M. Colby.

MR. HOWELLS'S LITERARY PASSIONS.*

What a delightful thing it must be to attain a degree of distinction at which reminiscence becomes as valuable as creation! Then, if one be a novelist, for instance, he need no longer rack his brain over the complexities of plot and the analysis of character, studying proportion, and inventing incident, and polishing dialogue; but, secure of his public, at any odd moment he can sit down in his library and recall miscellaneous details about himself. They need not have any absolute value in themselves: how, when twelve years of age, he was once very homesick at his uncle's house; how he was once taken to a chemist's shop and dosed with camphor as a prophylactic against cholera; details about what he usually had for dinner and the hour at which he had it; and the peculiarities of an organ-builder who used to lend him books. These bits of life history, of which every human being possesses a million scattering fragments, are, to the person who has attained renown, a veritable gold mine. They have no especial pertinence to anything, but they are deeply interesting because they happened to him; and so, after setting them down in detail to the extent of a column or so of print, the Distinguished Personage gives them a little polishing, garnishes them with a few neat phrases, and sends them off to Mr. Bok, who at once remits a delightful cheque, wherewith the Personage enlargeth his bank account and arrayeth himself in purple and fine linen, and maketh merry.

To this beatific state has Mr. Howells attained, and the present book is the first clear evidence of it. For, while it is not his first book of personal reminiscence, it is the first one that is personal reminiscence pure and simple, making its appeal to the reader wholly on the basis of Mr. Howells's ego. It may be said that *A Boy's Town*, which appeared some five years ago, was of the same character; but this is not true. *A Boy's Town* was, to be sure, the personal experience of Mr. Howells; but it was much more than that. It was a most subtle reproduction of the spirit of boyhood itself—a wonderful piece of psychology, and a perfect miracle of memory. It reproduced exactly and to the last minute detail the whole mentality of Boyhood, its fancies, beliefs, superstitions, morals—in fact, a point of view that not one grown person in ten million ever gets the slightest glimpse of. No man over thirty years of age can read this book without having a thousand strange remembrances crowd upon his mind of things that have passed out of his life and thought as though they had never been, but which the perfectly marvellous art of Mr. Howells wakes to life in him once more until he forgets his maturity and passes back into the strange chaotic avatar that we call boyhood. To our mind, *A Boy's Town* is

* My Literary Passions. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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one of the most extraordinary psychologic studies ever put upon paper, but it had no great success when published, because Mr. Howells's successes, as he has himself said, depend upon the verdict of women ; and no woman could possibly understand *A Boy's Town*, simply because no woman has ever been a boy.

The present volume is, therefore, the first frankly egotistical work of its author ; and in saying this, the word egotistical is used in no offensive sense. Nominally, of course, it is a collection of literary criticisms, and there is in it much acute observation with some strange vagaries of judgment ; but in the main the literary passions are largely a thread upon which are strung the pearls of personal detail about the author's own career. In the very form of its narrative it differs from *A Boy's Town*. In that book the protagonist was, of course, Mr. Howells ; but he was always spoken of in the third person, as " my boy," or " the boy," whereas now it is " I" continually, and the personal pronoun is peppered thickly over every page. This is no cause for criticism, but it accentuates the strong personal note of the whole, which is very marked, also, in the curious assumption that everything relating to the writer must be equally attractive to the reader, and against which assumption we desire to protest. Thus, it is no doubt interesting, even if it be not convincing, to be told that *Vanity Fair* is " the poorest of Thackeray's novels—crude, heavy-handed, caricatured ;" and that Mr. J. W. De Forest is one of the very greatest of American writers of fiction ; but who is especially concerned to know that Mr. Howells, at the time when he first heard of Don Quixote, was engaged in shelling peas ? As a matter of fact, in some of the papers contained in this volume, the pea-shelling vein of reminiscence crowds out the literary element almost entirely, as in the chapter headed " Scott," which contains practically nothing at all about Scott except that " of his novels little or nothing remains with me"—which suggests *lucus a non lucendo* as a good motto for the chapter. But, then, no one would have expected a chapter on Scott in the chronicle of Mr. Howells's literary passions.

It is superfluous to say, however, that in spite of innumerable trivialities many very neat bits of phrasing and of literary characterisation abound. Very good is his verdict on Charles Reade, as one who " remained content to use the materials of realism and produce the effect of romanticism"—high praise, though meant for censure ; and his sentence about the minor poems of Emerson, " where the goddess moves over Concord meadows with a gait that is Greek, and her sandalled tread expresses a high scorn of the india-rubber boots that the American muse so often gets about in." So, too, his amusing judgment on *Paul Ferroll* and *Day after Day*, that " their strength was rather of the tetanic than the titanic sort ;" and of Dickens that " in Dickens, the virtue of his social defect is that he never appeals to the principle which sniffs in his reader." Mr. Howells says that one of the strongest of his literary passions was for Thomas Hardy, and yet that he has never read *Tess*. Mr. Henry James is praised with some reservations, and is only smuggled into the book in a chapter headed by the name of J. W. De Forest, and in company with Björnson. Thackeray is patronised in a way delightful to see ; but more space is devoted to him than to almost any other writer, and the following paragraph, whose truth the most devoted admirer of Thackeray must recognise, is a very admirable bit of criticism :

" What flatters the worldly pride in a young man is what fascinates him in Thackeray. With his air of looking down on the highest, and confidentially inviting you to be of his company in the seat of the scorner, he is irresistible ; his very confession that he is a snob, too, is balm and solace to the reader, who secretly admires the splendours he affects to despise. His sentimentality is also dear to the heart of youth, and the boy who is dazzled by his satire is melted by his easy pathos. Then, if the boy has read a good many other books, he is taken with the abundance of literary allusion in Thackeray ; there is hardly a sentence but reminds him that he is in the society of a great literary swell, who has read everything, and can mock and burlesque life right and left from the literature always at his command. At the same time, he feels his mastery, and is abjectly grateful to him for his own simple love of the good, for his patronage of the unassuming victims."

This passage is a very fair specimen of the author's neat and perspicacious style, and some of the most interesting revelations of the book are those that relate to the processes whereby he acquired his literary manner. The present writer once listened to a discussion at a London club, in the course of which Mr.

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Howells and Mr. Austin Dobson were brought forward as illustrating the possibility of acquiring the very last refinement of literary culture without any university training whatsoever. The illustration was not challenged; but, so far as Mr. Howells is concerned, it might have been. Without being hypercritical, one can always find, on turning over his pages, something—not very glaring, to be sure, but still something—wherein his speech bewrayeth him. When he writes, as he does here, "Sinbad" for Sindbad, and "hung" when he means hanged (p. 64), and when he uses such abominable locutions as "I must have been given my choice" (p. 15), and "I was given charge of the news department" (p. 182), it is evident that the final touch, the last and subtlest tint is lacking.

Harry Thurston Peck.

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION.*

These two volumes are valuable contributions to the literature of an important and vitally interesting subject, namely, the future organisation of industry. We are so beset with suggestions for social regeneration, and have thrust upon our attention so many and such varying remedies for the diseases that afflict the social body, that real light on the subject, especially through fresh data, is welcome. While contributing to the solution of the same problem, the two books are quite different in method, and of unequal value. In reading Mr. Dyer's volume one is led naturally to compare it with Kidd's *Social Evolution*, and unfavourably, it must be confessed. About Mr. Kidd's book there is a definiteness of outline, a mastery of detail, a force of argument, and a sweep of logic which always make towards a definite goal. In the present volume, on the other hand, one is conscious of a lack of definiteness and clearness of outline, and, above all, of a carefulness and reasonableness in putting forth his statements. It is elaborate in detail, and abounds in generalisation and in prophecy. While apparently desirous of being thoroughly scientific, the author indulges in what seems to us a rather overhasty attempt to apply the principles of modern science to the subject in hand. The effort to apply physical principles to the economic problems involved is unsatisfactory. The statement that social science is only the final chapters of physical and biological science can be accepted only with modifications, and the use of the terms "physical" and "biological" throughout the book is rather unsatisfactory. Superficial analogies occur, as in the chapter on industrial integration, in which the relation of the organisations of animals is compared to that of society. "In an animal body we have, on the one hand, the differentiation of its parts or members by means of vascular and nervous bonds," etc. In the same chapter Professor Huxley is quoted to the effect that "the process of social organisation appears to be comparable, not so much to the process of organic development, as to the synthesis of the chemist, by which independent elements are gradually built up into complex aggregations."

Within the first two or three pages we are treated to the term "sociology," without question or attempt at definition. Indeed, throughout the author seems unconscious of the fact that a real science of sociology is taking shape, which is something more than physical science or biology, which, indeed, bears the same relation to the social sciences that biology does to the biologic sciences. Upon this basic social science will ultimately rest the special social sciences, economics among them. It is safe to say that for the thorough working out of this science patient research and infinite labour are still necessary. The luxury of generalisation and of prophecy must be foregone until more complete data are at hand—at least this is true if we are to be thoroughly scientific. Laying aside, however, the question of the general treatment of the subject, and passing over the failure of the author always to give us clear analyses, we are free to say that the book is full of admirable matter. It is conceived on a high plane, is the outlining of noble social ideas, and will undoubtedly contribute to the solution of the problem of industrial organisation by stimulating inquiry.

In the *Outlines of English Industrial*

* The Evolution of Industry. By Henry Dyer. $1.50. Outlines of English Industrial History. By W. Cunningham, D.D., and Ellen A. McArthur. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

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Society we have a contribution to the subject the value of which is more easily fixed. It is a reduction from a larger volume by the same authors, but is complete and satisfactory. It is such work as theirs that clears up the problem and makes it possible of solution. Only by a careful study of the past can we hope to understand the present. The industrial history of England is traced from the landing of the Anglo-Saxons to the present time. Incidentally the question of how far Roman civilisation survived and moulded English institutions is raised only to be settled in the way now generally admitted—namely, that English institutions are Teutonic.

The book is full of exceedingly interesting matter, throwing light on our present industrial problems. The growth of capital is traced and the gradually increasing dependence of labour upon it. The freedom of modern labour has been gained at the expense of stability. Before the industrial revolution the artisan may be said to have had several strings to his bow. He was usually resident in a rural district, or had in some way an interest in land. He might have a garden like the Sheffield cutlers, or carry on pasture farming like the weavers near Leeds. He was not entirely dependent on his trade. Often the labourer's earnings were supplemented by those of his wife and children at some by-employment, such as spinning wool. This was practised in many cottages throughout rural England in the eighteenth century. After the industrial revolution, spinning was done in factories, and removed from the country to the town or city; his wages were the artisan's only support. The loss of stability was real, but there was also a real gain. The aggregation of labourers in towns has had an important socialising influence. It has prepared the way for the formation of the great Friendly Societies, the Co-operative Societies, and other artisan institutions, all of great educational value to the workman. The problem which falls to us is not that of returning to the old circumstances and losing what we have gained, but if possible of introducing some new conditions of stability which shall yet be compatible with further progress. A suggestion is made of recreating domestic subsistence, farming, and of possibly securing to labourers an allotment of land to tend in addition to their regular work. Other phases of present problems are discussed, and, on the whole, the volume is delightfully free from over-hasty conclusions and from hobbies. We commend it to the average reader desirous of learning something about our present industrial problems.

The following satiric home-thrust is quoted in Mr. Dyer's volume, from Mr. Sidney Webb's *Socialism in England*, to show the trend of the times: "The 'practical man,' oblivious or contemptuous of any theory of the social organism or general principles of social organisation, has been forced by the necessities of the time into an ever-deepening collectivist channel. Socialism, of course, he still rejects and despises. The individualist town councillor will walk along the municipal pavement, lit by municipal gas, and cleaned by municipal brooms with municipal water, and seeing by the municipal clock in the municipal market that he is too late to meet his children coming from the municipal school, will use the national telegraph system to tell them to come by the municipal tramway to meet him in the municipal library, where he intends to consult some of the national publications in order to prepare his next speech on the nationalisation of canals. 'Socialism, sir!' he will say. 'Don't waste the time of a practical man by your fantastic absurdities. Self-help, sir, individual self, that's what's made our city what it is.'"

The tendency, however, is not toward socialism, at least not the socialism with which we are familiar, but rather towards a stronger and more complete individualism. Indeed, the best socialism and the best individualism are one and the same.

Arthur MacDougall.

THE MASTER.*

Mr. I. Zangwill, best known in this country as the author of *Children of the Ghetto* and another volume of short stories, possesses in a marked degree the qualities which lead to literary success. That he is an able, virile, and, above all, an interesting writer of fic-

* The Master. A Novel. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75.

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tion, with a keenly developed sense of the artistic side of life, is a fact well known to the reading public. But that he is a veritable beaver in point of industry and ingenuity I did not know until I laid aside his new novel, *The Master*, at the close of a struggle which had lasted nearly three days.

I do not know exactly how many thousand words there are in this story of Nova Scotia and London, but I do know that there are altogether too many, and I know also that *The Master* is one of those books which I always feel tempted to estimate in words, whereas there are others that I never think of measuring even with a yardstick. Indeed, there are so many closely printed pages in the book (and no attempt to cheat you with huge type and wide margins), that when I put it down for good and all, I could not help recalling a beaver-dam that I once gazed upon, thinking the while of the patient, sagacious little creatures who had constructed it.

That dam was in the heart of Nova Scotia, not far from the very region in which Mr. Zangwill has laid the scene of the earlier chapters of his story, and if the literary beaver had followed more closely the methods of his fourfooted prototype, he would not have ventured so far away from the localities with which he is thoroughly familiar. His dialect, for example, does not hold water in the Canadian province, for it seems to have been gathered piecemeal from nearly every variety that has been brought to the attention of Englishmen through the efforts of American magazine writers. Charles Egbert Craddock's Tennessee mountains, Mary E. Wilkins's New England villages, Bret Harte's California mining camps have all been drawn upon for the wonderfully woven conversational fabric which the author places in the mouths of the simple, seafaring and fisher folk from among whom his hero comes. This hero, Matthew Strang, is first shown to us as an uncouth country bumpkin, but in the course of two or three hundred pages he is metamorphosed into a fashionable and brilliant London artist by means of the simple and infallible process with which all successful romancers are familiar.

In this particular case the process seems not to go on quite so smoothly and naturally as it does when the hand of a more practised novelist holds the lever and directs the movements of the works. Mr. Zangwill has not yet acquired the art of making his characters age gracefully and naturally under the touch of his pen, and it does not seem exactly probable that a boy of the sort shown in the first chapter should become within a very few years, and with limited educational advantages, a successful artist, sought after by aristocratic lovers of society, worshipped by women, and—what is still more remarkable—knowing how to draw.

That portion of the book which relates to London is done in a way which shows that the author has made his studies of life there at short range. His descriptions of certain phases of artistic life in the English capital display a most intimate knowledge on his part—a knowledge which enables him to treat the artists, their clubs, their schools, and themselves with an easy going cynicism, bred of familiarity if not of contempt, which the reader is sure to find intensely interesting and amusing. Indeed, in the artistic academy of Mr. Grainger we have something very strongly suggestive of the art school in which Clive Newcome and J. J. Ridley made their early studies, while the half dozen clubs into which Strang penetrates under the guardianship of his cousin and uncle are sketched truthfully, humorously, and with a firm hand.

According to my way of thinking, Mr. Zangwill's chief weakness, next to his taste for printing too many words, lies in his habit of straying too far away from his story, and of introducing numberless characters which have nothing to do with the development of the plot. Sometimes, as in the case of Priscilla, the pretty maid servant who shows a distinct liking for the hero, we become interested in these characters, and read on in the hope of coming across them again. But the author permits them to drop out of sight without proving their legitimate claim to a place in his pages, and some of the interest that ought to have been concentrated on the affairs of the hero is wasted upon them.

Mr. Zangwill should make a careful study of George Meredith, who, with all his verbiage and involved style, sticks to his main plot with a persistency that would do credit to a dramatist, and

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never introduces a man, woman, or child into a novel without some fixed and unmistakable purpose. Mr. Zangwill's weakness in this respect is probably due to his training as a writer of sketches and short stories, in which the characters are of necessity but few, and are easily kept in hand. If he sticks to novel writing, and I am sure I hope that he will, he will certainly overcome this tendency.

There is likely to be considerable discussion in regard to those parts of *The Master* which relate to the different women with whom the hero is brought in contact, either as a husband or as an admirer, and I am sure that it will be alleged against him that no woman, certainly none in fiction, ever acted in exactly the same way that Mrs. Wynwood did under conditions similar to hers. It seems to me that the fact that no woman ever did act precisely after the manner described by Mr. Zangwill, is a tolerably sure indication, according to all accepted laws of the odds, that she will do so before long.

Therefore I say that in Mrs. Wynwood we have a woman who has been due for some time, and who is bound to turn up just as the double naught is pretty sure to come out at least once during an evening.

And let us be thankful for her.

James L. Ford.

ON CERTAIN SPRING JUVENILES.*

The crop of spring juveniles is always meagre. It is the season of planting rather than of plucking with bookmen as well as husbandmen. The exigencies of the trade, the trips of travellers, and the changes in the methods of handling, are making the books for boys and girls more and more a matter of fall issue and holiday sale.

* In the Saddle. Illustrated. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Elam Storm, the Wolfer. Illustrated. By Harry Castelmon. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. $1.25.

Tales from Scott. Illustrated. Compiled by Sir Edward Sullivan, Introduction by Professor Dowden. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.

Dame Prism. A Story for Girls. Illustrated. By Margaret Matthews. New York: Frederick Stokes Co. $1.25.

Only Ten Cents. By Pansy (Mrs. Alden). Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.

The Jewel of Ynys Galon. By Owen Rhoscomyl. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

Every popular writer for young people is the possessor of a certain well-defined trade-mark. With Trowbridge it is the boy of the morbid conscience; with Stoddard, the boy of persistent purpose; with Kirke Munroe, the boy of incipient manliness; with Oliver Optic, the boy of phenomenal precocity; with Harry Castelmon, the boy of unadulterated bravado.

Just why precocity and bravado should be especially popular with young readers it is hard to determine, unless it be that in these overwrought qualities the boy reads the lesson of pluck and persistence, displayed in a guise that attracts, without having the not over-welcome moral sandwiched between the lines.

Oliver Optic's books have long since passed the hundred limit, and much may be forgiven to the author of the *Boat Club* and its attendant sequels, by those of us old boys who recall with a thrill of pleasure Oliver Optic's first books, and remember how we held that new and novel writer as a name to conjure with. No boy or girl was ever really injured by a course of Optic, even though false ideas of juvenile superiority do crop out in his character-sketching. In his later books there has been a marked absence of spontaneity and freshness; and in none has this been more apparent than in the War Series, to which he has given the title "The Blue and the Gray." The latest addition to this series is called *In the Saddle.* It shows us the Union boy, Deck Lyon, as rivalling McClellan in tactics, Sherman in strategy, Grant in leadership, and Sheridan in dash. It displays him as superior to his father, the major, in headwork, and to the seasoned old sergeant, Knox, in wristwork. It carries him bravely through every trying situation, and turns the whole tide of war on the border upon his brilliant operations, until one is led to believe that Kentucky was saved to the Union by the pluck and forethought of this marvellous boy-soldier.

But with all its crudities and inconsistencies the story is one of action, of patriotism, of endeavour, and of triumph, and these are sufficient to excuse the precocious youth who is its central figure, and the evident padding that makes a book of 450 pages out of material that might be disposed of in a chapter.

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Harry Castelmon's story, *Elam Storm, the Wolfer*, is a Wild West show in 12mo, a step beyond the lurid "literature" of the "Old Sleuth" school, and superior to them in mechanism and treatment. It introduces us to a young avenger hot upon the trail of a lost nugget of gold that has evaded all grown-up gold hunters for a generation. It carries us on a straight, if questionable course among the gamblers, desperadoes, and tough characters that would seem to be the backbone of all "far West" stories. But though scarcely elevating in tone and certainly lacking in workmanship, it is still the old, old story of persistence, courage, ingenuity, and success (for the boy, of course, finds the nugget) that the excitement-loving boy rarely tires of reading; and if out of it the lesson of brave endeavour comes well to the fore, one can feel that the reading of the tale can do no harm, and may be productive of incentives toward manliness. The Red Ghost, which turns out to be a tramp camel from the Arizona desert, is certainly a unique feature, and supplies the spice of mystery and mild gruesomeness.

It is a far cry from Harry Castelmon to Walter Scott, and yet to each is attached a query. One, indeed, may question the wisdom of preparing for young readers a condensation of the prince of romancers. Yet here we have it, in *Tales from Scott*, compiled by Sir Edward Sullivan, and furnished by Professor Dowden with a delightful introduction—which boys will never read. The fate—indeed, the failure of all attempts at "stunting" the classics is notable. Lamb's *Tales from Shakspere* would seem to be the exception that proves the rule. It is to be feared that failure is in store for this latest contribution to the condensing process—at least, so far as "my young friends," to whom it is dedicated, are concerned. The nine "tales" here compressed are *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *The Black Dwarf*, *Old Mortality*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *A Legend of Montrose*, and *Ivanhoe*. Why not *Quentin Durward* and *The Heart of Midlothian?*

The demand of the day seems to be for a good "girl's story." Good ones are few and far between. The reason is obvious. A book for girls has but a limited public; for it is a well-authenticated fact that all girls will read a boy's book, but few boys will read a girl's book, though some have been discovered in out-of-the-way corners poring over *Little Women* and *The Oak Staircase*.

It is to be doubted whether they would all read with real enthusiasm the book just issued under the title *Dame Prism: a Story for Girls*. They should do so, for it is a good story and in many ways a readable one; but it labours under the misfortune of being too extended, and a long story must be a moving and dramatic one. So, even though *Dame Prism* is by Margaret Matthews, whose *Dr. Gilbert's Daughters* was well received, it is too evidently "strung out" and occupied with minor details to attain real popularity. Persis Prisholm (Dame Prism) is a bright, unconventional, and matronly little girl, who does bravely with her brood of brothers and sisters, and deserves to be better known to all the boys and girls who admire ability and recognise true merit—in story books. But there is evidently something lacking in the tale—the life, the verve, the "go" that made Miss Alcott's girls real girls, and the absence of which, for example, in Jean Ingelow's prose romances caused them to fail of popularity. Boys and girls must not only be natural in stories, they must also be suggestive rather than didactic—and in most cases not too much in evidence.

Very much in evidence is the perennial "Pansy." Her Sunday-school novelettes now closely crowd the hundred limit, even as do the very secular ones of Oliver Optic; indeed, it is questionable whether any other writer for young people, at the present day, has so large a following. It is a mystery how Mrs. Alden, otherwise known as "Pansy," finds time or material sufficient to produce so many stories, cast in one conventional mould, and yet all of them weighted with the moral that sticks and furnished with the plot that interests. Such is her new story, *Only Ten Cents*, which tells its customary tale of endeavour in righteousness. Mrs. Alden is Maria Edgeworth modernised—that is, with more of the practical woman and less of the intellectual popinjay.

Why is it that the good little boy or girl must be killed off? That, to me, is the chief blemish on many well-inten-

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tioned stories for children. There is really no necessity for this forced fluttering of the wings of the death angel in stories for the young. This world is an excellent one to live in and do good in. Why not let the children live?

It must be confessed that in the last book on our spring list there is a vast amount of dying. But in this instance death is dramatic and necessary. Those die who should die, and the heroes live It is a fine, bloodthirsty story, *The Jewel of Ynys Galon.* It reeks with gore from start to finish, and it is of a strain that stirs and satisfies the most excitement-craving boy. Here, too, this writer with the strong Welsh pseudonym, Owen Rhoscomyl, has the ingredient which such a writer of feud and fight as Harry Castelmon, for instance, does not display—intellectual ability. *The Jewel of Ynys Galon* is dramatic, inspiriting, thrilling. The pirates are real pirates, the hero is a real boy hero, the feuds and fights are of the strong, virile sort which an even greater master of the dramatic in story-telling used to such good service—I mean Stevenson. The story, in a style that recalls now *Lorna Doone* and now *Treasure Island*, tells how the jewel became the badge of mastery; how it was lost, how found, how fought for, and how, at last, after a particularly ferocious combat, it hung about the neck of the rightful heir and chief. The action never falters, the excitement never flags, but from beginning to end keeps the reader awake, intent, excited—whether the excitement is a healthy one or not depends upon the character of the reader. And from out the blood and battle comes, again, the lesson of effort, courage, chivalry, and success, which, after all, is the mainspring of good in every tale, whether it be told for Sunday-school scholars or for the boy who, to quote from the dedication page of *The Jewel of Ynys Galon*, has "ever stored up stale crusts and hoarded his pocket-money, with a view to presently annexing the family carving-knife and stealing forth to become a bloodthirsty pirate—the terror of the seas."

So ends this brief survey of certain spring juveniles. The calibre of them all is much the same. No one of them is great, most of them are conventional, certain of them are crude, perfunctory, and commonplace. Infinite variety, however, is scarcely to be expected. There is nothing new under the sun, even in plots. And yet the same old plots can be used with satisfactory results, if but the teller of the story use scene and action so deftly that his reader thinks his story new, or can label it, as did Mr. Venus the choicest trophies of his art, "human warious."

Elbridge S. Brooks.

CELIA THAXTER'S LETTERS.*

When one says that the editors of these charming pages have done their work well, one is almost tempted to add that they have done it too well. The letters read as if the heart of them had been edited away too much.

Autobiography is interesting in two ways. The writer may have had an eventful career, full of picturesque incidents, stirring adventures, romantic episodes; he may have been a Benvenuto Cellini or a George Augustus Sala. On the other hand, his life may have been outwardly peaceful and undisturbed, while his thoughts, his emotions, his meditations were valuable, deep, and suggestive. He may have been the stuff of which poets and saints are made—an Amiel, for instance, or a Marcus Aurelius. It is in this second class we should find that marvellous girl, Marie Bashkirtseff, and that most original of all American women, Emily Dickinson, with her dark, pithy sayings, so oracular and yet so human, too. In either case the writer would be likely to leave us a body of work which would draw us powerfully; we should turn to it to slake our universal love of wilding adventure; or we should be drawn irresistibly by an echo of that world passion, that brave or plaintive communing of the soul with itself, common to us all.

In neither of these categories, however, can Celia Thaxter, so far at least as she is revealed in these letters, be said to belong. Her life was outwardly uneventful. Free, fresh, buoyant, full of large hope and beautiful deeds and unspoiled fervour; untiring in energy, unfailing in friendship, insatiable of knowledge; hers was still a career with-

* Celia Thaxter's Letters. Edited by A. F. and R. L. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50

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out strongly marked incident. She was in no sense a citizen of the world. Hers was a hearthstone life, though of the rarest and best. We should look for her letters, then, to interest us in the same way that Amiel does or Emily Dickinson. We should expect to find a book of reflections. As a matter of fact there is very little introspection in these pages. One reads on and on through a somewhat commonplace record, always expecting to find some illuminating phrase, some searching analysis, some memorable summary of experience. Celia Thaxter was a poet, a woman with unlimited heart, a lover of nature and her fellow-men. How comes it she has no more suggestive criticism of life to give us than is here? Her editors, I should imagine, have suppressed too much; that is why I am tempted to say they have done their work too well.

Their reason, however, was a very sufficient one. Mrs. Thaxter's life does not belong to the public; it still belongs to her family and her friends. If her experiences were more poignant or significant than those of most mortals, as indeed her editors hint, the public has scarcely the right to ask. With a delicacy only too rare in such cases, her two friends, who have done this labour of love for her, have carefully refrained from publishing anything of an intimate private character.

If we find the book then somewhat lacking in vitality, and almost entirely without that piercing modern note, we must solace ourselves with its pleasantness. The memoir which Mrs. Fields and Miss Lamb (one takes the "A. F." and the "R. L." of the title-page to be the two persons to whom several of the letters are addressed) have provided is temperate and readable. We come to understand something of that personal regard in which her friends held this delightful woman. Her lovely island home, anchored off the New England coast, is a picture from the history of American letters. The example of her kindly deeds and ever unspoiled enthusiasm, is a refreshing stimulus. The reader is impressed again and again with the energy and keen sense of this child of the solitary sea. She thrusts herself into every new activity with the happiest abandonment. She conducts a large household, mothers a whole colony of Norwegian settlers, and makes her stony garden a paradise for troops of summer migrants, afoot or on the wing, where she welcomes them with solicitude and ready sympathy. A life so simple, so devoted to others, so alive to beauty, was well worth its memorial in a volume such as this.

A word of unstinted praise should not be denied the publishers for a very exceptional piece of bookmaking.

Bliss Carman.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S NEW VOLUME.*

> "Death! why at last he finds his treasure isle,
> And he the pirate of its hidden hoard;
> Life! 'twas the ship he sailed to seek it in,
> And Death is but the pilot come aboard.
> Methinks I see him smile a boy's glad smile
> On maddened winds and waters, reefs unknown,
> As thunders in the sail the dread typhoon,
> And in the surf the shuddering timbers groan;
> Horror ahead, and Death beside the wheel:
> Then—spreading stillness of the broad lagoon,
> And lap of waters round the resting keel."

This is the prevailing tone of Mr. Le Gallienne's elegy. The memory of a happy life, a life, that is, happy in its effect on a circle infinitely wider than Stevenson's own acquaintance—whatever its own personal griefs and pains—colours, with a right instinct, this commemoration of his loss. The death of no other writer of our time could be to so many who had never set eyes on him so intimate and private a sorrow; yet wild lament and bitter wailing would give inappropriate expression to the keenest grief. A life so well rounded, whatever its human vicissitude and pain, a nature so gracious and gentle, constrain even a mourner with their own spirit, and Mr. Le Gallienne was poet enough, when he wrote his elegy, to write not merely with cruel, hideous death in view, but at the bidding of the still living spirit of Stevenson. And so, for sensitive harmony with its subject, it stands with honour among the not very numerous fine poems of its kind.

Mr. Le Gallienne is too good a critic to wish for uniform commendation of all his work, and there are some poems here that were perhaps not conceived or penned with much seriousness nor care.

* Robert Louis Stevenson: An Elegy and Other Poems, Mainly Personal. By Richard Le Gallienne. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.00.

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The slimness of the volume gives them a prominence probably out of proportion to their author's regard for them. Criticism need go no further. Yet for occasional and light-themed verses he has a pretty talent; witness his "Paris, half Angel, half Grisette." And if two or three be thin in matter, I cannot say there is one ill-shaped piece. Every now and again he is master of a romantic music that draws our hearts sympathetically along with it. We meet it in his "Ballad of London" and in the stanzas in which the poet who has won fame is appealed to by the "moon-led pilgrims" still struggling and climbing—

"Strait was the way, thorn-set and long—
Ah, tell us, shining there,
Is fame as wonderful as song?
And laurels in your hair!"

There may be better-shaped, as there are easier, pleasanter poems in the volume than "Tree Worship;" but the promise of strong and original poetry from Mr. Le Gallienne in the future lies there. It took more than a cultivated ear and a pretty fancy to make it. The secret doings in a wood by night are pictured by one who was there to see them—

"All the long day through, the sleeping dryad dreams,
But when the moon bends low and laps thee thence she glides,
Knowing the fairy knock, to bask within her beams.
And all the long night through, for him with eyes and ears,
She sways within thine arms and sings a fairy tune,
Till startled with the dawn, she softly disappears."

And the friendly awe with which great trees inspire mortals sane enough not to class them with inanimate objects, receives sincere and satisfying expression in

"—I hang my votive song beneath thy temple bough,
Unto thy strength I cry—Old monster be my creed!
—Give me to clasp this earth with feeding roots like thine,
To mount yon heaven with such star-aspiring head,
Fill full with sap and bud, this shrunken life of mine,
And from my boughs, oh might such stalwart sons be shed!"

Annie Macdonell.

NOVEL NOTES.

MASTER AND MAN. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated by A. Hulme Beaman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 75 cts.

Tolstoy has warm admirers who could only under severe compulsion read *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, just as he has others who read *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina*, in the rather vain hopes of extracting a gospel from them. The former had grown to think that the vein they valued was completely worked out; but the inventive faculty and the power of scenic representation, when they are as strong as they were in Tolstoy, are not easily exhausted or weakened. In his case an absorbing mission, and perhaps some ascetic principles, have had far more to do with the arrest of his artistic career than any decay of genius. The proof is, that now and again in his later peasant stories, written purposely for an uncultured audience, the old strength and beauty of phrase and incident refuse to be suppressed. Notably is this so in *Master and Man;* and surely we may be allowed to rejoice freely at the reappearance of the earlier Tolstoy. After all, next to life we learn most from art. Precept and homily have not half its reach. And the best reason for rejoicing he himself involuntarily provides. As a story-writer he is a fastidious artist; none more eager to search for the word, or, at least, the circumstance that will produce the desired effect on our imagination; there is nothing casual or haphazard in word or arrangement. He has plainly loved his imaginings, and tended them till they have become fair. In his books of precept, on the other hand, in spite of their striking thought, the form is as careless, and often as unsatisfactory as it could be. Unconsciously, and against his will, he has himself apportioned the respective values to be set on his two orders of books.

Master and Man begins in the dryest, most literal fashion, describing two commonplace persons, one a sordid

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country merchant, whose soul only stirs when he outwits a customer; the other, a ground-down, poverty-stricken peasant, a drunkard with fits of sour repentance. They take a winter journey together in a sledge, and get lost. The account of their wanderings and adventures is in its way masterly. But you are probably beginning to think you have had enough of their company—the tone and description being rigidly kept at their level, and their minds are not very lively—when the catastrophe occurs. While the deadly sleep is creeping over them they have each their own fears and visions. As a man knows his own heart best by his dreams, so these two different human hearts are revealed to us by theirs—the selfish, greedy man with his hopes still on gain, the overdriven peasant with desire for rest. Then Vassili the master makes a great effort for life, deserting the now unconscious Nikita; and if ever the terror of a desperate man in a wilderness of night and snow could be adequately suggested to the imagination, it is suggested here—by the simplest means, too. The dark spot, which might be a sheltering house, turning into a black strip of reeds, all whistling and bending before the merciless storm; the horse's tracks speaking of hope till they are discovered to be his own, and prove him to have been travelling in a circle: a few such glimpses in a short page or two keep the man's desperate case fast and vivid in our imaginations. Then comes the climax, or rather the revelation of the motive of the story. A central and sublime belief in the religion which Tolstoy literally accepts, declares that the soul, in great moments, by divine intervention, is made better than itself—a doctrine contradicted by our daily common life of sordid disappointments, but which a wider human experience, reaching beyond Christendom, faithfully corroborates. So Vassili, of the petty bargaining past, who, if a to-morrow were still granted him, would again overreach his neighbours and chuckle at his cleverness—Vassili goes back to Nikita, clasps him in his arms, wraps him in his coat, and gives him all his warmth. Thoughts and dreams crowd on him for long. "He remembered his money, his shop, his house, his buying, and his sales, and the Mironoff millions, and could not understand why the man they called Vassili Andreïtch Brekhunoff had worried over what he had worried over. . . . And he felt that he was free, and nothing further held him back. And these were the last things that Vassili Andreïtch saw, heard, and felt in this world."

Perhaps with the death of the master and the comparative safety of Nikita the tale should have ended. But we will not perversely seek for an artistic defect in a story so beautiful in conception, so masterly in development, so skilfully delicate in workmanship.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HORN. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

It is not altogether with a feeling of satisfaction that we lay down Mr. Stockton's "departure" in fiction, nor are we quite disappointed. Perhaps this impression has been induced by the puff preliminary, for though "it is unlike any novel"—we quote from the publisher's advertisement—"that has hitherto appeared from this popular writer's pen," it is not "a romance of the most adventurous kind," and it seems extraordinary to us that after *Treasure Island*, *King Solomon's Mines*, and other stories obviously brought to mind in this category, any one should deem the events "born of Mr. Stockton's imagination" as "wholly extraordinary." The adventures are of the tamest description, and the imagination which impelled them is readily identified as that of the "stay-at-home, chimney-corner, and easy-chair-loving sort," which provoked the much-travelled Stanley to this string of epithets. We remember Mr. Edward Eggleston saying that Stevenson once told him that a man couldn't write a thrilling adventure unless he took his life at least once a year in his hand and risked it. This is the stuff that *Treasure Island* is made of, and it is this element that is lacking in Captain Horn's adventures. We are all the time approaching the edge of a perilous undertaking, but the moment of suspense is never prolonged, and Mr. Stockton is always in a hurry to assure us that all is well. He hovers over the agents of his inventive fancy like a sort of Providence which never lets go, and always makes us expect the best; but, unlike Providence, he is never mysterious. Dark destiny plays no part in his

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scheme, and human passion rocking the adventurous barque to turbulent upheavals is unknown to him. The "pleasing thread of a love story" is so thin as to be almost invisible; and we feel cheated out of what could have been made a strong and interesting tale of love. But we have said enough against the claim of this novel to rank high as a romance of adventure. The protest goes no farther.

That Mr. Stockton has written a pleasant, readable story, which will keep none awake, but which may afford a few hours' quiet entertainment, undisturbed by moments of excitement, is all that can be said, yet that is saying a great deal. *The Adventures of Captain Horn* begins well, but its promise is not sustained. We soon settle down to its comfortable narration once we have divined that nothing is really going to happen. If we do not take it too seriously (as the present reviewer is in danger of doing) we shall enjoy the story for its own sake—that is to say, no story coming from Mr. Stockton's pen can be devoid of human interest, of curious and fantastic fancy, or of that charm which is well-nigh irresistible in all that he writes. Mr. Stockton has not succeeded as an "adventurer," that is all; he is not inevitable enough. He lacks the daring of a reckless imagination and the fearless force of realism which convince and carry conviction into the realm of the possible, and of which Max Pemberton has just given us a fine example in *The Impregnable City*. Mr. Stockton has gained nothing by parting company with Pomona and Jone—only for this time, let us hope. They are the best friends he has among the group of his creations.

MISS TRÄUMEREI: A Weimar Idyl. By Albert Morris Bagby. Boston: Lamson Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

Under the title of one of Schumann's most romantic short compositions Mr. Bagby has written a graceful and charming story, which breathes the very spirit of Weimar, so rich in the heritage of beauty and genius. It is refreshing to read a simple romance growing naturally out of the conditions of the book, without any attempt at character study and subtle analysis, and we therefore find the author putting his characters before the world and making them live in harmony with the scenes he has pictured with admirable fidelity. Indeed, the descriptions of the old town and the bits of German life are scattered through the story with such truth of line and charm of colour that they practically form the illustrations to the tale.

The interest of the book is greatly intensified, though not dependent upon, the intimate glimpses of the great pianist, composer and teacher, Franz Liszt, whose strange personality dominated all with whom he came in contact. As Mr. Bagby was one of the Lisztianer during the period when the bright stars were Adèle aus der Ohe, Siloti, and Arthur Friedheim, it is to be expected that he should give accurate pictures of the life of the Liszt students. With considerable skill he has selected those typical gatherings which the Lisztianer would wish to have preserved, and in which the uninitiated will find pleasure. We are taken from music-room to salon, to gardens fragrant with roses and enchanted with moonlight, on excursions to Tiefurt, to out-of-door concerts and popular resorts, and enjoy many simple pleasures made historic by the presence of Liszt. Mr. Bagby has dwelt on nothing with tiresome partiality; he seems to have consciously avoided what would be of especial delight to the musician, so that technical criticism and "shop" never overweight this light summer idyll.

The fanciful name of the heroine is only spoken on one occasion—when she is Liszt's partner at a game of whist in his house, and has dropped into a reverie, dreaming of her lover's voice singing Schubert's "Serenade." "Your lead, Miss Träumerei," says Ivan, whom we imagine to be the Russian pianist, Siloti, and this brings her truant mind back to the circle. A quotation from the music heads the opening chapter; during the progress of the story it is repeated in its minor change, and we hear it again with the epilogue, quoted in its peaceful close—a mixture of happiness and sadness, the tone in which the author bids "Aufwiedersehen" to Weimar. The story centres around the heroine, Muriel Holme, a clever pianist and an American, who has become absorbed in the musical vortex of Weimar. Muriel dwells in the historic home of Frau von Berwitz, known to visitors of Weimar by its romantic rose-gardens and ter-

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races. Here she falls in love with a fellow-countryman, named Stanford, the possessor of an exceptional voice; and the plot is simply the development of their love. All of the characters are portraits, easy for the clique of that period to recognise under their assumed names.

AN OLD MAN'S ROMANCE. By Christopher Craigie. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

Those who expect that a book entitled *An Old Man's Romance*, written by a Harvard ex-professor, will be a little tale of quiet spiritual tragedy and ironical motive are wholly mistaken. Here is no writer of the "Middle Years" nor of the end of the century. The book is the unmistakable product of a New England ideal, which has almost given up competition with our fashionable cosmopolitanism, and which the introduction describes as "the strength without the hardness of Puritanism, the earnestness without the impatience of the Western spirit, the spirituality without the coldness of Old World Culture." It is exquisitely unmodern, this *Old Man's Romance*. Instead of "local colour" and "observation," we have in sentiment and philosophy a reminiscence of Ik Marvel traditions. Instead of a brand-new heresy or scepticism of life, we have a lesson for the cynic, written by a gentle old-age conservative. And, moreover, we have a heroine who, though she wears a modern gown and goes canoeing, belongs to the period of Mr. F. O. C. Darley, rather than to that of Mr. Gibson.

The story has some of the half-gray tone of reverie and a good deal of the quiet asceticism of the elderly bachelor in its romance. The scheme is very simple. A young man meets a woman who entirely embodies his own chivalric ideal of her sex; but an unfortunate circumstance in his career loses him his right to love her; he lets her pass out of his life before she has half guessed his devotion. After years of quiet singleness he recovers the right to love, which he has modestly renounced, in his meeting with a young girl, a child of twelve. This meeting quickens in him long-disused sympathies; and when the young girl has grown to womanhood, the hero, now an old man, meets her again, and discovers in her the daughter of his first love. All the idealism of his first affection, kept pure through years of devotion to the youthful vision, is now given to her and confirmed by her nobility. It is really the story of one love in two embodiments; and Ruth, the young girl of the *Romance*, understanding its nature at the end, receives it in the spirit in which it is given. The *Romance* ends with the old man's dying words: "Ah, Life, you did not wholly cheat me, after all! At the very end—the kiss of a woman—whom I loved." The theme is not a hackneyed one, and it is developed with sincere emotion.

But even if we did not know that Christopher Craigie was a Harvard ex-professor, we should hardly think that he belonged to the literary craft. The distinctly autobiographic note of the story and a certain inexperience in the style are signs of the writer who has "just some idle mornin' strayed into the schüle." There is distinct evidence of literary ability and of a delicate though untrained observation, which is perhaps most successful in that delicious picture of the baby flirtation in church, but we fancy this is not precursive of a literary career. And yet half the charm of the story is its unprofessional air, and its significance is that of Raphael's one sonnet.

THE WISH. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German, by Lily Henkel. Biographical Introduction by Elizabeth Lee. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

We are inclined to accept this book alone on the value which the biographical introduction gives it. Though suspicion is apt to be aroused by the warmth of the critic, who is more eulogist than critic, the knowledge of Sudermann and his writings which it contributes makes it welcome. We will also go so far as to admit, with the biographer, that *The Wish*, which follows in these pages as an example of Sudermann's work, is "a powerful psychological study, set forth with wonderful directness and simplicity." But we are not prepared to commend it so highly as does his devoted student. Indeed, this specimen of the German novelist's work, gauged by Joubert's maxim that "fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality," makes the maxim, which is intended to uphold Sudermann as one of the great masters, perilously dangerous to that position if

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we are to judge him by this translated story. It seems such a waste of power, such a perversion of art, to create a situation so cruel and so unrealisable as that which here exists for the purpose of exhibiting an expert psychological diagnosis of a diseased organism; for we refuse to believe that any sane woman would commit suicide under pressure of moral conviction that she had killed her sister, wife to the man she loved, by a "wish," long unexpressed in her subconsciousness, and at last expressed by a sudden impulse. Better and saner is the thought of Milton, that

> "Evil into the mind of God or man
> May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
> No spot or blame behind."

In spite of the biographer's claim that Sudermann's work is opposed to the spirit of decadence, we submit that it is just such moral subversion of the divine insight into human nature, which Sudermann undoubtedly possesses, that shows a tendency to degeneration. We trust that the next novel of this powerful German author to be Englished will show a more healthy trend of mind and redeem him from this imputation which is tardily laid upon him.

A MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY, AND OTHER STORIES. By William Henry Shelton. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

This is an ideal book for summer reading and for the dozy hours. The narrator has that quality of garrulous egotism which imparts so pleasant a flavour to the telling of a good story. And capital stories these are, told with the merriment and loquaciousness which might be expected of an old soldier who had learnt the art around the camp-fire with the silent stars watching solemnly overhead. Their dignified ease of style and literary charm are contagious, and you want to tell the story over again to some one else, or to urge your next neighbour to read them, that the pleasure of retaining them in the mind may be prolonged. "A Man Without a Memory" is the story of a soldier who has lain for thirty years insensible in the hospital at Sharpsburg, consequent on some wound in the skull, which has suspended consciousness during that period. The mingling of pathos and humour in the situation of poor Tom Johnson, as he is brought back to life to find himself aged without knowing it, is finely done, and we are provoked to laughter which is akin to tears at his serio-comic *contretemps*.

> "I was twenty-three a few days ago, when I was killed," replied Tom (to the Doctor's query), looking steadfastly at the image of the old fellow in the glass.
> "And what year was that?" continued the Doctor.
> "It was '62," said Tom Johnson.
> "And it is '92 this morning," remarked the Doctor, keeping a steady eye on his patient.
> "'92!" exclaimed Tom Johnson. "'92," he repeated, looking back at his grizzled image in the glass; "that accounts for that old beggar I have been studying since daylight. But for God's sake, Doctor," he exclaimed, springing to his feet, "where have I been in that interval of thirty years? How old am I now? Not fifty-three?"
> "Yes, my friend," said the Doctor; "you are fifty-three, and during that long interval, dating from the day and hour when you received your wound on this field, *you have been a man without a memory.*

The story of Uncle Obadiah tramping from one town to another year in, year out, with the interminable question on his lips, "Perhaps you might know of a youngster hereabouts of the name of Frederick Brown?" is the most touching among many moving episodes in these reminiscences, real or imagined, of the Civil War. The boy that never was found, but ever eluded the unwearied search of the spare old man in blue tatters, and the Uncle Billy (General Sherman) who was carried to his long home ere the Private Obadiah Brown he had known in action was able to reach him for news of his boy, throw a mist of tears around the old veteran "of six wounds and one medal . . . the sixth for his youngest boy, 'missing' after the battle." "The Missing Evidence in 'The People *vs.* Dangerking,'" is patterned after the mystery or detective story so popular nowadays, in which the transatlantic traveller will find amusement at the author's persistent blunder in making the Anchor liner "Furnessia" sail from Liverpool, when the steamship in question always sails from Glasgow. "The Wedding Trip of Mrs. Zaintree (born Greenleaf)" is the other of the only two stories in the collection which are not drawn from the soldier's experience. In these two stories we see Mr. Shelton in a lighter vein, and their abundant rejuvenescence convinces us that if they were not written when the author was still young in years, they are certainly the work of

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one not yet grown old in spite of Time's carping claims.

TENEMENT TALES OF NEW YORK. By J. W. Sullivan. Buckram Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

The old doctrine of the blessedness of poverty had a long vogue in fiction. The grimy walks of life were piously held to be those in which the virtues could be practised with most effect; though the doctrine did not exclude the simultaneous holding of the opinion that the poor folks who ought to be pious were very objectionable. Recent pictures of poor life have mostly been in shades of black and gray, very pessimistic, and generally cynical. This is the other extreme. But human nature is not so much a slave to circumstance. It is essentially capricious and lawless, abounding in surprises and contradictions which are continually upsetting statisticians and causing endless annoyance to grave theorists. But those artists who dwell on the darker side of the slums avoid the smug insult with which the milk and rose-water school too often offends the hard-beset. They, at least, respect the truth and recognise the difficulties of sweet reasonableness in the life engulfed amid filth and hunger and bestial surroundings, nor are they guilty of the not readily venial sin of patronising the poor. And not forgetting the claims of art, we still feel inclined to emphasise the mission of charity which literature through this innovation must subserve in stimulating the ends of a true philanthropy.

Tenement Tales of New York is a cross between Mr. Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets* and Mr. Nevinson's *Slum Stories*. What these two writers have done for London Mr. Sullivan has essayed for New York. There is much of the pitiless, coarse, and brutal element in his tales, as there is mingled with them some of the happy, light touches which make Mr. Nevinson's pictures of sordid Whitechapel bearable. It is a positive relief amid the dread pathos and tragedy that are prevalent in these sketches to come on "Minnie Kelsey's Wedding" with its happy ending, and "Leather's Banishment" with its door of escape. They grip with a fierce, relentless power, almost to suffocation, and one feels that their realism is agony piled up on occasion; the trick is too obvious and its artifice soon undoes the ends of art. Still with these inherent defects to which the nature of the subject largely contributes, there is palpable truth in these pictures of slum-life, and not a little of it that is convincing and moving. But oh! the irony and hopeless misery which seems to be the conclusion of the whole matter—a boy's dying prayer for his drunken father a vain petition; a girl's desperate endeavour to save her virtue gained only by suicide; a poor Italian fruit-vendor's simple efforts to make an honest livelihood going down amid the mocking laughter of human devils; a starved sweater seeking to sustain the purity of his home, but hunted down by man's inhumanity to an ignominious death in the streets.

Grimly powerful are these stories, all of them, but we must not forget that they only present a part of life and not the whole of it, else the result would be an unwholesome depression. A little reflection will show that the close bringing together of such things makes them seem more frequent and darker than they are. It reminds one of the description of the lazar house in "Paradise Lost" shown to Adam by the angel as a picture of the results of the Fall.

THE GRASSHOPPERS. By Mrs. Andrew Dean (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick). New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00.

"Mrs. Andrew Dean" is one of the very few clever satirists in England at this moment, and one of the very cleverest among these. We long for a little more gentleness from her sometimes towards the things and persons satirised. Hers is not the indifferent laughter of a wit who sees the ridiculous side of what it neither much approves nor disapproves. She satirises what she feels strongly about, what she dislikes, and, let it be owned, what is very unlovable, and only too familiar. The vulgarities, the stupidities, the selfishness of English, but more especially of German society, she pounces on with hawk-like certainty. A contrast is always presented, and her gentler pictures have an attractive refinement about them, though less strength than those in crueller tones. The "grasshoppers" are the widow and daughters of a ruined city man, all three amiable, one of them clever and keenly alive to their past improvidence and

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their future responsibilities, but bound fast by the helplessness, the childish rashness and incapacity of the two others. They seek a refuge with a German relative, which gives Mrs. Sidgwick an opportunity for a merciless satire on the uncouthness, the selfishness, the worldliness, the dulness, the conservatism of the prosperous circles of Hamburg. Let Hamburg answer. The picture, accurate or not, is savagely amusing. How the amiable, childish, hopelessly extravagant mother dies, mainly of hardship, and how the flighty daughter marries for a home the suitor rejected by her sister, how Hilary is then free to try to earn a miserable, starvation living, till an old lover turns up to give her also a home; all this makes a pathetic story, very true to life, and reflecting not too harshly the circumstances of many grasshoppers that have sung all summer, and are helpless against the winter cold. Mrs. Sidgwick's cleverness is shown nowhere better than in the character of Hansen, which is a masterpiece of invention or photography. A German of a familiar type, narrow, conservative, uncouth, industrious, successful, warm-hearted, tenderly affectionate, ruling his belongings with a benevolent and generous despotism: such is Hansen, a man for an English girl to laugh at, till suddenly he makes music, and then the laugher wonders where that rough, prosaic merchant has disappeared to. Mrs. Sidgwick has done what she set out to do without bungling. We have not met with an abler novel than hers for many months.

A MODERN PAGAN. By Constance Goddard du Bois. New York: The Merriam Company. $1.50.

There is a story here, although a hackneyed one—that of a free-thinking, irresponsible artist brought to know himself and to believe in God and man and duty through the unfaltering trust and love of a wife who is accomplished, beautiful, and a saint; but neither the characters nor their development are realised with truth nor graced with artistic merit. The types have been caught from conventional moulds, yet granting this and the conception of the story to be commonplace, there was still an opportunity for considerable literary power and the gifted eye of imagination that sees into the life of things to raise them above a common level and endue them with more human interest than the present author has succeeded in doing. If she has failed where others would have succeeded, it has been chiefly through lack of the power to see life as a whole, and added to this defective human vision the lack of a wholesome sense of humour, which in nine cases out of ten damns the work of the "lady novelist." An example of this is seen in the closing chapter of *A Modern Pagan*, in which the artist of Bohemia, now clothed and in his right mind, sits at the feet of his reconciled wife, and contemplates beginning a new life with her. This rival of Beethoven "has an organ and a choir at Mr. Baker's Baptist church. Composing, you know, is not to be depended on as a source of income. Allen Grant expects me to play the organ every Friday evening at his chapel, and on spare nights I give a performance on the melodeon at his coffee-house. You must go with me, dearest, and sing Moody and Sankey hymns to please the dwellers in the slums."

We agree with Massey, his wife, that the only religion is the religion of service, but true religion makes the artist serve best by fulfilling his noblest functions and elevating mankind by the perfection of art in whatsoever things are lovely, pure, and of good report; not necessarily by playing the melodeon or singing Moody and Sankey's hymns in the slums like a converted clown or a reformed drunkard.

'LISBETH WILSON. A Daughter of New Hampshire Hills. By Eliza Nelson Blair (Mrs. Henry W. Blair). Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

'Lisbeth Wilson is next of kin to Miss Wilkins's *Pembroke;* indeed, so strongly does it recall some of the scenes and incidents of that novel as to make us suspect that but for *Pembroke* Mrs. Blair's story would not have been written. The book is saturated with the New England air, and only one who had lived the story to a large extent could have produced the painfully real impressions and the personal note which are conveyed by autobiography. The elements of the tale are compounded of the old-time religious and social differences which made tragic circumstances common in the lives of Puritan New

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England not so long ago. There is little originality either in the construction of the story or in its characters. Told in a short story, the events would have gathered force and vigour and been remarkable in the hands of an artist, but drawn out to the length of nearly 400 pages it becomes tedious. Still, for those who like a story told in a leisurely way, and who enjoy the meandering talk of these homely New Hampshire people, there is entertainment galore in these pages; for Mrs. Blair has a fine sense of humour and a rare appreciation of a good situation; her sensitive, refined manner of narration, the delicate penetration into character at some points, and the enjoyment which she has evidently taken in the work, all conspire to make her first book a worthy addition not only to our stock of summer novels, but to the literary presentment of a certain phase of life in New England, and of the great, deep needs of humanity underlying its ever-varying forms.

A STUDY IN PREJUDICES. By George Paston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

A Study in Prejudices has undoubtedly been written to catch the taste of the hour, and for this reason, that it truckles to the rough-shod fashion of trampling on the sanctities of the married life, one is inclined to condemn it without hearing. But a fair review of the book shows it to be written from a more independent standpoint than the bulk of modern erotic fiction. The heroine, who has been brought up in a frivolous and rather vulgar circle, is addicted to flirting in a highly improper manner, and yet, as is not uncommon, she is innocent at heart, intelligent, and fascinating. The problematic trend of the story begins with the entrance of Dormer, the very type of pharasaic respectability, but withal a man of considerable literary talent, and with a *penchant* arising out of his abstract idealism for the purely domestic woman of the ancient school, as the New Woman would put it. The union between him and Cecily is sanctified by love, but some of her old flirtations coming to his ears, he discards her. It is a pity that at this stage George Paston thought it necessary to give Miles Dormer a "past," for it is an evident imitation of present conventions, and was not altogether needed for the consistency of the story.

But we fail to be convinced by the personality of Dormer. His acting throughout is scarcely simple enough and of a piece with his character and mental attributes. His gift of imagination, at least, ought to have saved him, and it is hard to believe that one who pondered on the currents of modern life could act as he did, much less talk the pedantic rubbish of which Dormer is guilty. That Dormer is presumably a century behind the times in ordinary social and domestic matters does not preclude him from being informed on subjects of ordinary discussion. Dormer is an incongruity, and we can only accept him for the sake of the demonstration of the problem. The story is worth telling, for these obstinate survivals do exist, and it is worth reading if only to become acquainted with some of the prejudices which persist in asserting themselves, and when taken seriously not infrequently cause annoyance if not disaster.

WOMEN'S TRAGEDIES. By H. D. Lowry.
AT THE FIRST CORNER. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.

Listen to my tale of woe! would seem at first glance of Mr. Lowry's title to be the burden of his book. But in spite of the unfortunate name given to the collection of short stories contained in this volume, the contents are found on perusal to be more inviting. Two thirds of the stories are women's tragedies, and if read hard after one another we must confess that the effect is rather gloomy, but taken at random these Cornish tales are exceptionally good and evince a quiet, reserved power and a fine sensibility. Mr. Lowry is an able writer who uses few words and uses them with pith and vigour. His pathos is strong, but undiluted with that keen sense of humour which makes life endurable; he inclines too readily to the sombre and gray tints in his pictures of Cornish life. More sunshine would soften the dark outlines; what he needs is a deeper faith in the possibilities of human love and kindliness and an intelligence of the fact that life is not all weariness and sorrow. Especially is this applicable to the short story; a long story may successfully

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maintain an unrelieved gloom from beginning to end, but it is simply literary suicide to expect it in a series of short ones; the effect, instead of increasing the tragic interest, is to minimise the strong impression made by each forerunner. But Mr. Lowry's volume of stories is well worth possessing for frequent perusal, for it is literature in its best sense. Refinement and restraint and a poetic handling of his themes make *Women's Tragedies* one of the best volumes of the Keynotes Series, and a notable volume at that.

Mr. Marriott Watson's new book of short stories contains the best work he has yet done. All of them are of equal power and are exceedingly well written. They exhibit a mind of high literary talents and an imaginative faculty for choosing an interesting theme in every case. There is a dainty avoidance of the hackneyed phrase, and a grim pleasure is taken in dragging to the light the disagreeable and sordid elements of a life which we would rather appear to ignore even if we are conscious of its existence. The stories are far from being agreeable; indeed, the strongest impression one carries away from the book is one of sordidness and disgust and moral nausea. In "The Edge of the Precipice," champagne and hysteria are the principal factors, and the Zolaesque naturalism of most of the stories causes a revolt within us even while it has power to fascinate.

THE VENGEANCE OF JAMES VANSITTART. By Mrs. J. H. Needell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Revenge is an ugly passion, and Mrs. Needell is far too true an artist to concentrate attention on it. James Vansittart has been grievously wronged by his own brother, who by death escapes him; but his child survives, and on this child the vengeance is wreaked. He is carefully educated in the idea that he is to inherit his uncle's wealth, carefully and luxuriously educated by James Vansittart as a part of his plan. Accepted in society as the millionaire's heir, Maurice, the nephew, wins the heroine, Diana Charteris, an ideal young woman who, though conscious of the weaknesses of her lover, and conscious of an entire absence of love on her own part, marries him for the sake of her father and family, who are entangled in debt and all the disabilities of poverty. And now falls the vengeance. James Vansittart repudiates Maurice, and sets him adrift on a life for which he has carefully given him the worst possible preparation. Here the interest of the book begins. For it is really not a study of revenge, but of the trial of a noble woman placed in such circumstances with aggravations too numerous to particularise. This prolonged trial is depicted with extraordinary power, and raises the novel to an unusually high plane. Diana Charteris is one of the noblest and most attractive characters created by modern fiction.

THE HEAD OF A HUNDRED. Being an Account of Certain Passages in the Life of Humphrey Huntoon, Esq., Sometyme an Officer in the Colony of Virginia. Edited by Maude Wilder Goodwin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00.

The Head of a Hundred is a pleasant reversion to the healthy school of fiction, an honest tale of the adventures of an honourable if timid gentleman whose faint heart well-nigh lost him his fair lady. The events take place during the reigns of James and Charles of England, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, among the early settlers in Virginia. It is as sweet and pure a piece of fiction as we have read for many a day, breathing, as it does, the same noble air, the lofty tone, and the wholesome sentiment of *Lorna Doone*. Betty Romney is one of those healthily happy women, despite all their tribulations, whom we learn to admire and to whom we bow in homage, a woman to inspire and evoke the manlier qualities in him who proves her mate. The story is written with historical verisimilitude, is handled with delicacy and refinement, and shows considerable literary ability.

WATER TRAMPS; OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "SEA BIRD." By George Herbert Bartlett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

The reviewer to whom we sent this little book returned it the next day with the telegraphic dispatch: "Too long; too much fish, poor punning, and nothing to recommend it in the way of wit or style." This is perhaps an exceptional view, and will not be shared by many who are willing to be entertained even at the expense of time, credulity, and wordy fireworks. *Water Tramps* is modelled on Mr. Jerome's *Three Men in*

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a Boat and "R. Andom's" *We Three and Troddles*, and being an imitation, it suffers by comparison. It is a humorous account of the shifts which four young New York students are put to in bringing about a summer outing on a joint capital of four dollars and eighty-five cents. With this start they hire the yacht *Sea Bird*, and trusting to luck for the payment of the rent, they set sail for Sandy Hook, where they run into a large school of bluefish and have a wonderful catch.

The recital goes on to recount their experiences in trying to find a market for their fish; their embarrassing encounters with friends, and the straits they enter in dissembling with them; their marvellously economical bills of fare (each of which is minutely rendered); their exciting adventure with shipwrecked sailors whom they rescue from a burning oil-laden barque, and finally the happy love-ending on board the steam yacht *Bianca*, where their escapades are explained as mackereling for "the Fresh Air Fund" and the "Envelope Collection Bluefish." There is material in the book for a very creditable short story; but the spice of variety is lacking in the repetition of events which pad the pages unwarrantably to their present length. Yet if you are not in a hurry and like entertainment long drawn out, these water tramps will make you pleasant company while the mood lasts.

MAUREEN'S FAIRING, AND OTHER STORIES. By Jane Barlow. Iris Series. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

The stories here are of earlier date than the *Irish Idylls*, so let no reader moan over them as the degenerate signs of over-production. Some three or four of them might have been born in a humbler place than Miss Barlow's brain; they are a trifle tame. But the weakest escape from the commonplace by her gently humorous touch and the refinement of their spirit. And if "An Escape," "Mac's Luncheon," and "The Murphys' Supper" be only at most nice stories, they have two companions which are masterpieces. "Stopped by Signal" is worthy of a place of honour among the best of her work. The discontent of a poor family, after they have sent an aged and superfluous member away to another home, their several determination to get him back before he reaches his destination, their desperate stratagem by which they stop the train with a tale of Thady McClusky's black bull "pitchforkin' a way at the sleepers and metal with his skivers of ould horns that's the len'th of the divil's backbone," and their hauling of the bewildered old man out of the window and back to the loved home where he has spent his poverty-stricken life, make one of those moving combats of smiles and tears in which Miss Barlow reveals the very heart of Ireland. And hardly less delightful is the scene in *Maureen's Fairing* where Rody invents for his blind sister tales of the fairy cattle-fair out of the swarming, scuttling rabbits on the old Rath. The best in this little volume raises still higher our gratefulness for the beauty of Miss Barlow's imagination.

THE ROMANCE OF A SWORD. By George Duval. New York: The Merriam Company. $1.50.

The Romance of a Sword is a contribution to the waning Napoleonic fad. The author has woven a story around some real events in the life of the hero of Lodi, and on no occasion permits any criticism of the great soldier to creep in. The sword that plays so conspicuous a part in the tale was the weapon of Henry IV., which, secured by Napoleon, is made to flash in and out of the momentous occurrences in the Corsican's life. The story ends when the great ceremony of crowning the Emperor at Nôtre Dame comes to a close. Josephine is a familiar figure; but there is a conspicuous effort made to show that she was untrue to her vows—as if, after the Barras Memoirs, anything more in that direction were wanting. Duval's romance has been compared with Weyman's work, and also with that of Dumas. But it lacks the clearness of the former and the sparkle and dash of the latter. The baldest narrative of episodes in the great Corsican's life would be interesting, and that is one sufficient reason why a perusal of *The Romance of a Sword* should entertain. The events of interest crowd upon each other thick and fast, and although there is at times a halting in the style, it is lost sight of in the crash of action. There is no promise of permanence in the work. It bears the impression of the imitator, and is not in a broad sense an artistic production. The recital, how-

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ever, will hold the interest of the casual reader, and repay him for the time and effort spent upon it.

A STREET IN SUBURBIA. By Edwin W. Pugh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

The present volume, though dedicated to Madame Sarah Grand, pays her no homage or imitation, and is a distinct exception to the prevalent studies of modern womankind. It is another book to be classed with Mr. Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets* and Mr. Nevinson's *Slum Stories of London*, for it is a series of studies of poor life in London —not in Suburbia at all—neither very gloomy nor very rose-coloured. It is less of a whole than the other two; the temper underlying the sketches is more varied, as are the phases of life presented; its introduction of educated and aspiring persons, indeed, is enough to make a wide variation. The stories are unequal; there is not one, however, but proclaims itself to be the work of a writer of distinct talent. "The Old School," not a story, but a sketch—from life, surely—is excellent; so is "The First and Last Meeting," a humorous tale of a formal discussion that was threatening to be an awful failure from general incapacity and quarrelsomeness, when a fluent and original stranger lifted his voice and made every one listen, till he came to "Gentlemen, I have in this satchel a preparation—" The meeting dispersed, and the quack gathered half the audience around him and did an excellent business. The story of the literary failure, Harry Cummers, is good, too, and very wholesome; but perhaps the most genuinely humorous is "A Small Talk Exchange," a masterly study in infant cynicism and in other things. There is no very general view of the struggle of life in London to be gained from Mr. Pugh's sketches, and it would be hard to make a theory out of them. But there is a deal of human nature which has been learnt from kindly contact with human beings.

THE NOVELS OF H. DE BALZAC. New Translation. Edited by George Saintsbury. Vol. I., The Wild Ass's Skin (La Peau de Chagrin). New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

The first volume of Mr. Saintsbury's beautiful edition of Balzac has at last made its *début*. Published by the Messrs. Dent, of London, and the Messrs. Macmillan, in New York, it makes its appearance auspiciously. Mr. Saintsbury's introduction is in his usual excellent manner, not always felicitous in style (we have too many expressions like this: "Mr. Wedmore, the latest writer in English on Balzac at any length"), but unimpeachable in accuracy, acute in criticism, and especially just and patient in the appreciation of character. In France we understand that the great romancer is out of date. He is, according to a recent critic, *assommant*, but his work has in it the elements of undying life. Mr. Saintsbury says that with Balzac, as with some others, but not with the larger number, the sense of greatness increases the longer and more fully he is studied. His work is never born of the surface of the mind. True, much good literature is but a surface crop, but never great literature. His pictures of the everlasting conflict between men and fate, of the hell within the heart, must certainly endure and separate him very widely from Dickens, with whom Mr. Saintsbury compares him. They separate him also, far more decisively, from the bacilli of the later French romancers, slaves of the neurosis of the gutter air they breathe.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL. By M. E. Francis. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

"M. E. Francis" has written a good tale for family consumption, but it is a step backward from *The Story of Dan*, and several steps backward from *In a North Country Village*. The workmanship is very good, but the matter is a little poor—poorer than she need ever give us, at least; for that she possesses considerable invention and originality has been proved in her former tales. By its refinement and its literary form it is far removed from the commonplace; but a little analysis of our dissatisfaction at the close reveals the fact that it is merely one of the old well-worn Sunday-school tales, with a little sensation introduced, the whole impregnated by the writer's essential refinement, and shaped by her literary powers, which are distinctly above the average. The characters are better conceived than the story; but the man with the past who marries the "daughter of the soil," and who, loving her for her purity, afterwards reviles her because she goes back to her father when a for-

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mer wife turns up, is a somewhat incredible person. The narrow, rigid, loyal, and unattractive cousin is better, while his mother, inconsequent, good-natured, and worldly, is the success of the book. But "M. E. Francis's" next success should not be with a minor actor.

THE PRINCE OF BALKISTAN. By Allen Upward. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Mr. Upward's variation of the detective story is a great success. And besides its detective interest, it has another feature which will be attractive to a large number of readers; the scene is laid in one of the Eastern European states, an easily recognisable principality, which has come into existence recently, and which has experienced much troublesome interference from Russia. Without being completely a *roman à clef*, the reader of newspapers will very easily identify some of the personages, and will be familiar with the circumstances which suggested to Mr. Upward some part of his plot. The detective, Mr. Verriter, is called away from his roses on the banks of the Thames, and in the disguise of an American mining speculator, does miracles of divination and discovery with regard to the Russian intrigues against the Prince of Balkistan. The story maintains its interest from beginning to end, but it does not fulfil the romantic promise of the Prologue.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

OUTRE MER: AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS. By Paul Bourget. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Had a book like this appeared fifty years ago it would have been hailed with great joy, for in those days we



M. PAUL BOURGET.

were a thin-skinned people and inordinately anxious to know what others thought about us. A volume written with an earnest purpose by a foreigner of distinction, endowed with great powers of observation, and animated by a more than friendly feeling—what a godsend this would have been to the Americans of 1845, exasperated by the sneers and falsehoods of Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, Dickens, and other less distinguished *picadores!* But, like most good things in this world, M. Bourget's book comes as a belated blessing. We have ceased to care what foreigners think about us, partly because a foreigner is no longer a novelty, and partly because we have outgrown our period of national self-consciousness. As a matter of fact, in these latter days we prefer abuse to flattery—it is so much more amusing; and therefore an exasperated yelp like that of Sir Lepel Griffin, or an amusing skit such as Max O'Rell provides, will find ten readers for every one who purchases a book like the one before us. Not that M. Bourget is invariably complimentary; far from it. He is evidently very much depressed by our bigness and crudeness and noise and lack of repose. He finds everything pitched in altogether too high a key. Our men are too much in earnest. Our women are distinguished by what he chooses to call a "chaste depravity." There is altogether too much bustle and hurry and agitation for his nerves, and it is easy to see that when he finishes his book and takes leave of us and turns once

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more to the Boulevards and his own particular corner of his own particular café, he heaves a profound sigh of very genuine relief. Nevertheless, it is equally evident that he greatly admires our country from many points of view, and that he thinks our experiment destined for ultimate success; and he has very admirably analysed a great many characteristic features of American life without even the slightest shade of unfriendliness or of exaggeration. One would like, however, to ask why it is that every Frenchman who writes about America always sets down a long string of anecdotes related to him by other Frenchmen, and detailing all sorts of adventures that never by any possibility could have happened in this or any other country in the world. M. Bourget never saw any of these strange things himself, any more than did M. de Varigny, whose book we reviewed some months ago, but each of them has several mysterious compatriots whom many incredible adventures befell, all of which are duly detailed for the delectation of their fellow-countrymen. Barring these things, however, which may be viewed merely as literary seasoning, there is no trace of anything grotesque in any portion of the narrative. The volume is copyrighted by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and, as is generally known, the chapters first appeared in the *New York Herald*. Possibly for this reason, much of the interest which the book would naturally have inspired has been largely discounted by the public who perused the separate portions when they were printed in the columns of that journal.

THE STORY OF PRIMITIVE MAN. By Edward Clodd. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 40 cts.

A PRIMER OF EVOLUTION. By Edward Clodd. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cts.

The contributions to the Library of Useful Stories promise, by their scientific value and intellectual thoroughness, to mark a new era in the issue of popular handbooks of science. As a rule, these ventures at popularisation of the arts and sciences for the multitude aim at profit for the publisher rather than for the reader, and cheapness generally means impoverisation of the subject and its treatment at the hands of those commissioned to supply the material. But the two little volumes already issued in Messrs. Appleton's Library of Useful Stories prove their genuine worth, and show that these publishers have a conscience as well as a laudable purpose in the publication of this series—the present volume, *The Story of Primitive Man*, having been placed in the care of one who is at once a recognised authority and an artist in words. In *The Story of Primitive Man* Mr. Clodd reviews man's place in the earth's life-history and time-history, and follows the traces of his existence down through the ancient stone age, the newer stone age to the age of metals. Numerous illustrations accompany the text, and a selected list of books appended to it "fulfils the twofold purpose of indicating the authorities who have been consulted in its preparation, and of telling the reader where fuller information on the several subjects dealt with is to be found."

A Primer of Evolution, by the same author, is an abridgment of that most interesting and valuable book, *The Story of Creation*. Primers, as a rule, are dry-as-dust in their material and method, but this one is a grand exception, chiefly because it has been inspired by the author's ambition to bring the substance of his larger and more technical work within the reach of all. Mr. Clodd is a thoroughgoing evolutionist. He does not see "gaps," as Professor Drummond does. "Vast as are the differences between the highest and lowest mental actions, there is no break in the series, which advances along the line of animal instinct and intelligence, and ends with the complex movements of the brain of civilised man, with its infinite modes of response to infinite stimuli." "The moral code advances with civilisation; conscience is a growth." There is a fascination in Mr. Clodd's treatment of plants and their infinite likeness to the animal world. But over all his pages there is a spell which compels our unwearied attention; the style is genial and yet dignified; the narrative proceeds with ease and charm and lucidity, and is delightfully entertaining while imparting knowledge and encouraging observation. The illustrations are few and simple, but well chosen. In contributing an index to both of these books Mr. Clodd has further evinced his care and painstaking effort to meet the needs of the many.

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LOTOS-TIME IN JAPAN. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Mr. Finck has made travelling almost a steady occupation, and his last volume is only one of many descriptive tomes that bear his name. Few who have written about the Island Empire have been better equipped for the work than Mr. Finck. He fairly steeped himself in the literature of the subject before venturing on the journey; his work would therefore seem to be worthy of considerable attention, as indeed it proves to be when he drops the merely descriptive and pleasantly talks of Oriental wonders that have come under his observation.

Mr. Finck visited Japan during lotos-time, in July and August. It is the most fascinating period of the Japanese year, and, as the author remarks, gives exceptional opportunities for observation and study. A visit to the famous volcanic Fugi, the most striking feature of the island landscape, is vividly described. With the eyes of a trained newspaper correspondent he sees and presents in a lively fashion the characteristic traits of the people. Mr. Finck does not go into raptures over everything Japanese, as is the custom with some writers. He sees the blemishes and blotches, but the beauties of the land are predominant in his eyes—beauties of character, of nature and of human nature.

The traveller has ample opportunities of observing the characteristics of a people. He is forced to rub against nearly all classes. Mr. Finck has treasured up his experiences and balances his knowledge of the Orient with the Occident. He makes a free avowal in favour of the Orient. He claims that the Japanese is more natural, that he is altruistic, and the narrative in the volume bears out this conclusion. He contrasts him with the artificiality of the American and European life as a conglomerate whole. The American, the author declares, is egotistic, self-satisfied; the Japanese is free from self-seeking, considerate, full of the true humanitarian instinct. In other words, the people who gave China a thrashing are natural Christians, without a general knowledge of Christ. The celerity with which the nation's rulers accept and put to experiment practical suggestions derived from other civilisations leads to the hope that some of the most serious evils of the social condition of the people will be eradicated ere the dawn of the next century. Mr. Finck has combined the speculative with the descriptive in such a manner that neither infringes upon the other, and the result is a charming and, at this juncture, an instructive volume.

MARIANA. By José Echegaray. Translated by James Graham. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.00.

It was hard on Señor Echegaray to be introduced to English readers by *A Son of Don Juan*, a mere adaptation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, and his translator has done well to give us with so little delay a much more creditable specimen of the Spanish dramatist's work. *Mariana* contains strong passages. Well interpreted, it would be certainly an effective stage play. Its story holds the imagination and the sympathies, and the *dramatis personæ* are living human beings with distinct individualities. Mariana, the central figure, is unusually interesting. Under a capricious, teasing, unstable mien, she hides a capacity for deep and lasting affection; but she denies the capacity even to herself, thinking she is altogether disillusioned and sceptical. Her childhood and youth have been sordidly unhappy. At last love for the passionate Daniel triumphs over her outside coldness, but only before she discovers that his father, now an invalid living in great retirement, is the man who, under an assumed name, had caused the tragedy of her mother's life and for her own childhood. Her nature revolts from an alliance with the son. But, loving him still, she takes refuge against her passion in a marriage with another suitor, an elderly soldier, a man of determined will, jealous and pertinacious in his affection, whose nature is to crush whatever opposes him. When her old lover visits her after her marriage, she finds the situation intolerable. She discovers his presence to her husband, and incites him to do the worst. He accepts the invitation. Mariana falls by his hand, and the two men are left preparing for a combat of life and death. But the effort will only be on one side. For, as Daniel says, "There was only one life that was worth combating for; and that lies

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there. What matters for such lives as ours?" The situation is strong. It is not melodrama, but genuine human suffering we feel in the last scene, and the treatment of the story is dignified throughout. Don Castulo, an archæological bore, who victimises all who come near his museum, supplies the relieving comedy now and again, though some readers, like his immediate victims, will be a little apt to yawn over him and his treasures. Yet he is shrewd with all his pedantry, as when he says, "Put in a bottle a fool of our own days: preserve him for six thousand years, and see if, when he is unbottled at the proper time in the coming ages, the wisest man of the seventy-ninth century can compare with him." Of the literary value of Echegaray's play it is impossible to judge from the present translation, which is rigid, awkward, and timid.

THE YELLOW BOOK. Vol. V., April, 1895. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50 net.

Certain occurrences in London of recent date, which it is not necessary to mention more specifically, have had a very marked influence upon the tone of the present number of the *Yellow Book*. It is not only free from any suspicion of moral slime, but, in its literary features at least, appears to have abandoned its former eccentricity. It opens with the magnificent "Hymn to the Sea," by Mr. Watson, upon which we made some comments in the June BOOKMAN, and its principal stories are far more wholesome than most of those that Mr. Harland has heretofore admitted to his paper. In fact, they have a curious resemblance to one another in that they emphasise the nobility of self-denial. Miss Ella D'Arcy depicts a more or less improbable Englishman resisting the wiles of an equally improbable American maid. Mr. Harland himself celebrates the heroic virtue of a young Neapolitan; and Mr. Crackanthorpe enlarges on the same theme. The most powerful story is that of James Ashcroft Noble—a story wholly literary, and instinct with genuine pathos. The illustrations are not at all noticeable. Mr. Beardsley's name does not appear among those of the artists, and the other regular contributors appear to be more or less depressed in mind. There are several portraits, among them one of George Egerton; a sulky girl looking into a mirror; a young lady putting on her shoes and stockings; a music-hall singer in a fog; and on the cover a girl lying on a very uncomfortable divan, suspended apparently over the bottomless pit in which float a French *caniche* whose tail has been neatly bisected, and a tray with liqueurs.

MADONNA'S CHILD. By Alfred Austin. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.00.

This charming poem has been taken out of its setting in *The Human Tragedy*, where it first appeared more than twenty years ago, and is now published separately. It is complete in itself, and as to many it always seemed the most attractive of the episodes in the longer poem, it will now have a better chance of readers. This "Romance of the Riviera" is in soft, mild tones; now and again one is tempted to call it sugary rather than sweet, but only in a few feeble passages; real gentleness, not weakness, is its character, and in simple fashion Mr. Austin draws pictures of the fair land and sea and the guileless ministrant in the temple, that are not read merely to be forgotten. It is a soothing music he makes in such verse as this:

"He saw her with the streaming sunlight come
Over the hills, over the mountains grey;
He heard her in the rising dawn-wind's hum,
He felt her in the warmth of glowing day.
She sang to him when all the groves were dumb,
Walked the long sands, leaving no print the while,
And in the rippling wave infused her smile."

THE WONDERFUL WAPENTAKE. By "A Son of the Soil" (J. S. Fletcher). Illustrated by J. Ayton Symington. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.00.

The sketches and stories of English rural life and manners in the "wonderful and beloved Wapentake of Osgoldcross," which are comprised in this volume, have truly been written by "A Son of the Soil." Here we have Nature in that state of rejuvenation and primitive wonder which it is ever the privilege of the seer to unfold. The man who has nothing in common with Nature, who does not understand her subtle moods and deep spirit, may not come to the very heart of these sketches, but there is much quaint humour and quiet pathos in these pages which will give endless delight to an appreciative reader. It is a book to be set side by side with Wordsworth, Thoreau's *Walden*, White's *Selborne*, and Richard Jeffries—a book in

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which is stored the rich harvest of a quiet eye. It is beautifully printed on deckel-edged paper, and exquisitely illustrated in sympathy with the text.

THE ARMENIAN CRISIS AND THE RULE OF THE TURK. By Frederick Davis Greene, M.A., for several years a resident in Armenia. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

It is most earnestly to be desired that this account of the Armenian crisis be widely read. The facts related in a bare statistical form are terrible. Nothing so infernal has been done in our time. For the Indian Mutiny there was some kind of apology. A race exasperated by what it considered oppression might be forgiven some enormities. In Armenia Mohammedanism and the Turk have once for all branded themselves in the eyes of civilised peoples as intolerable. This is the fruit of a religion which some Christian writers have commended as superior to Christianity for the civilising of savage races; and this is the rule which long since would have been swept out of Europe but for the jealous suspicions of the great powers. If such atrocities are to be permitted in countries which may be said to be under the protection of the Occident, we must blush for our feebleness and apathy.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

A work which had a ready sale at the time of its publication, and which has long been out of print, has been resuscitated by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company, and put forth in its eighth edition. Considering that Mr. Knowles compiled and arranged *The Legends of King Arthur and his Knights* ($1.50) thirty-five years ago, and that Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* were written since then, it is easy to account for its popularity, for many desirous of perusing the Arthurian legends themselves must have found this pleasanter and easier reading than Malory. While literary lovers and critics will continue to prefer the latter, with all its archaisms, there is a large class to whom Mr. Knowles's version will more directly appeal. Mr. Knowles has preserved the simplicity of the original in his rendering of Malory, and has added to his abridgment of Sir Thomas some accounts from Geoffrey of Monmouth and others, arranging the various legends and tales into a more or less consecutive story.

Patriots' Day, Lexington and Concord, given to the public by would-be patriotic publishers (Lee and Shepard) and written in part by George J. Varney, was issued as a sort of monument to the action of the Massachusetts Legislature in establishing Patriots' Day, to be celebrated on April 19th of each year. As the proclamation fixing the holiday declared, April 19th played an important part in the history of the Republic. On that day the war of the Revolution was begun at Lexington and Concord, and on that day the war closed. The first blood shed in the Civil War was on April 19th. Mr. Varney tells the story of the minute-men and Lexington and Concord in an interesting way, and there are given recitals of persons who claimed to have conversed with men who witnessed the momentous events in the Bay State. At the end of the volume are several poems inspired by the significance of the skirmishes of the minute-men.

The last addition to the Splendid Lives Series, issued by Thomas Whittaker, *John Horden, Missionary Bishop*, by A. R. Buckland, M.A., contains an account of the experiences of a heroic missionary on the shores of Hudson's Bay. The adventures of Bishop Horden in his trying work are succinctly told by Mr. Buckland. Interest in the narrative is increased by the insertion of extracts from the diary and letters of the subject of the sketch. His life was one of the pure and unselfish kind so frequently met with among the missionaries. The descriptions of the scenes of the Bishop of Moosonee's labours and the recital of his experiences form a volume of more than ordinary value.

Florists, fruit growers, and truck gardeners will find in Mr. Bailey's *Horticulturist's Year Book*, published by Macmillan and Company, a mine of practical suggestions. In addition to helps in all departments of their work of planting, cultivating, and reaping, the author has gathered together the latest methods and means of making successful war upon all manner of injurious insects. The groupings of the various subjects embraced in the volume are made with an eye to the practically helpful. The work as a whole is commendable.

The Messrs. Putnam's Sons are issuing a series of little paper-covered pam-

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phlets, for which they charge five cents each, descriptive of the visits paid by Mr. Elbert Hubbard to the homes of various distinguished persons. Mr. Hubbard writes in a bright and rather entertaining way, but with not too much knowledge, of the various celebrities whose houses he has visited; and the little narratives will serve to interest those who are not critical or particularly well informed.——Mr. Charles Lowe, with his usual journalistic instinct for gratifying the popular taste, has prepared a small volume of 245 pages, which he calls the *Life of Prince Bismarck*, and which is published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. It is in part a condensation of his larger work in two volumes, but is revised and furnished with new material taken principally from the recent book of Blum. The narrative is brought down to the present time, and is extremely readable. A late portrait of Prince Bismarck is given as a frontispiece. The price of the book is $1.25.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company send us a volume of *Selected Essays of James Darmesteter*, the well-known French Oriental scholar recently deceased. The book is translated by Helen B. Jastrow from the French, and contains a short introduction by Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. The essays cover a wide range, though they are all related in subject to Professor Darmesteter's specialty. Most interesting to the general reader are the papers on Ernest Renan, on Afghan life as seen in the Afghan songs, which brings to mind some of Rudyard Kipling's narratives, and the very brief yet suggestive essay on the religion of the future. The price of the volume, which contains a portrait of the author, is $1.50. ——The Fleming H. Revell Company, of New York, publish a sketch of the various organisations which have recently sprung up in so many American towns and cities with the avowed object of securing municipal reform. The title of the book is *Municipal Reform Movements*, and Dr. Parkhurst has written for it an introductory chapter. (Price, $1.00.)——The same firm publishes *Madagascar of To-day*, by the Rev. W. E. Cousins, a book that is timely because of the conquest of the island now attempted by the French. Several illustrations and portraits are given. The book is somewhat too much devoted to missionary matters to interest the general reader. (Price, $1.00.)

A delightful volume is Mr. Walter Cranston Larned's *Churches and Castles of Mediæval France*, published by the Scribners. The author describes the book as "a record of a traveller's impressions of the great monuments of France." It is not historical and statistical, but tells of the beautiful cathedrals and castles as they appeared to the writer himself, and will surely give the reader something of the enthusiasm and delight that Mr. Larned himself felt when he first came upon them. We call our readers' attention especially to the chapter on Aigues Mortes, a place too little known and so well worth the knowing, because it is so truly mediæval —the real thing, with all the squalor and unwholesomeness side by side with the undoubtedly picturesque. Twenty-four full-page illustrations from photographs add greatly to the interest of the book, which is sold for the surprisingly low price of $1.50.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, in his preface to the new edition of *Far from the Madding Crowd* (Harper and Brothers, $1.50), speaks of the stationariness necessary for the development of character and individuality in rustic populations. That condition has now disappeared, taking with it most of the eccentricities and the entertaining humours which he has made familiar to us in his Wessex peasants. The passage in the preface in which he refers to this change reminds one of a very interesting article Mr. Hardy contributed to *Longman's Magazine* some ten years ago on "The Dorset Labourer," where he treated the peasants less pictorially than in his fiction, but with great sympathy for their hardships, and with an intimate knowledge of both the past and present of his native county. This edition contains a fine etching of the old church at Weatherbury (about the only ancient landmark remaining), and a map of Wessex. *The Mayor of Casterbridge: a Story of a Man of Character*, uniform with the former, also contains a frontispiece etching, and has been carefully revised with additions and excisions for this final edition. The story is one of the strongest of Mr. Hardy's Wessex tales, and is particularly a study of one man's deeds and character, which give the story all

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the dignity and stormy force of a Nemesis-crowned drama. For those who have a mind to identify Mr. Hardy's localities, and to study the distinctive features of his work, no better companion to these volumes could be had than Miss Annie Macdonell's carefully written little handbook, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, in their Contemporary Writers Series, at one dollar.

We welcome the popular edition of *The Narratives of Captain Coignet*, which the Messrs. Crowell have issued of this hitherto rather expensive work. Of course it falls into line with the Napoleonic literature so much in vogue at the present time, but it must not be merged with the mass of mediocre stuff which is fated to pass with the fashion of the hour. It is a work of high merit; and that romance has mingled with the simple and evidently sincere record of the private soldier only augments the interest of the narrative. The book purports to be an autobiographical account of one of Napoleon's body-guard, and extends over the years 1776–1850. The pages are garnished throughout with numerous fine illustrations; the price is $1.50.

Wayside and Woodland Blossoms was received too late for insertion in our review last month on the Familiar Flowers, but we gladly introduce this little "Pocket Guide to British Wildflowers," which are for the most part our wildflowers too; for the country rambler will find in it something to supplement the handbooks already noticed. It contains coloured figures of 156 species and black and white plates of 22 species. There are clear, succinct descriptions of some 400 species which are written by one who has in mind the exigencies of the rambler, and whose efforts are laudably engaged in popularising one of the most delightful branches of human knowledge. Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company, who are the publishers, have just issued a second edition of this book, the first having been exhausted within a few days after its appearance. The price is $2.50.

"The Romances and Narratives of Daniel Defoe" appear with commendable regularity; the sixth volume just out comprising *The Life, Adventures and Piracies of the Famous Captain Singleton* (Macmillan, $1.00). Much was done to revive the popularity of Captain Singleton's admirable narrative by its reissue in the Camelot Classics, and in these days, when unusual interest is taken in Africa, it ought to meet with a large audience of readers. Mr. Yeats's illustrations are exceedingly clever and happy in representing Defoe's spirit in this volume; "Kept a little shop in the Minories" is especially fine.

RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Ginn and Company have lately issued two very interesting books, relating, one to French and the other to English literature. Professor Kuhns, of the Wesleyan University, edits *A Selection from the Poetry and Comedies of Alfred de Musset* with much discretion and skill, choosing the most characteristic of the poems, and from the comedies *A Quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Filles*, *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour*, and *Un Caprice*. An excellent introduction gives the facts of Musset's remarkable life and a temperate criticism of his work. A bibliography supplements the introduction; and there are 45 pages of notes, almost wholly of a literary and historical character. On page 245 the expression *robins* should have been further illustrated by a reference to the English "John Doe and Richard Roe" and the Latin "Titius et Seius;" and do not the Germans say "Hunz und Kunz" rather than "Heinz"?——The other book is that by Professor Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has selected and edited a number of rare poems in *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics* for the Athenæum Press Series. "Every collection of poetry must be made on a plan primarily subjective," says the editor very truly; and it is seldom indeed that so much taste, scholarship, and literary discrimination are united and made manifest in the work of any editor. The introduction, which deals largely with the nature and artistic quality of Elizabethan lyric poetry,

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is a most valuable compression of much thought and research, and the notes are most interesting reading, giving as they do a wealth of illustration drawn from various sources. As to the lyrics themselves, an editor is to be thanked who makes accessible so many exquisite lines, throbbing with intense vitality and showing all the artistic perfection of the Golden Age of English literature.

The fourth of the five geographic monographs issued monthly by the American Book Company has just appeared—*Present and Extinct Lakes of Nevada*, by Israel C. Russell. These monographs are prepared under the direction of the National Geographical Society, and are sold at 20 cents each, or are sent for the sum of $1.50 a year. They are beautifully printed in large, clear type, and are of a high degree of scientific accuracy and interest. The first number was *Physiographic Processes*, by J. W. Powell, of the United States Geological Survey; the second, *Physiographic Features*, by the same writer; and the third, *Physiographic Regions* of the United States, also by Mr. Powell. To teachers of physical geography, these monographs are all but indispensable.

The American Book Company is announcing some excellent text-books in the modern languages. Among them are to be especially noticed *The First Year in French*, by L. C. Syms, a beginner's book based upon the study of the verb, with copious exercises in translation; *Zwanzig Bilder aus der deutschen Litteratur*, by Professor I. Keller, of the Normal College, New York City, a valuable introduction to the literary masterpieces of Germany, marked by a judicious omission of non-essentials; and a series of German texts ("The Germania Texts"), reprinted from the *Germania Magazine*, and edited by Dr. A. D. Spanhoofd. Of these, one will be published each month and sold at the uniform price of ten cents. The first number contains the text of Bürger's *Lenore*, Kluge's life of Bürger, and Ehrich Schmidt's famous critique on *Lenore*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

In January, 1846, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, or, more correctly, Charlotte Brontë, acting as supposed agent for "Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," entered into a correspondence with Messrs. Aylott and Jones, 8 Paternoster Row, London, which resulted in an arrangement to publish a book of poems—a small duodecimo volume, printed in long primer, of 165 pages. They agreed to pay Messrs. Aylott and Jones the cost of publishing, which came to £31 10*s*., Miss Brontë writing on February 21st, 1846, that she would remit them that amount in a few days. The little volume of poems was published about the end of May, 1846. Previous to approaching Messrs. Aylott and Jones, Miss Brontë had ventured to apply to the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, from whom she received "a brief and business-like, but civil and sensible reply, on which we acted, and at last made way."

❀

"The bringing out of our little book was hard work. As was to be expected, neither we nor our poems were at all wanted." The *Poems* met with a very poor reception, and it is doubtful if more than a dozen copies were sold. Charlotte Brontë thus speaks of the failure of the modest hopes vested in this publication: "The book was printed; it is scarcely known, and all of it that merits to be known are the poems of Ellis Bell. The fixed conviction I held, and hold, of the worth of these poems has not, indeed, received the confirmation of much favourable criticism; but I must retain it notwithstanding." This conviction she had earlier expressed to the effect that the verses in manuscript belonging to Emily which she had accidentally discovered in the autumn of 1845 "were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear they had also a peculiar music, wild, melancholy, and elevating."

❀

In 1848, when the success of *Jane Eyre* had made Charlotte famous, Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company took over the remainder of the sheets and bound

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copies of the *Poems*, and inserted a new title, dating it 1846, in place of the old one. There have been two copies sold this year *as first editions with this title* containing the imprint of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company. The following is a reduced fac-simile of the title-page which the first edition of these *Poems* should bear:

POEMS

BY

CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL.

LONDON:
AYLOTT AND JONES, 8, PATERNOSTER-ROW

1846.

In pursuance of our remarks in the News Notes of our last number concerning the curious anachronisms made by reviewers in presenting the publications of English authors in America to the public, we have prepared a chronological list of works published in book form as they appeared in England by well-known authors whose work has been exposed by nonconformity with copyright conditions to "pirated" editions.

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

The Mystery of Cloomber.....1888
A Study in Scarlet.....1888
Micah Clarke.....1889
Captain of the "Polestar".....1890
The Sign of Four.....1890
Mysteries and Adventures.....1890
The Firm of Girdlestone.....1890
The White Company.....1891
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.....1892
Doings of Raffles Haw.....1892
The Great Shadow.....1892
Gully of Bluemansdyke.....1892
Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.....1893
The Refugees.....1893
An Actor's Duel, and The Winning Shot.....1894
The Parasite.....1894
The Slapping Sal.....1894
Round the Red Lamp.....1894

HALL CAINE.

Cobwebs of Criticism.....1884
The Shadow of a Crime.....1885
A Son of Hagar.....1886
The Deemster.....1887
The Bondman.....1890
The Scapegoat.....1891
The Little Manx Nation.....1891
Caot'n Davy's Honeymoon.....1892
Little Man Island.....1894
The Manxman.....1894

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

The House of the Wolf.....1890
The New Rector.....1891
The Story of Francis Cludde.....1891
A Gentleman of France.....1894
The Man in Black.....1894
My Lady Rotha.....1894
Under the Red Robe.....1894

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

A Man of Mark.....1890
Father Stafford.....1891
Mr. Witt's Widow.....1892
A Change of Air.....1893
Sport Royal.....1893
Vyvyans.....1893
The Dolly Dialogues.....1894
Half a Hero.....1894
The Prisoner of Zenda.....1894
The God in the Car.....1894
The Indiscretion of the Duchess.....1894
Secret of Wardale Court.....1894

J. M. BARRIE.

Better Dead.....1887
Auld Licht Idylls.....1888
When A Man's Single.....1888
An Edinburgh Eleven.....1888
A Window in Thrums.....1889
My Lady Nicotine.....1890
The Little Minister.....1891

S. R. CROCKETT.

The Stickit Minister, and Some Common Men, 1893
The Raiders.....1894
Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills.....1894
The Lilac Sunbonnet.....1894
The Play-Actress.....1894
Bog-Myrtle and Peat.....1895

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THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1895.

At this time of the year paper bound books take a leading place in the booksellers' sales. Many exceedingly cheap editions in this style find their way for the most part to the news-stands and bargain counters. The trade confine themselves mostly to the better class of books retailing at fifty cents. The season opened with good promise of exceptional activity in this line, but the sales of the last month have not fulfilled these expectations. *Marcella*, after starting well, declined in sale, and the other volumes of the same series are having but small demand. Appleton's Town and Country Library is not going so well as usual at this season, and even Gunter's books have not met with their customary popularity. Of the new leading paper books may be mentioned Anna Katharine Green's detective story, *Doctor Izard*, and Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Ladies' Juggernaut*. The older ones still selling well are, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, Kidd's *Social Evolution*, *Chimmie Fadden*, and *The Mystery of Cloomber*.

The continued sale of Henry Holt and Company's Buckram Series is remarkable. *The Prisoner of Zenda* easily leads, but many of the other titles are having a good sale. It seems likely that these seventy-five-cent bound books are to some extent affecting the sale of paper books, as well as the more expensive cloth ones.

Supplying summer schools and religious conventions with books is a comparatively new feature of the summer trade, and one which has a steadily increasing outlook. Seasonable works on outdoor sports—birds, flowers, and summer travelling—are still selling very well, also Mrs. Rorer's little books, *Hot Weather Dishes* and *Canning and Preserving*.

The publications of the month have been more numerous than usual at this time of year, fiction in number and popularity exceeding all other subjects combined. Under this heading comes *An Errant Wooing*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, very fully illustrated; *The Master-Knot* and "*Another Story*," by Conover Duff, and *The Wild Ass's Skin*, the first volume of the Messrs. Macmillan's new edition of Balzac. In other departments, *Wild Flowers of New England States*, by Miller and Whiting; *History of the United States*, Vol. III., by J. F. Rhodes; *Our Western Archipelago*, by Henry M. Field, and *McClure's Life of Napoleon*, by Ida M. Tarbell, take first rank.

Business during the month has been steady, no special decrease or increase being noticeable. The general opinion, however, is that trade is somewhat duller than in previous years. The reports of early sales in the West are good, and there is a growing impression that the autumn business will be large.

The popular books of the month were:

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Revised edition, net, $1.75.

Doctor Izard. By Mrs. Anna Katharine Green. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

Cycling for Health and Pleasure. By L. H. Porter. $1.00.

The Ladies' Juggernaut. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Foundations of Belief. By A. J. Balfour. $2.00.

Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.50.

Heart of the World. By H. Rider Haggard. $1.25.

Princeton Stories. By J. L. Williams. $1.00.

Birdcraft. By M. O. Wright, net. $3.00.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1895.

The past month's business has been steady, and for June, always a slow month, very satisfactory. The public libraries of the West are still calling for books, and many orders have been received from that section. Supplies for the smaller concerns call mostly for fiction, but those for the larger cities embraced, in addition to fiction, much heavy reading. Country trade was also fairly active, and absorbed unusually large quantities of new and popular books. In fact, considering the season, the demand for the best recent books has been remarkable.

The best selling new book is Mr. Stockton's *Adventures of Captain Horn*. It was published quite late in May, and hung fire somewhat during the first week of its appearance; but the reviewers took it up at the beginning of the month, and the sales have increased daily. The next best book is *An Errant Wooing*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. As each successive work of Mrs. Harrison usually sells better than its predecessor, we may look for large returns from this book; but it will have to do marvellously well if it is to outsell *A Bachelor Maid*, which is still very popular. The only other June books which have met with sales worth noticing are *In the Fire of the Forge*, by Georg Ebers; *Chimmie Fadden*, second series, which, however, has not yet met with anything like the favour that was and is accorded to the first, and A. C. Gunter's *The Ladies' Juggernaut*.

Of other recent but older books, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* is still a difficult book to keep in stock, and Fuller's *With the Procession* and Zangwill's *The Master* are still in demand. *The Manxman* also maintains its remarkable run, and Nordau's *Degeneration* is still selling steadily.

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There is quite a steady call, which is growing all the time, for books on what is called "Mental Healing," as distinguished from "Hypnotic Suggestion." There are quite a number of works upon this subject, of varying merit, but the one most in demand at present is Henry Wood's *Ideal Suggestion*.

Among recent successful books must be placed *The World Beautiful*, by Lilian Whiting. Since its publication this little book has sold remarkably well, and the demand is still vigorous, showing no sign of abatement.

The following books, which sold best during the month, it will be noticed, are almost exclusively works of fiction. The demand for books on the currency question is still very pronounced, and there is also a good call for books on birds and flowers.

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. $1.75.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. $1.50.

In the Fire of the Forge. By Georg Ebers. 2 vols. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 80 cts.

The Ladies' Juggernaut. By A. C. Gunter. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1 25.

With the Procession. By Henry B. Fuller. $1.25.

The Master By I. Zangwill. $1.75.

A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.

Two Women and a Fool. By H. C. Taylor. $1.50.

The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00 and $1.25.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

Bog Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, May 20 to June 22, 1895.

At the quiet time of an exceptionally quiet year it may readily be understood that business is without much feature. There has been little to vary the current of the slack time, and at this moment it is sincerely to be hoped that the lowest point has at length been reached. Colonial trade has been fairly maintained, with a temporary improvement in the Indian market, but foreign orders have been about as usual. The appearance of the one-volume edition of *Trilby* infused a little life into matters. Few 6s. issues have been so freely taken up on publication, and the sale is well maintained.

Two publications upon Alpine Climbing—*The Alps from End to End* and *My Climbs in the Alps*—have been favourably received by mountaineers, books of this class always finding a ready, although not large, sale.

That South Africa still engages much attention is evident from the demand for books bearing upon this part of the world. The account of *Seventeen Trips to Somaliland* is eagerly looked for.

The literature of the New Woman appears to have run its race. It is only within the province of this report to state the fact. Critics can, no doubt, enlarge upon it.

Photography must find a multitude of disciples, as scarcely a week passes without the appearance of a treatise or handbook bearing upon one of its branches. The illustrations of this class of work are superb, noticeably those in the *Photographer's Annual*, which can be regarded as simply perfect.

Mr. Hall Caine's address to the newsvendors has been freely criticised by the trade. Let it suffice here to remark that in estimating the profits of publishers, assuming his figures to be correct (which they were *not*), he loses sight of the important fact that everything turns upon the entire edition being sold. A remainder of a few hundreds only would considerably alter the figures.

Guide Books, new or new editions, pour in daily. One cannot but wonder by whom they are all used. Does the traveller make the same journey annually and buy a new guide each time? Murray, Baedeker, and Black are the favourites. Local guides are sold, principally, upon the spot.

The number of new books and new editions issued every week is greater than last month, and yet little trade is being done.

Appended is a list of the principal works now in demand. It will be noticed that, notwithstanding the summer heat, the public taste is not limited to light literature.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

Celibates. By G. Moore. 6s.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.

Master (The). By I. Zangwill. 6s.

Zoraida. By W. Le Queux. 6s.

The Gods, Some Mortals, etc. By J. O. Hobbes. 6s.

Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. 3s. 6d.

Woman who Did (The). By Grant Allen. 3s. 6s. net.

Peg the Rake. By Rita. 3s. 6d.

English Seamen in Sixteenth Century. By J. A. Froude. 6s.

Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. net.

Wellington. By Lord Roberts. 3s. 6d.

A Vagabond in Spain. By C. B. Luffman. 6s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between June 1 and July 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
4. Chimmie Fadden, second series. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00. (Scribner.)
6. An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Harrison. $1.50. (Century Co.)

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NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Birdcraft. By Wright. $3.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Wild Flowers of America. $2.95. Buek & Co.
5. Celibates. By Moore. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Wild Ass's Skin. By Balzac. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Vengeance of James Vansittart. By Mrs. Needell. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
2. Dr. Izard. By Mrs. Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)
3. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. 50 cts (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. In the Fire of the Forge. By Ebers. 80 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Yale Yarns. By Wood. $1.00. (Putnam.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Tryphena in Love. By Raymond. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Man of Mark By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. De Koven. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Two Strangers. By Mrs. Oliphant. 75 cts. (Fenno.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co)
2. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
3. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Vengeance of James Vansittart. By Mrs. Needell. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
3. Heart of the World. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)
4. Suppressed Chapter. By Bridges. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Yale Yarns. By Wood. $1 00. (Putnams.)
6. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. With the Procession. By Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Forward House. By Case. $1.00. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribners.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Fidelis. By Cambridge. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. With the Procession. By Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
3. The Hispaniola Plate. By Bloundelle-Burton $1.00. (Cassell Pub. Co.)
4. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribners.)
5. Heart of the World. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. Forward House. By Case. $1.00. (Scribner.)
2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. Yale Yarns. By J. S. Wood. $1.00. (Putnam.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Jewel of Ynys Galon. By Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
2. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Ministry of the Spirit. By Gordon. $1.00. (Revell.)

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3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. De Koven. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00. (Scribner.)
6. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. On the Cars and Off. By Sladen. $4.00. (Ward, Lock.)
3. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
4. The Great Dominion. By Parkin, M.A. 90 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Queen of Love. By Gould. Paper, 65 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Methuen.)
6. Love and Quiet Life. By Raymond. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW HAVEN, CT.

1. Yale Yarns. By Wood. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Vengeance of James Vansittart. By Mrs. J. H. Needell. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
4. Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America. By Chapman. $3.00. (Appleton.)
5. Errant Wooing. By Mrs. B. Harrison. $1.50. (Century.)
6. Master and Man. By Tolstoy. 75 cts. (Appleton.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. In the Fire of the Forge. By Ebers. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Woman Who Did. By Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
6. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00. (Scribner.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
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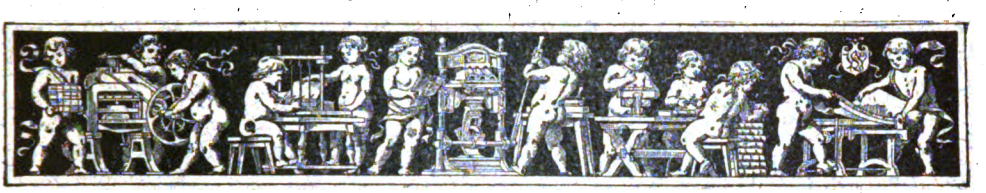
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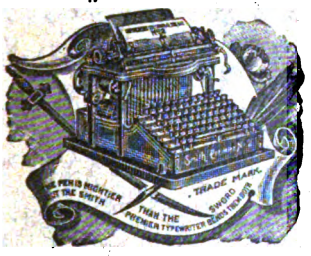


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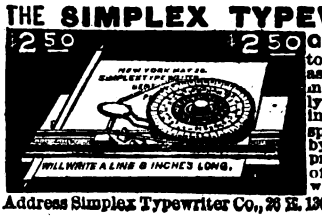
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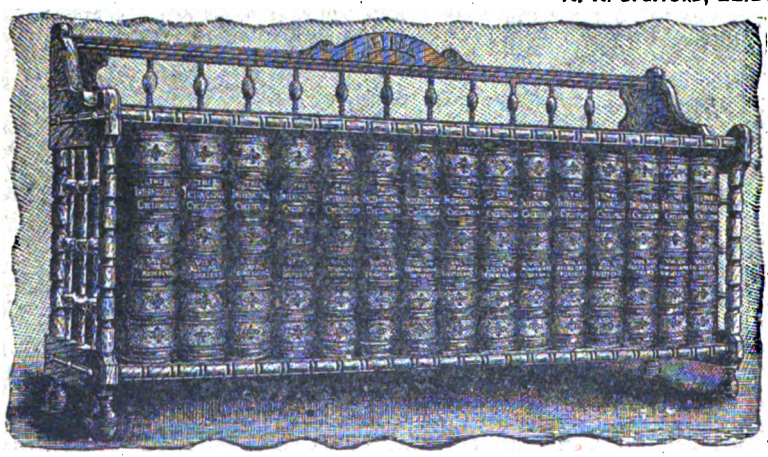
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